Dec. 17, 1960

THE NEW YORKER

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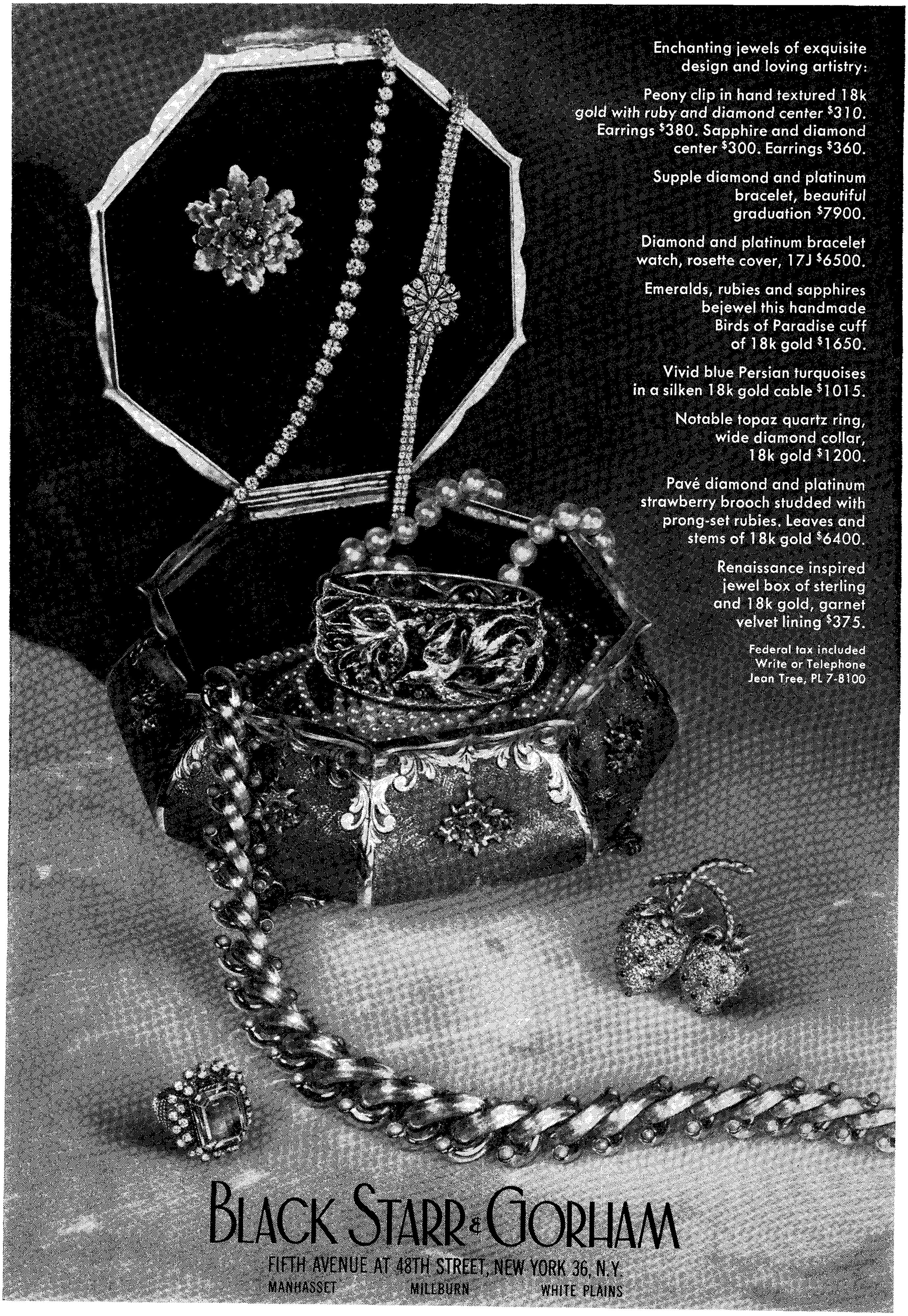

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—A melodrama about life in the governmental purlieus of Washington, where a pack of snarling senators are tearing into one another over the proposal to appoint as Secretary of State a professor who has shown leftward leanings in the past. The author, Loring Mandel (who based his play on the Allen Drury novel), has provided plenty of action, all right, but none of his characters have much depth. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family," adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Becket—Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn in uneasy tandem as, respectively, the Archbishop and the Plantagenet King in Jean Anouilh's sprawling interpretation of the memorable bout between Church and State *in the twelfth century*. Sir Laurence plays with his usual ease and dexterity, but his style doesn't blend very well with Mr. Quinn's, which is much coarser in texture. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Final performance at the St. James Saturday evening, Dec. 17; reopens on Wednesday, Dec. 21, with a matinée at the Royale, 45th St., W., CI 5-5760. Performance schedules will remain the same: Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Best Man—A nimble journalistic piece of work, in which Gore Vidal takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. The leading candidates—one principled, the other unprincipled—are Leon Ames (substituting for Melvyn Douglas) and Frank Lovejoy, in that order. Lee Tracy is splendid as a venerable ex-President, straight from the cracker barrel. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 18.)

The 49th Cousin—Menasha Skulnik, the wizard of the Yiddish theatre, trying hard to create a domestic tyrant who is as interesting as, say, Clarence Day's father. He doesn't quite succeed, but he is, as always, amusing. He gets stout support from Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Hostage—A rousing romp with Brendan Behan, who makes the disorderly conduct of his creatures a virtue instead of a vice. The drama—or, rather, the vaudeville—takes place in a Dublin brothel where a British soldier is being held prisoner by the I.R.A. Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage head a fine cast that was taught its paces by Joan Littlewood, a most perceptive director. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Invitation to a March—Confusion on the dunes of the South Shore of Long Island. As outlined by Arthur Laurents, it doesn't make for any real entertainment, although Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, James MacArthur, Eileen Heckart, and Richard Derr do their best with the gritty material. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Moon of Alban—A loquacious drama by James Costigan having to do with the Irish Rebellion. Mr. Costigan centers his attention on a Dublin girl who, after her beloved is fatally ambushed by a British patrol, becomes a postulant of a medical and religious order and falls in love again—this time with the English lieutenant who ordered the death of her sweetheart. Julie Harris is the lass so sorely put upon by fate, and John Justin is the Sassenach who catches her wayward fancy. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 17.)

Period of Adjustment—There are worthy performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy in this Tennessee Williams drama about the marital difficulties of two couples in the South (where else?), but the author's ideas aren't very stimulating, and his style is fustian. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—This product of the imagination of a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor. But Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Angela Lansbury, Andrew Ray, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those effectively present. However, it is Joan Plowright, in the role of the daughter, who makes the play outstanding. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Send Me No Flowers—David Wayne, Nancy Olson, Peter Turgeon, Frank Merlin, and Heywood Hale Broun disport themselves happily in this comedy by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, which details the suburban uproar that takes place when a Connecticut hypochrondriac gets the mistaken idea that he is definitely a goner. The possibilities of the joke are limited, unfortunately, but the play does have its droll aspects. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A light, very light, comedy by Lawrence Roman concerned with a San Francisco virgin who wants to live experimentally with her sweetheart but would like to keep sex out of the arrangement. Sandra Church is sometimes amusing as this peculiar miss, and Dean Jones is adequate as her earnest boy friend. Also on hand is Gig Young, as an amorous landlord, and he is pretty funny. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wall—An attempt, not too successful, to translate to the stage the horrible predicament of the Jews incarcerated in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. Millard Lampell adapted the play from the John Hersey novel, and among the imprisoned are George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the miracle worker:** The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the tenth man:** Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **toys in the attic:** Lillian Hellman's story of the disintegration of a New Orleans family beset by sex, money, and foolish fantasies. Among the actors are Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, Anne Revere, Irene Worth, and Rochelle Oliver. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Critic's Choice—Henry Fonda in a comedy by Ira Levin, produced and directed by Otto Preminger. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—An unpretentious, barely resistible musical that Gower Champion directed from a score by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, and a book by Michael Stewart. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are the stars, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling in content, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the formidable team that made "My Fair Lady," participated in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly,

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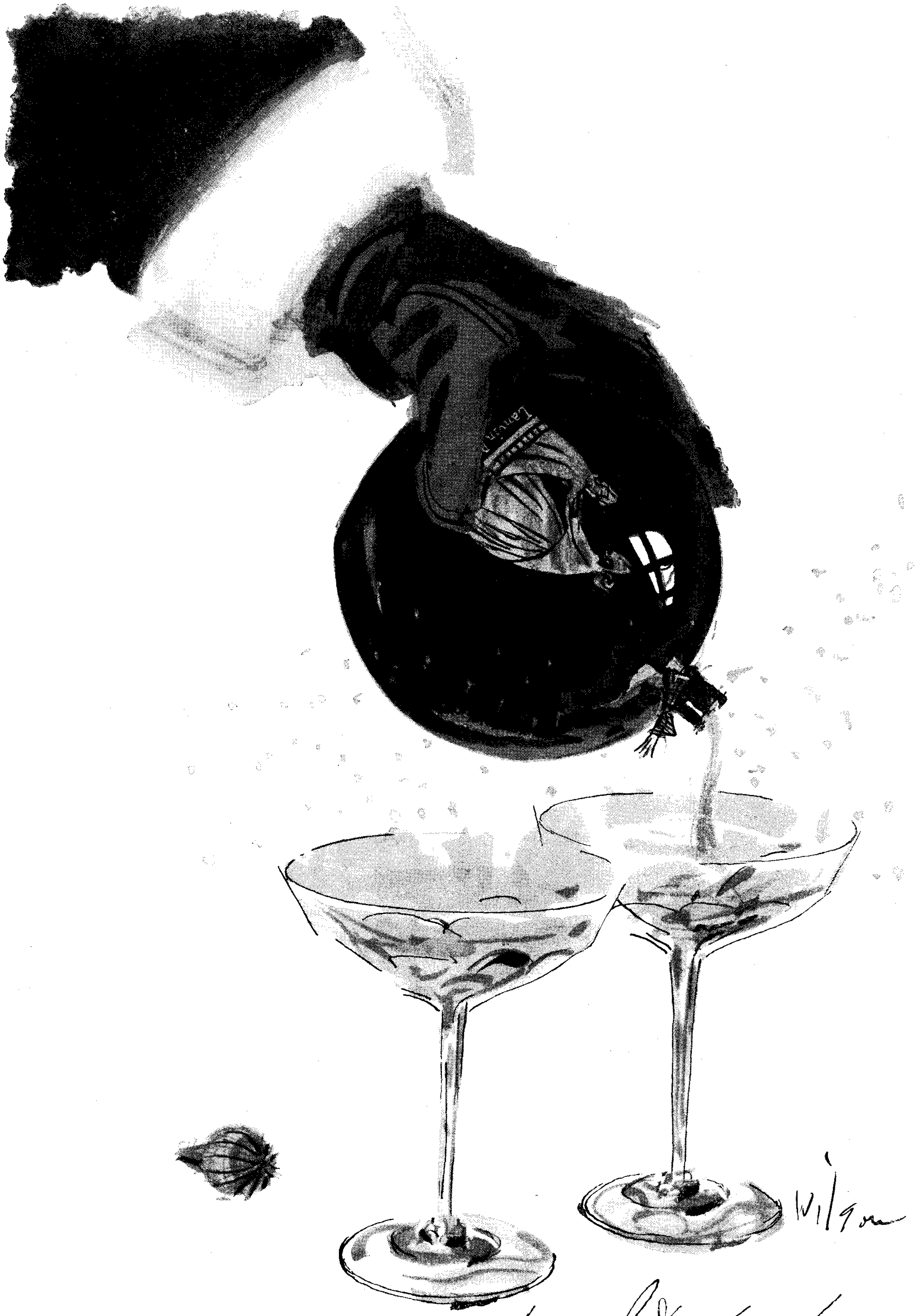
Lanvin
Wilson
A great year—for Arpège
Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Irma la Douce—An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is pretty short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Maurice Evans, playing a turn-of-the-century parson facing the forces of unrighteousness. As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), the show is lively, all right, but not very funny. The sets, by Cecil Beaton, are admirable, and the actors, who also include Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker, are enthusiastic. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIORELLO!**: The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GYPSY**: Ethel Merman plays the domineering momma of the young Gypsy Rose Lee. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, Dec. 17, no performances until Monday, Dec. 26.)... **THE MUSIC MAN**: Bert Parks in Meredith Willson's musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY**: Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE**: A French revue, created by Robert Dhéry, who is also a leading performer. Colette Brosset is another of the clowns. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 17.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**: Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, Dec. 17, no performances until Monday, Dec. 26.)... **TAKE ME ALONG**: A musical adaptation of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" In the cast are William Bendix, Eileen Herlie, Sidney Blackmer, and Robert Morse. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Wildcat—A musical with a book by N. Richard Nash, lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, music by Cy Coleman, and a cast headed by Lucille Ball and Keith Andes. Staged by Michael Kidd and presented by him and Mr. Nash. Opens Thursday, Dec. 15. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Borak—Andrew Prine and William Swetland in a blank-verse Civil War play by Robert D. Hock. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Saturdays at 10:30; Sundays at 2:40; and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, at 8:30.)

Dream Play—A brave attempt to squeeze Strindberg's fifty-gun salute to Surrealism, symbolism, "Alice in Wonderland," and Freud into a theatre only half the size of a squash court. John Bowman, who produced, adapted, and directed, has muscles, but they aren't mighty enough. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Drums Under the Windows—A crowded, faithful adaptation by Paul Shyre of the third of Sean O'Casey's billowy autobiographical novels. The time is early in the century and the setting Dublin, and it all depends on how much O'Casey prose you can ingest at one sitting. The cast is admirable under Mr. Shyre's direction. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Emmanuel—A nativity play by James Forsyth, who would like us to see Mary and Joseph and all the rest as they Really Were, or as they might appear in "The Jesus Christ Story," Chapter 1. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Gerhard Nellhaus and directed by Judith Malina. Preview Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 16. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by a heretofore unknown American, Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and Pirie MacDonald. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Plough and the Stars—Sean O'Casey's melodrama done as unintelligible vaudeville by the Phoenix Theatre's repertory company, whose director, Stuart Vaughan, is apt to shoot first and ask questions afterward. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 1.)

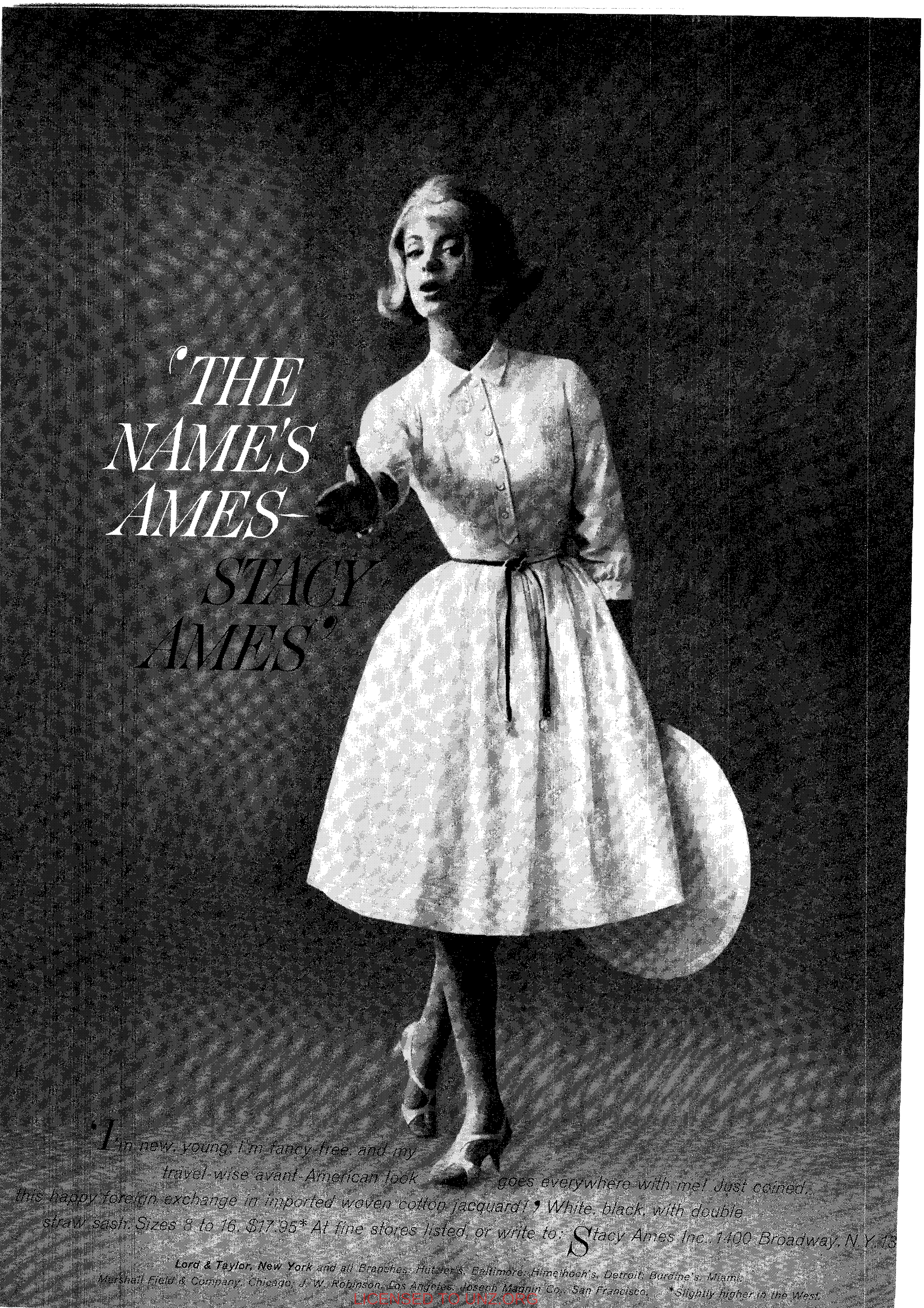
La Ronde—Arthur Schnitzler's celebrated sexual circle has all the fascination of a chart of a round-robin golf tournament but little of the fascination of a play. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Through Sunday, Jan. 1.)

Rosemary and **The Alligators**—Molly Kazan has apparently fashioned these one-act plays out of the funnies and Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" (the first has to do with sorrow in vaudeville days, and the second with a graying gangster's moll who talks too much), and Jo Van Fleet, the mainstay of the evening, does her best not to show that she knows it. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Summer Pygmies—A play by Gerard Marchette. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—President McKinley liked it. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

When I Was a Child—Dramatized stories about children by several authors, including Katherine Anne Porter, Shirley Jackson, and Dylan Thomas. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30: "Variations from Don Sebastian," "Tender Night," "Pas de Trois," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 18, at 12:30 and 5:30: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Jazz Concert," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 8:30: "Apollo," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Agon," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30: "Divertimento No. 15," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 23, at 8:30: "Interplay," "Apollo," "Pas de Dix," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 24, at 12:30 and 5:30: "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A rock garden better known for its hardy perennials than for its modest violets. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who'd rather dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"Naughty Marietta," a Victor Herbert documentary on social and anti-social life in pristine Louisiana, is being intoned all over the Cotillion Room by a set of operetta practitioners that includes Jimmy Carroll and the merry old soul known as Wilbur Evans. They break loose twice a night, and there's pepper-and-salt dance music between the recitals. Closed Mondays.... ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling little spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, a Pierian spring of dance music wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's agile Latin scholars. At dinner and supper, the Ballet Español Roberto Iglesias, which did not learn its close-order drill at the knee of Arthur Murray, takes the floor, and by storm. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. It's all just for listening.... ¶ No abrupt changes in the weather (perpetual spring) or the tempo (the dance bands of Maximillian Bergere and Nicholas D'Amico) will ever ruffle the populace of the Rendez-Vous. The music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has those Guy Lombardo saxophones, which melt at less than room temperature, to persuade the guests to venture onto the dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a comely design for living it up, Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio operate on a non-stop schedule when the floor is not occupied (at dinner and again at supper) by the perspicacious Bud and Travis, who have devoted themselves to the improvement of the breed of folk music by contributing good voices, a touch of humor, and (it can be suspected) a few traditional airs of their own making. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, a simultaneous paean to Roman architecture and the witchery of moonlight, tees off with feasting music by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra a bit past seven, and then, at eight-thirty, blossoms into upbeat dance music (the Hansens and Charles Holden's band) that goes on until two. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and handsome forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

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Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two of Park Avenue's best-known winter palaces—i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both are closed to the public on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Myrrh and frankincense are on the Empire Room's menu when Dick Haymes shows up at dinner and supper with his voice-of-the-people balladry. Fran Jeffries (Mrs. H., that is), a lissome young lady, chimes in now and again. Their sonnets are surrounded by Emil Coleman's big, suave dance orchestra and Theo Fanidi's middle-sized band. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its ways, with Michael Zarin's trio and Ray Bari's chirruping band (thinking music from six to eight-thirty, dance music thereafter to one) except Sundays, when the Baris are all by themselves (piano from six to eight, then dancing to one).

Note—The Rainbow Room, a bar big enough to float ten thousand cocktail olives in at once, offers a view of the city and the docile drinking-and-dining music of a trio from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here are a lot of the characters who keep it hotsy-totsy. The parade is accompanied by small talk and (after eight) Jack Banan's piano, which has that old-time religion down cold, or hot. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The children's hour goes on and on into the night; the party spirit is slightly leavened by graybeards who have managed to survive into their thirties. Bob Printz plays ah-youth! piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders do single and double piano from then on. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It would not be easy to find in all the Eternal City an assembly hall that could hold a Roman candle to this one. Through the throngs of merrymakers the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way, tailed by a squadron of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, who may be the best ivory hunter in the business, whips up dozens of concentric and eccentric ripples on an admiring Steinway. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The home life of the Trapp family if they'd lived in Florence. All week long, there's regional piano by Aldo Bruschi from dinnertime on; Thursday through Saturday, Mr. B., doubling on oboe, leads a trio, to which there is dancing after ten; Tuesday through Saturday, a supply of *lasagna* like "The Barber of Seville" is bandied about viva voce. Closed Mondays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castle, moat, and drawbridge—it all used to be in the Fifth Avenue window of F. A. O. Schwarz. Norbert Faconi, the major-domo of this wonderland, moves from table to table with a listen-he's-playing-our-song violin under his chin. No music Sundays.... **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Poor's Manual* taking its resplendent ease. George Feyer fidgets around at the piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the ones he's picked up in this country.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. Closed Sundays.... **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A seven-day-a-week South Seas shopping center—resort clothes and all—equipped with bar, kitchen, menu, and string music that's as Polynesian as things ever get on this island. George Taylor holds down the piano in the thoroughly American bar every night but Sunday.... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The Moorish invaders seem to have stopped in at this enterprise, whose large and artfully meandering interior reflects their stay. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders, too, from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. Its now-and-then companion is Richard Wilson's violin. No music Sundays. ... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, which is piano and guitar. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mitteleuropa-native as the town affords. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbalons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and Jeanine Poret's French carolling. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is Renato Rossini's guitar, which believes every word of the fiery songs it sings. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, world traveller, is now giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's at it from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated figments of Alt Wien here, especially when Yvonne Constant, a bit of sassafras once involved in "La Plume de Ma Tante," is doing the arias. Closed Mondays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A West Side snug harbor with East Side touches, most notably the décor. The amusement, which begins around ten, is variable, but the slapdash singing of Danny Apolinar, who presides over a trio and a piano, will do most of the time. Closed Sundays.

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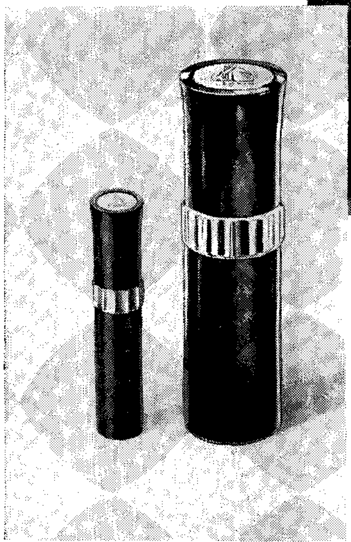
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): This celebrated girl-watchers' gallery



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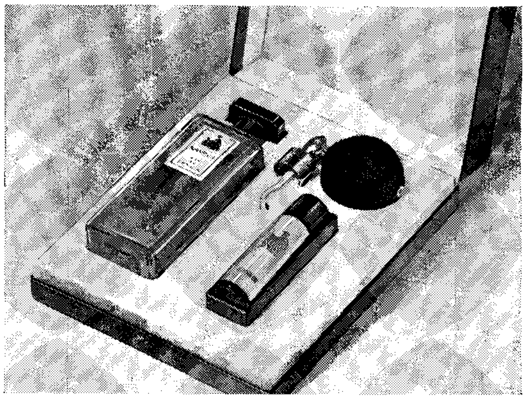

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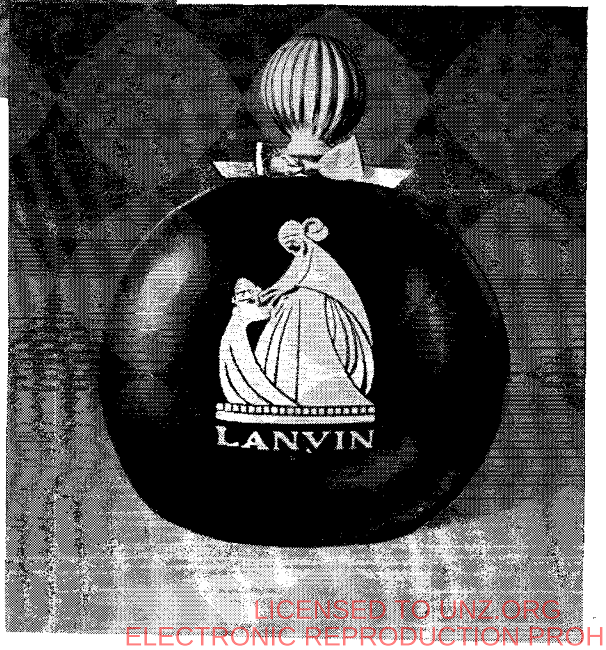

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is presenting a munificent and magnificent walk-on of ladies purportedly from the banks of the Hudson, the Thames, the Seine, et al., but whose construction suggests a long sojourn on the banks of the Amazon. The Rudas Dancers, six ballerinas from Down Under, are not too big, though, to fly without wings. Dancing for the customers, too.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The truth serum on which Lenny Bruce lives brings out all the facts of life, and life in his in-spite-of-himself amusing lexicon is always a four-letter word. Mr. Bruce, and the stainless-steel machinery of Georgie Auld's band, *and* the New Orleans vaudeville street band of Al Hirt, *and* the next-to-nothing voice of Pat Morrissey, will be removed at close of business on Wednesday, Dec. 21. Sarah Vaughan, a far larger voice, and Dave Brubeck's quartet will be the major arrivals the following evening. Closed Sundays.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sammy Davis, Jr., a cyclotron of such centripetal force that it may any night reduce itself to smithereens, is the main event. Along with him goes a corps de ballet made up of lovely young things who move with a sort of undulant fever.

SUPPER CLUBS

(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Kaye Ballard, a girl always at her wits' end, and Odetta, a folk singer almost beyond compare, are the leaders of the local conspiracy to break the peace. Also visible are Ted Markland, a derivative talker whose loose ends justify his means, and Reneaux, a legerdemain operative with hands far quicker than even the unnaked eye. Jimmy Lyons' well-sprung trio and Otis Clements' piano fill the interludes.... ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and piano preside over the six-to-eight activities every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is apt to do extra sets early in the morning.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): No question-and-answer period is necessary after the newest of Julius Monk's annual *revistas*, since the issues of the day—and, for that matter, of the night—are discussed succinctly, assiduously, and acidulously for all to hear. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays and Thursday, Dec. 22.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Jane Connell and Jack Fletcher, both of them Julius Monk graduates *summa cum laude*, are indulging in inside-track conversations that have a certain satanic majesty all their own. Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood supplement this soirée with piano that has just plain majesty. The music begins around nine, the talk an hour or so later. Closed Sundays and Thursday, Dec. 22.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A bunch of Spanish flamenco aficionados play with fire on the stage of the back room, where they are nevertheless often outdanced by the customers. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three to eight.... ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A wholehearted effort to bring chaos out of order. The participants are Tony and Eddie, hounds at bay whose weapons are their own hammer and tongs, plus the gramophone recordings of others; Sallie Blair, who can put her songs to the sword; the dithery cantatas of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames; and the piano of Peter Daniels. Jimmie Daniels, that old boulevardier, is *padrone*. Closed Mondays.... **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, *doyenne* of this salon upstairs over the Roundtable, is drawing (as is natural at this season) upon her Yule backlog of such estimable plum puddings as "The Twelve Days of Christmas" for her song recitals, which are accompanied by the piano of Sam Hamilton, her lifelong companion. He and Don Evans take turns pouring *eau de vie* on the instrument whenever she calls a halt. Closed Sundays.... **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): For the benefit of those to whom home is the place where they never hang their hat, a tantivy is created by the tenor and piano of Bobby Short, who sets up his vigil at the early-bird hour of ten. The premises occupied by him and his trio will not remind anyone of King Arthur's court. Closed Sundays.... **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Every night but Tuesday, three young people act out a charade of their own devising—the trade name is "Stewed Prunes"—on the second floor. This pocket-size revue occurs at nine and twelve except Sundays, when curtain times are five-thirty and nine.... **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bertolt Brecht may have done the script for this opera. Unbowed by the hurly-burly, Felicia Sanders sings like thunder coming up across the bay from China, or else like a cooing dove.

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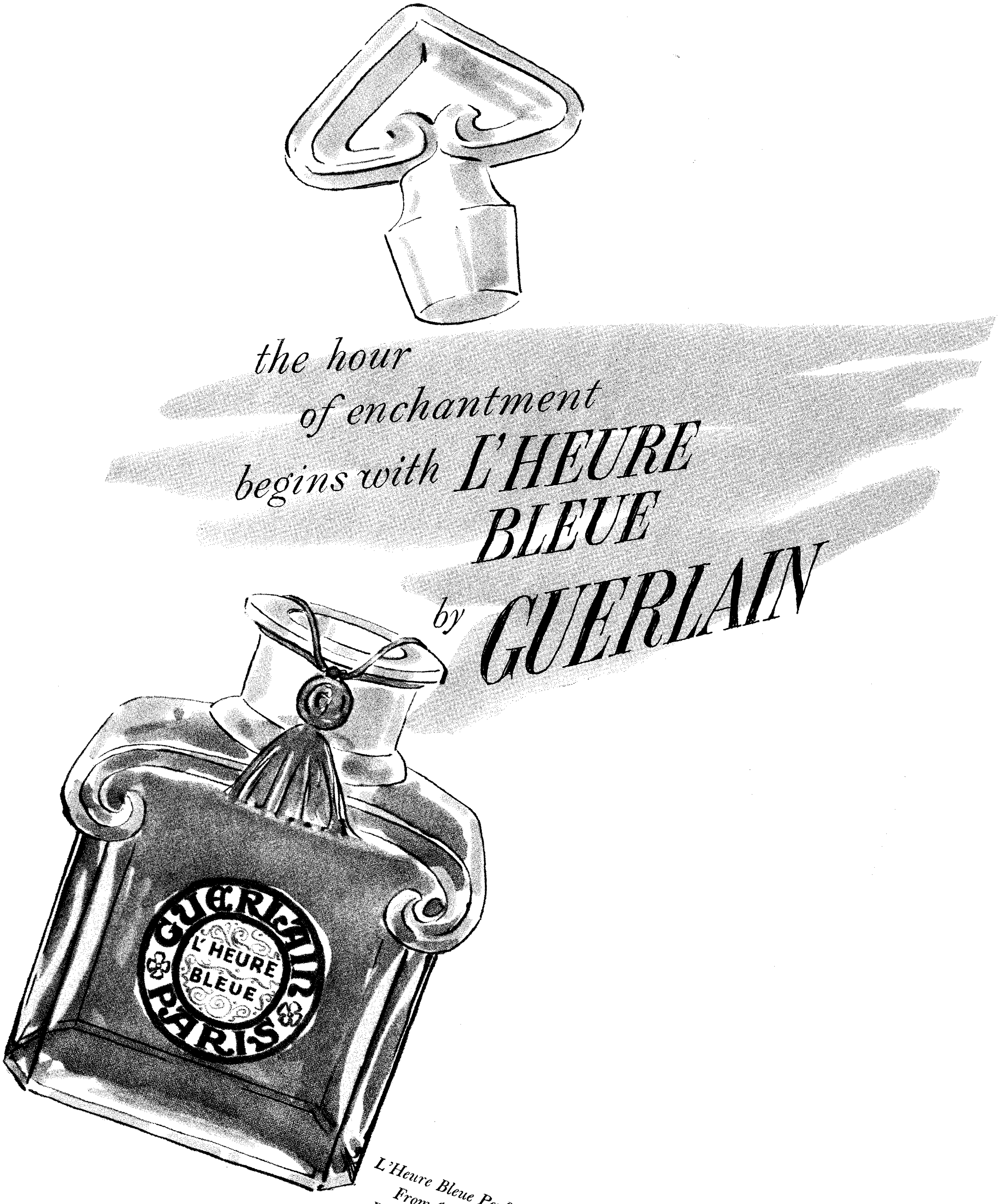
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Ralph Sutton's piano, a joyous sound in the night, doesn't adhere entirely to the statute of limitations that often encumbers traditional music, and his quartet, in which Peanuts Hucko and Buzzy Drootin reside, is all the better for it. Mr. Condon is, for the moment, a silent partner. Bob Corwin is the intermission curator of the keyboard. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The unbuttoned-down world of Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross, the funniest and quite possibly the best thing that's happened to jive singing in the past decade. Ray Bryant's brooding little trio does the rest of the work. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays.... **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The Deep River Boys, breaking a seven-year vow of abstinence, are back in New York (only one of the original cast now answers the roll call, though) for a session of croon mixed with jump. Cootie Williams, who represents the heyday of a style of trumpet that is now history, leads a quartet that never defies convention, and Gloria Lynne, singer of the evening, never does, either. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are carrying on the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The racket squad here is the Bourbon Street Six, and it's easy to guess what it sounds like. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays. On Tuesday, Dec. 20, the Empire City Six will succeed the incumbents.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland's trio, which shifts from abstractions to wild-eyed joy and back again, is happily and perspicaciously demonstrating the modern idiom inside the circular bar. Ben Tucker, her bass man, has plenipotentiary powers. The McPartlands wind it up on Sunday, Dec. 18; on Tuesday, Dec. 20, the trio of Billy Taylor, owner of a whole string of facile fingers, takes over. No music Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The falls of the Bastille and of Niagara. Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays) and Sol Yaged's quintet (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays) arrive at seven-forty-five to pick up the fragments left unturned by the afternoon shift, which is manned by Tony Parenti's trio and Johnny Letman's threesome. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. The Bourbon Street Six will be added to the nighttime cast on Monday, Dec. 19.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Joe Williams, a solid column of sound, dies a thousand deaths every night in the toils of his deep, dark blues, whose underpinning is Count Basie's band of marauders, a body of men who don't always know what to do with their own strength. John Handy's foursome is the balance wheel. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Until late in the evening, it's sort of opening day at a supermarket, and it's even-Stephen whether Jonah Jones, a trumpeter with a whiplash, can make himself *and his quartet wholly audible.* Saturday, Dec. 17, is his last stand. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Adderley brothers, Cannonball and Nat, head up a quintet that is inclined toward soliloquies longer than Hamlet's and not always as original. In between, Nina Simone, a petulant princess, plays piano and sings tiger-cat lullabies. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The progress of progress may or may not be accelerated by the handiwork of the Valenciennes-lace quintet operated by Gigi Gryce. It does get A for effort, though. The Gryces are off duty Mondays. On Tuesday, Dec. 20, the Montgomery Brothers quartet will be added to the roster. The building the enterprise occupies must once have stood on Cannery Row.... **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Dave Brubeck's quartet, a troupe apt to look on the serious side of progressive music, closes up shop on Sunday, Dec. 18, and so does the squad run by the Montgomery Brothers. On Tuesday, Dec. 20, Thelonious Monk will, if he can remember where he's working, report sometime during the evening with his four sidemen; Dizzy Gillespie, the foremost wit of the trade and the demon inventor of sounds for which no satisfactory instrument has yet been devised, brings *his* four sidemen in the same evening. Closed Mondays.... **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Life among the upstate jazz buffs, who are getting a full report on progress downstate. Roy Haynes' quartet, the present portion of the exchange program, leaves Wednesday, Dec. 21; the next day brings in the quartet of Kenny Burrell, now a singer as well as a wielder of the electronic guitar. The music is available at nine or thereabouts every evening but Monday.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Herbie Mann's Pan-American and Pan-African corps of drum majors is doing a hands-across-the-seas Hit Parade. Closed Mondays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The weekends are devoted to the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary jazz. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, the faculty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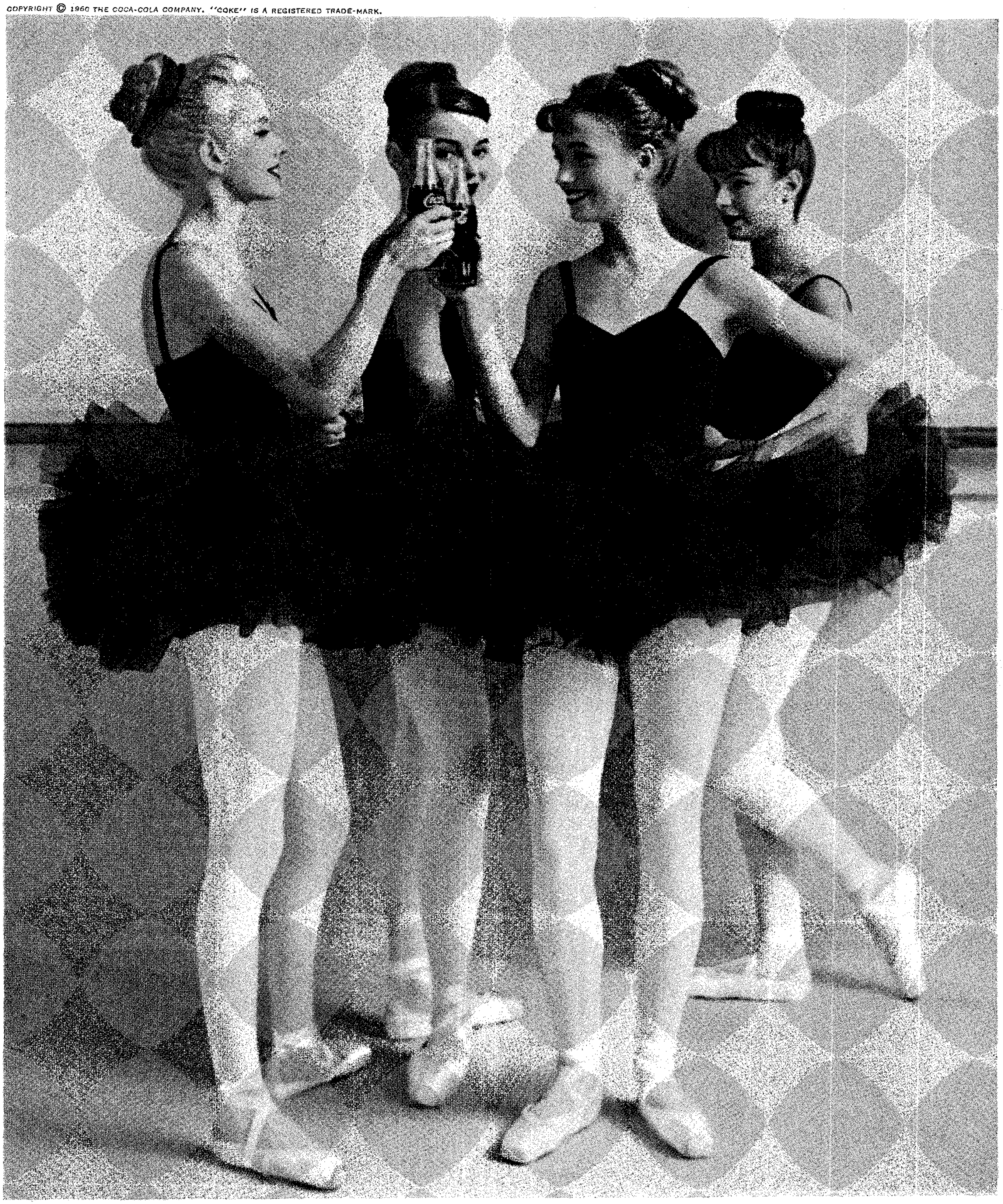

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Howard Baer—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Friday, Dec. 23. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St.)

Ludwig Bemelmans—Oil paintings of New York, plus original gouaches for his latest children's book, "Welcome Home;" through Friday, Dec. 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938)—Paintings and water colors by one of the early American moderns; through Dec. 31. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957)—Abstract sculptures in wood, bronze, and marble, together with drawings and gouaches; through Dec. 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andrea del Castagno—The Poggibonsi altarpiece, made for the Brigittine Convent del Paradiso, near Florence, by this fifteenth-century painter; through Dec. 31. (Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St.)

César—Welded-metal sculptures by a contemporary Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through Jan. 28. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Minna Citron—Abstract paintings; through Jan. 7. (Norval, 53 E. 57th St.)

Salvador Dali—Paintings, many of them never shown here before, and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Elaine de Kooning—Big, vibrantly colorful Abstract Expressionist oils; through Dec. 31. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Enrico Donati—Dark, authoritative abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Claire Falkenstein—Constructions of copper, steel, iron, bronze, and glass fused to metal; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Mayer, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

Hamilton Fraser—Paintings by a young British modern; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935)—Paintings by this leading American Impressionist; through Dec. 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Peter Hayward—Paintings, mainly New York street scenes; through Tuesday, Dec. 20. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Albert Hirschfeld—Drawings and gouaches by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

James Kearns—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Jan. 7. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

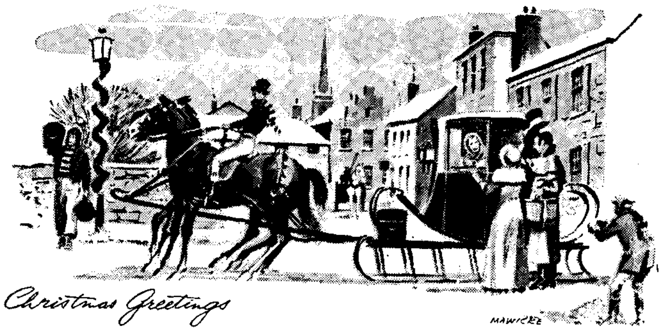
Robert Kipniss—Twilit forest landscapes, mostly, moderately stylized; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Karl-Heinz Krause—Bronze figures; through Dec. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lawrence Lebduska—Paintings by a modern American primitive, in his first exhibition in some years; through Dec. 31. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Fernand Léger—Paintings, drawings, and other works, covering the period 1918-50, in an exhibit that is running simultaneously with a showing of his works at the Museum of Modern Art; through Jan. 7. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Georges Mathieu and Philippe Hosiasson—Paintings by two contemporary French ab-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stractionists; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Matta—Abstract Surrealist pastels and drawings (1950-60) by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Morandi—Paintings, drawings, and etchings of landscapes and still-lifes (1915-60) by an Italian artist; through Jan. 14. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Betty Parsons—Abstractions, 1957-60, varying in subject from Wyoming to the Orient; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Latow, 13 E. 63rd St.)

Picasso—Linoleum prints in color (1958-60); through Dec. 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reginald Pollack—Paintings, mostly portraits; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—A set of thirty-odd sensitively conceived abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through Jan. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Manuel Rivera—Metal pictures by a young Spanish abstract artist; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Rivers—Swift, vivacious semi-abstract oils; through Dec. 31. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Georges Rouault—Water colors; through Jan. 7. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Jan. 7. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Kurt Seligmann—Thirty years of etchings, lithographs, and book illustrations; through Dec. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Raphael Soyer—A new set of his oils, slightly sombre in mood, in his first exhibition here in eight years; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

George Wardlaw—Large, fluent Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

James Weeks—Figure paintings by a San Francisco artist; through Jan. 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

John Wilde—Small still-lifes and figures; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Ulfert Wilke—Water colors, drawings, and bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

African Art—Twenty-five tribes are represented in "Sculpture from the Congo," an exhibition containing masks, stools, statues, headdresses, and so on, in wood, ivory, and stone; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BRATA**, 89 E. 10th St.: John Krushenick, Ronald Bladen, John Ferren, and other guests and members in a Christmas show of works in various mediums ($25 to $3,000); through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)... **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The December exhibit consists of paintings selected by Reuben Tam, Joseph Solman, and Walter Murch; through Dec. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: A Christmas show of paintings and sculptures ($25 to $300) by Sam Middleton, Hollis Holbrook, and Sanford Goodman, to name a few; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: A Christmas showing of paintings and sculptures ($100 to $1,000) by such artists as Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ben Shahn; through Friday, Dec. 23.... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: "Enormous Room III," a show made up of three huge works—Abstract Expressionist canvases by Sam Francis and Alfred Leslie and a construction by Louise Nevelson; through Jan. 14.... **JAMES**, 70 E. 12th St.: Margaret Bartlett, Alvin Most, and Lillian Orlowsky are three of the participants in a Christmas showing of oils, drawings, collages, and sculptures ($50 to $500); through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Paintings for the Home" by, among others, John Sloan, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni; through Dec. 30.... **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The thirty-sixth annual of the New York Society of Women Artists, comprising works in a variety of mediums by residents of New York State (Sylvia Carewe, Clara Shainess, Helen Beling, and others); through Sunday, Dec. 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings, 1910-60, by (for instance) Ben Benn, John Hultberg, and Bernard Karfiol; through Dec. 31.... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Water colors, drawings, and collages by Ernest Briggs, Stephen Pace, Milton Resnick, and other gallery artists; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **D'ARCY**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An international Surrealist exhibition, directed by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp and including works by Dali, Yves Tanguy, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Jan. 14. ... **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Two exhibitions—Old Master drawings by such painters as Jacopo Tintoretto, Gainsborough, and Géricault, and drawings by Walter Stein for the book "Natural History," by Jules Renard; through Friday, Dec. 23.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: John Marin, Degas, and Toulouse-Lautrec are three of the artists represented in a showing of drawings, water colors, and pastels; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) ... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century water colors by well-known painters and sculptors, among them Gauguin, Kandinsky, and Andrew Wyeth; through Dec. 31.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings by Darrel Austin, Modigliani, Picasso, and others; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Arp, Gris, Schwitters, and other modern masters, predominantly European; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: "Paysage de France"—Courbet to de Staël; through Saturday, Dec. 17.... **MARKS**, 21 E. 66th St.: Eight artists from seven European countries and Israel, who have recently worked in Paris, including Guy Harloff, Serge Monsouroff, and Antonio Lago; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Artist as Draughtsman," an exhibition of drawings, pastels, and water colors of five centuries by, among others, Boucher, Degas, and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo; through Jan. 15.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, along with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van Gogh, from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2.... ¶ A small exhibition of abstract paintings and drawings by the French master Fernand Léger (1881-1955), also from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. A good complement to this showing is the Léger exhibit at the Janis Gallery, 15 E. 57th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of

the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.), assembled from public and private collections; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, including examples from his series on various themes—"Migration," "Harlem," "John Brown," and "Struggle: From the History of the American People;" through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The prize-winning painting by Karel Appel, together with a selection of candidate pictures in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A Civil War centennial exhibit of documents, books, and works of art relating to the war and Abraham Lincoln, and depicting the civic and military role of American Jews, both Northern and Southern; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.: "The Nativity," an exhibition of miniatures from medieval and Renaissance manuscripts illustrating Biblical and legendary stories about the birth of Christ; through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Only in New York!," a show of portraits and city scenes by René Bouché; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Japan: Design Today," a display of textiles, ceramics, wood working, metals, china, glassware, toys, and semi-ceremonial objects; starting Friday, Dec. 16. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A showing of the entire collection of Raymond Wielgus, of Chicago, comprising masks, figures, ornaments, and pottery vessels, from the Americas, Africa, and Oceania; through Feb. 5. (Daily except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A joint exhibition of paintings by the Japan Women Artists Institute and the National Association of Women Artists of the United States; through Thursday, Dec. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

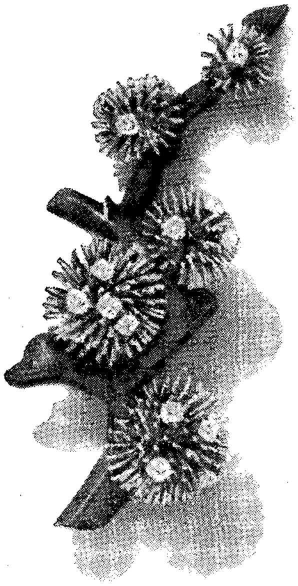
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1960 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, with works by, among others, Lee Bontecou, Chaim Gross, Jimmy Ernst, and Gabor Peterdi; through Jan. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

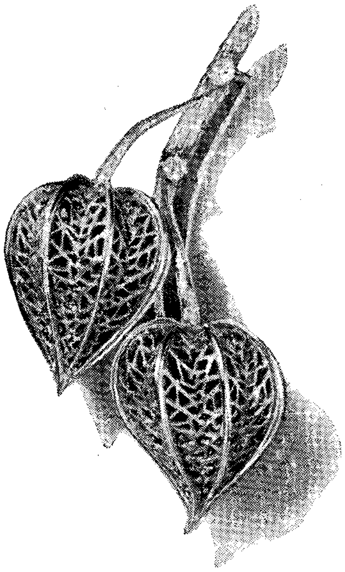
MUSIC

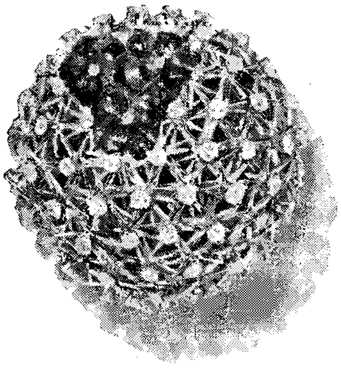
(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Rosalind Elias, Carlo Bergonzi, and Lorenzo Testi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 16: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Laurel Hurley, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 17: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Hans Hopf, Hermann Prey, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 17: "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 19: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Frank Guarrera, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 21: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Laurel Hurley, Eugenio Fernandi, Lorenzo Testi, Nicola Moscona, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 22: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Hans Hopf, Herman Prey, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 23: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Mildred Miller, Cesare Siepi, and Kim Borg. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 24: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 24: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Laurel Hurley, Eugenio Fernandi,







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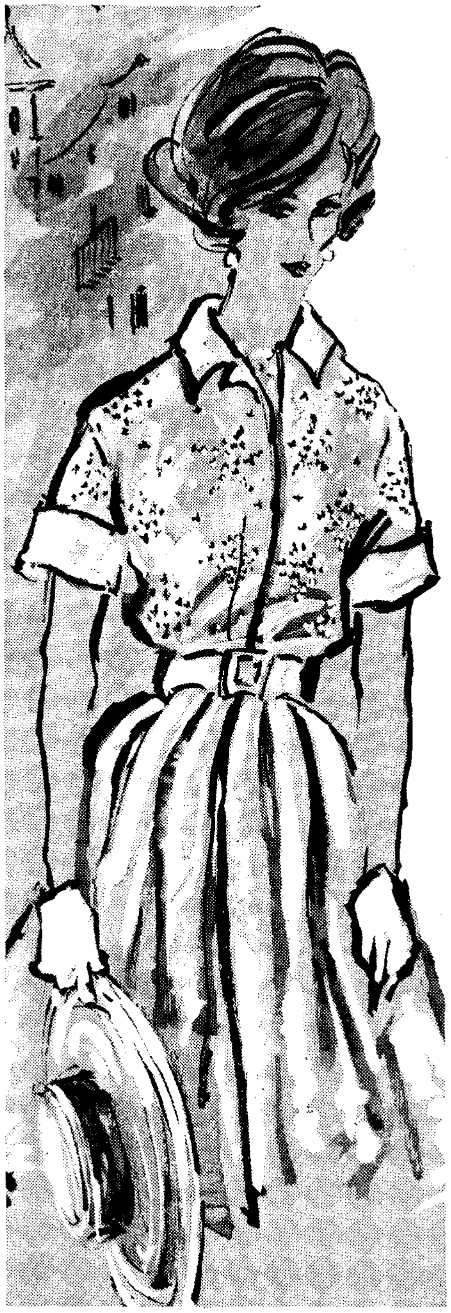

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lorenzo Testi, and Nicola Moscona. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At **carnegie hall**: Karl Boehm conducting an all-Strauss program on Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 16, at 2:15; and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3 (all with Lisa Della Casa, soprano).... ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Sviatoslav Richter, piano).... ¶ On Monday, Dec. 19, the orchestra starts a brief vacation, resuming its regular series of concerts on Thursday, Dec. 29.... **brooklyn academy of music**: Karl Boehm conducting, with Lisa Della Casa, soprano. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

All-Vivaldi Concert—Max Goberman conducting the New York Sinfonietta. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 3-5825.)

Contemporary Baroque Ensemble—Daniel Antoun conducting, with Marcel Grandjany, harp, and Claude Monteux, flute. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2831.)

Società Corelli—Italian string orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Elias Dann conducting, with Stoddard Lincoln, harpsichord. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz's Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Irene Jordan, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Hugh Thompson, baritone; Ara Berberian, bass-baritone; and the Choral Art Society. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Ralph Kirkpatrick, piano and harpsichord. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8:40.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman directing an orchestra and a chorus, with Gloria Davy, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—Samuel Baron conducting. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Christmas Eve Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra, with Maria Ester Robles, soprano, and Robert Nagel, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas concert. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Hamilton and Wells College Choirs—A joint concert, with John L. Baldwin, Jr., and Crawford Thoburn directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with Louise Natale, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; John Alexander, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Margaret Kalil, soprano; Beatrice Krebs, contralto; Charles O'Neill, tenor; John Macurdy, bass; and the Symphony of the Air. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8. For tickets, call CI 7-4199.)

Note—Three concerts of Christmas music will be presented in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree—Friday, Dec. 16, at 5:30: The Yale Glee Club, directed by Fenno Heath.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 22, at 5:30 and 8:15: The New York University Glee Club, Peter Sozio directing.

RECITALS

Beveridge Webster and Joseph Fuchs—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Doda Conrad—Bass, in the American première of Henri Sauguet's song cycle "Le Cornette." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:45.)

Concert Artists of Pittsburgh—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 5:45.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The third concert in the series, this one by the Juilliard String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Henry Hadley, William Dustin, and John Duke, performed by Alexander Kougeell, cello; Douglas Nordli, piano; Murray Panitz, flute; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 19, at 8:40.)

Sviatoslav Richter—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 23, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-7003, Ext. 31.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Boston vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. Syracuse. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 7.)

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Luis Rodriguez, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 17. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—Oregon vs. Penn State. (Liberty Bowl, Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 1:30.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 18, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **little orchestra society**: Thomas Scherman conducting a program of opera music, with vocal soloists and a chorus. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)... **brooklyn opera company**: A performance of "Hansel and Gretel," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **peggy bridge marionettes**: "Aladdin," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) ... **pat deane productions**: "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 12, 1:30, and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271.)... **merri-mimes**: "Alice in Wonderland," Saturday, Dec. 17. ... ¶ "Peter and the Wolf," Saturday, Dec. 24. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **musical theatre for children**: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609.

Saturdays at 2 and 3:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "It's So Nice to Be a Fish," Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Snow Queen," Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1:30 and 3:30. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Snow Queen." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 23, at 3.) . . . **POCKET PLAYERS:** "The Glass Slipper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 2.) . . . **THEATRE EAST:** "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17-18. . . . ¶ "Gulliver's Travels," Saturday, Dec. 24. (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings and pastels by children of Tokyo; through Jan. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 3 to 5.)

MODEL-TRAIN EXHIBIT—Seven electric trains hustling along a miniature railroad, complete with freight yard, villages, factories, rivers, and such. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Star of Wonder;" through Jan. 2. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 17, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 18, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, and Saturday, Dec. 24, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 11 and 2:30. Admission is free.) . . . ¶ A Christmas program, comprising "Le Merle," "The Red Balloon," and "On the Twelfth Day." (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2. Admission is free.)

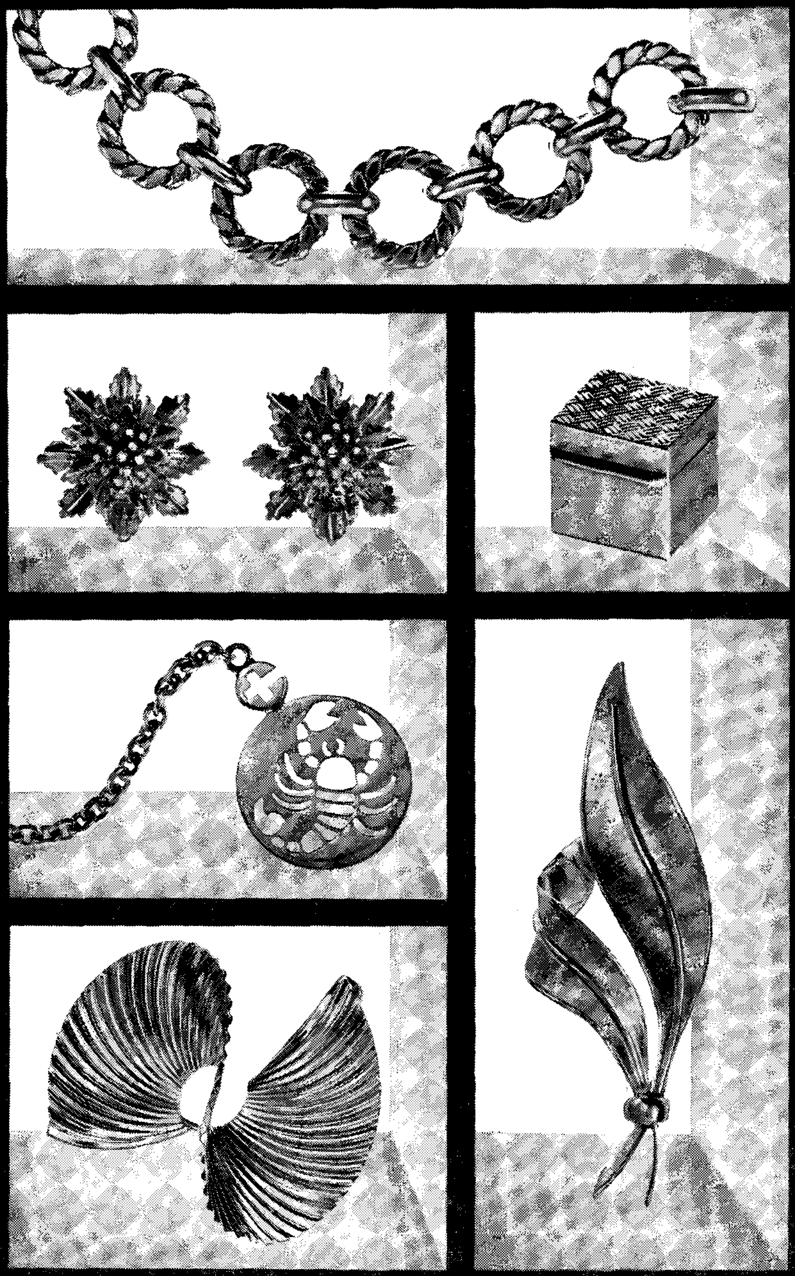
NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Friday, Dec. 23, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Tuesday, Dec. 20), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene weekdays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films on General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

DRAMA AND POETRY READINGS—A group of actors, including Kenneth Whitlock and Jack Manning, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in readings of Shakespeare's "Othello." (Helen Hayes Equity Group Theatre, 145 Bleecker St. Sundays at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 3-2310.) . . . ¶ W. H. Auden reading from his own poetry. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday and Friday, Dec. 15-16, at 1:45: French and English furniture, Georgian and other silver, paintings, Chinese porcelains and semiprecious-mineral carvings, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Dr. Louis Hauswirth and from other sources. (Exhibition hours: Thursday, Dec. 15, from 10 to 5.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ben-Hur—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

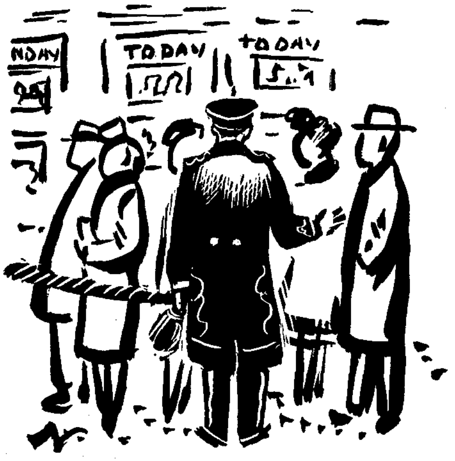
The Big Deal—Some small-time Roman crooks decide to pull off an ambitious safecracking job, but they have a hard time keeping their minds on their work, and the moment of truth proves a moment of pure bedlam. An altogether cheerful, occasionally slapstick spoof of "serious" crime pictures. Imported from Italy. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Chance Meeting—A taut, plausible thriller in the best English style, featuring a flat in a mews, the Tate Gallery, and what appear to be authentic interiors of Scotland Yard. A wanton lady is murdered, and an attractive young artist is suspected of the crime, but there's more here than meets the eye. With Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle, and Stanley Baker. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 20, tentative.)

The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier gives a stunning performance as a hard-drinking, lascivious, and thoroughly untalented music-hall singer and dancer. No use pretending the film will make you feel good; still, it would be a shame to miss Olivier at the very top of his bent, ably assisted by Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 21, tentative.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest between Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes, and in the end Jews, Arabs, and Britishers are all routed by the forces of logorrhea. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; starting Dec. 15, at 8. Thereafter daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—Here is a practically flawless picture on a major theme—the making of a brave and honorable man out of what has been a vain, craven, and dishonest one. Vittorio De Sica superbly enacts this extraordinary transformation, and Hannes Messemer is nearly as good in a secondary role. The picture was directed in masterly fashion by Roberto Rossellini. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)



Hiroshima, Mon Amour—With this French film, which describes the brief, intense, and hopeless affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in Hiroshima (where the movie was photographed), Alain Resnais emerges as one of the finest movie directors now in practice. In the principal roles, Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada are highly commendable. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 21, tentative.)

I'm All Right, Jack—An English film, as funny as you're likely to see in many a day, in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are explored most spiritedly. Peter Sellers is at once hilarious and pathetic as a shop steward who dreams long dreams of making Britain a workers' paradise, and Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough are diverting as the well-heeled types who stand in his way. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Dec. 17.)

Picnic on the Grass—The trick here is to sit back and relax, letting the scenery of Provence and the irrational antics of a score of assorted characters sift slowly down over you like sunlight. Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a pretty girl in her skin. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Dec. 18.)

School for Scoundrels—A lively acting out of Stephen Potter's well-known principles of gamesmanship and lifemanship. Professor Potter is played by Alastair Sim, and his apt pupil is Ian Carmichael, who, once he gets the hang of one-upmanship, makes glorious hash of a formidable rival, the terrible-tempered Terry-Thomas. One of the brightest of the English imports. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 21, tentative.)

The Sundowners—Local fauna—kangaroos, koalas, dingoes, and thousands of sheep—share top billing with some travel-poster scenery in this almost too wholesome tale about a family of Australian drovers. Director Fred Zinnemann has concentrated on the countryside, but there are also excellent performances by Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr. Really a film for children, but it's a dour grownup who won't find some pleasure in it. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

REVIVALS

Anatomy of a Murder (1959)—An Army officer on trial for killing a man who raped his wife. With James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 16-17.)

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 16.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent (1958)—Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel in a French film that explores the subject of natural childbirth. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Dec. 21.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Dec. 21.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 15.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground during World War II. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 16.)

Separate Tables (1958)—Terence Rattigan's play about some sad and lonely people living in a threadbare hotel in Bournemouth. With David Niven and Deborah Kerr. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 15.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Cecil B. deMille's chronicle of the life and times of Moses. Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, and Cedric Hardwicke. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films called "Americana"—Through Dec. 17: "The President Vanishes" (1934), with Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 18: "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess and Gladys Hulette. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Dec. 20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21, at 8: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Lila Motley Cancer Foundation. For information about tickets, call TE 8-7299.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Dec. 15: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.
From Dec. 16: "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE SUNDOWNERS.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Dec. 20: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan.
From Dec. 21: "Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Dec. 15: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger.
From Dec. 16: "Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Dec. 15: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse.
From Dec. 16: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
From Dec. 15, at 8: **EXODUS.**

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 21 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 20: "Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani.
From Dec. 21: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 20 (tentative): **CHANCE MEETING;** and "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.
From Dec. 21 (tentative): **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 20: "Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani.
From Dec. 21: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE BIG DEAL (in Italian).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sundays" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663; no one will be admitted after the feature film starts, so a preliminary call is advisable.)
Through Dec. 18: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French).
From Dec. 19: "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 21: "Upstairs and Downstairs," Mylène Demongeot, Michael Craig.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 20: "Studs Lonigan," Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson; and "The Night Fighters," Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood.
From Dec. 21: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Whit Bissell.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 20 (tentative): "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From Dec. 21 (tentative): "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Dec. 15: "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.
From Dec. 16: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, John Gavin.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 20: "Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani.
From Dec. 21: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 20: "Studs Lonigan," Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson; and "The Night Fighters," Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood.
From Dec. 21: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Whit Bissell.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 21: **THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in French), revival.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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				15	16	17
18	19	20	21			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Dec. 15: **SEPARATE TABLES,** revival; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH,** revival.
Dec. 16-17: **ANATOMY OF A MURDER,** revival; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.
Dec. 18: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor; and "I Aim at the Stars," Curt Jurgens, Victoria Shaw.
From Dec. 19: Theatre closed.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 21 (tentative): **THE ENTERTAINER.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 20: "Studs Lonigan," Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson; and "The Night Fighters," Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood.
From Dec. 21: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Whit Bissell.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 20: "End of Innocence" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel; and "Port of Desire," Hildegarde Neff, Daniel Gelin.
From Dec. 21: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS;** and "Forbidden Desire" (in French; formerly called "Lover's Net"), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Daniel Gelin.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 17: **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.**
From Dec. 18: "A French Mistress," Cecil Parker, James Robertson Justice.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Dec. 21: "Belles and Ballets," a film made up of excerpts from six ballets performed by the Ballet de l'Étoile.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 21: **GIGI,** revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Dec. 19: "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.
From Dec. 20: "Tunes of Glory," Alec Guinness, John Mills.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 20: "Studs Lonigan," Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson; and "The Night Fighters," Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood.
From Dec. 21: "The Naked and the Dead," revival, Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Darby's Rangers," revival, James Garner, Jack Warden.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 20: **ANATOMY OF A MURDER,** revival; and "Bell, Book and Candle," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
From Dec. 21: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,** revival.

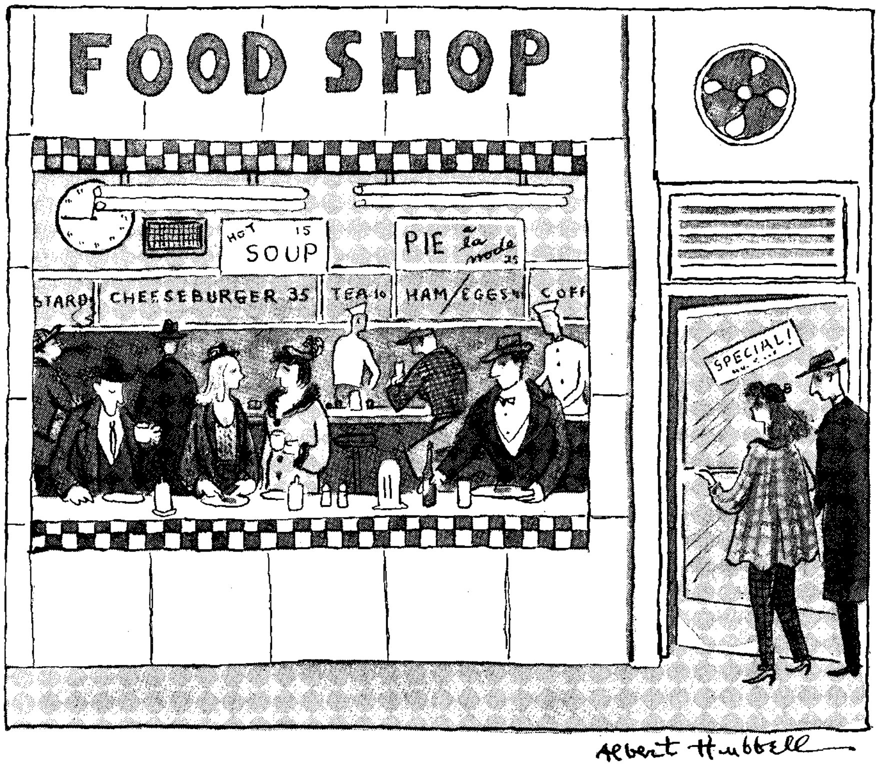
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 15: "Monika" (in Swedish), revival, Harriett Andersson; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.
From Dec. 16: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival.

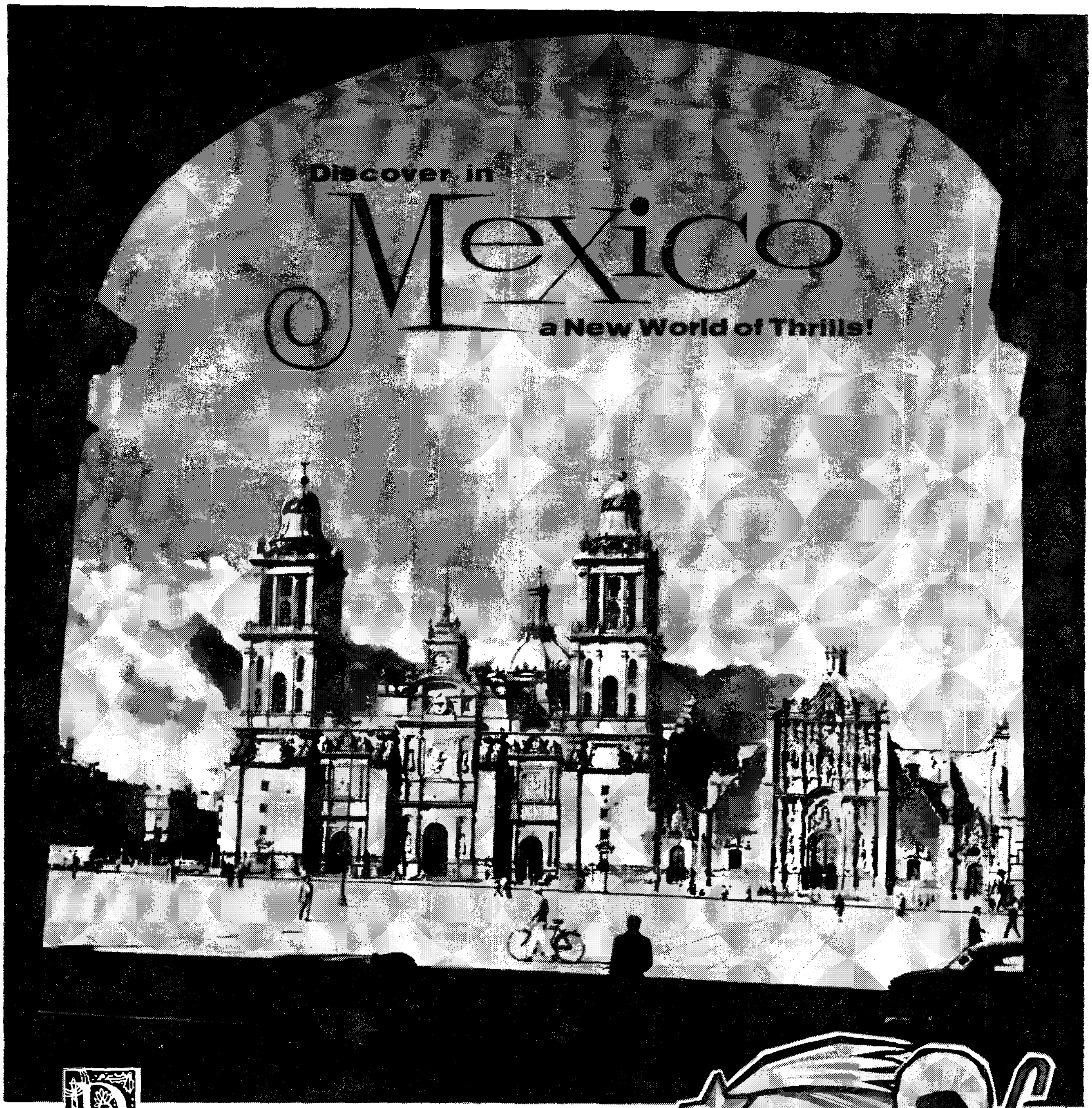
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 17: "Journey to the Lost City," Debra Paget, Paul Christian; and "Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.
Dec. 18-20: To be announced.
From Dec. 21: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 20: "End of Innocence" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel; and "Port of Desire," Hildegarde Neff, Daniel Gelin.
From Dec. 21: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS;** and "Stefanie" (in German), Carlos Thompson, Sabine Sinjen.

OLYMPIA, Bway at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 20: "Studs Lonigan," Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson; and "The Night Fighters," Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood.
From Dec. 21: "The Naked and the Dead," revival, Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Darby's Rangers," revival, James Garner, Jack Warden.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 20: "Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani.
From Dec. 21: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.





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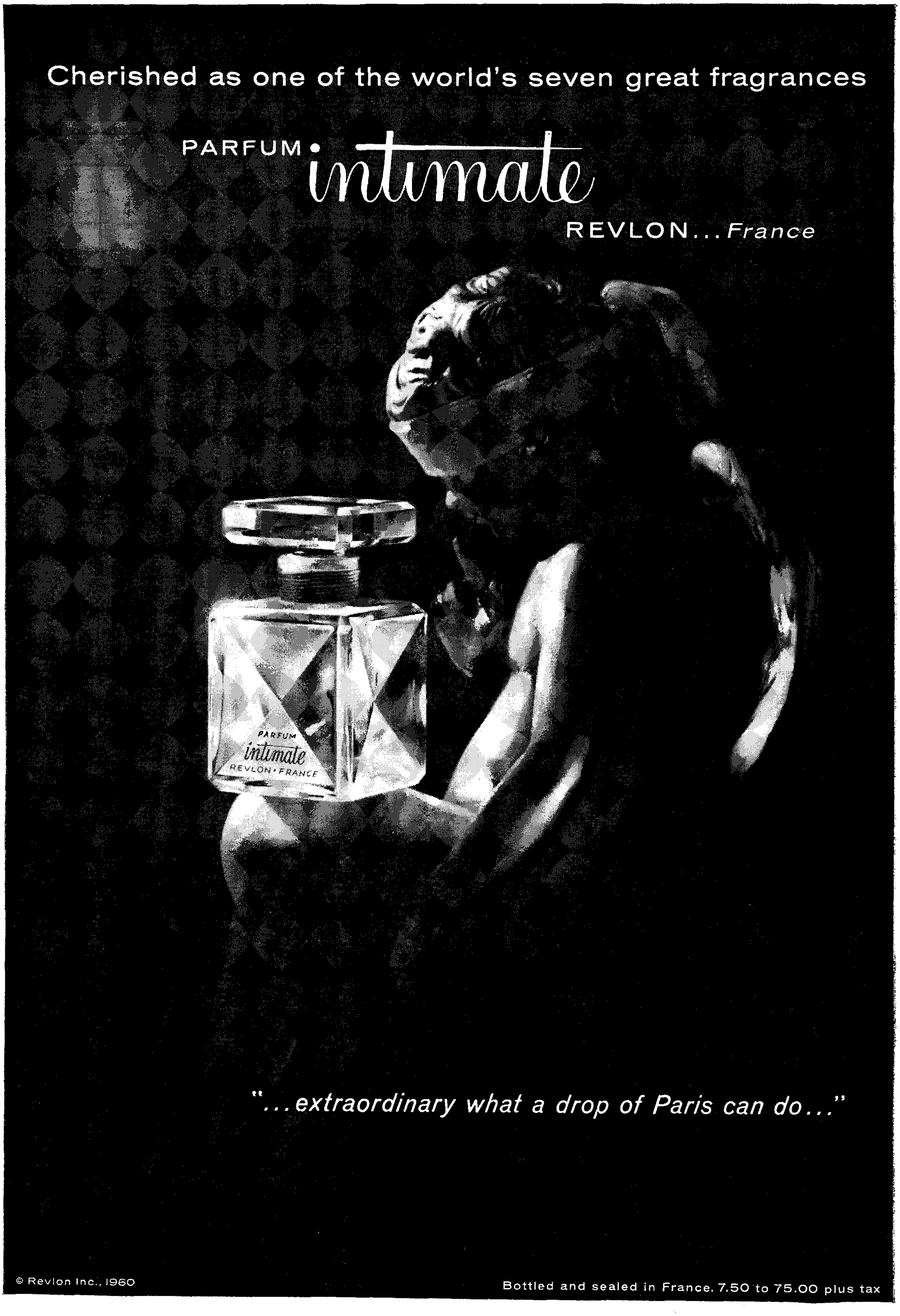

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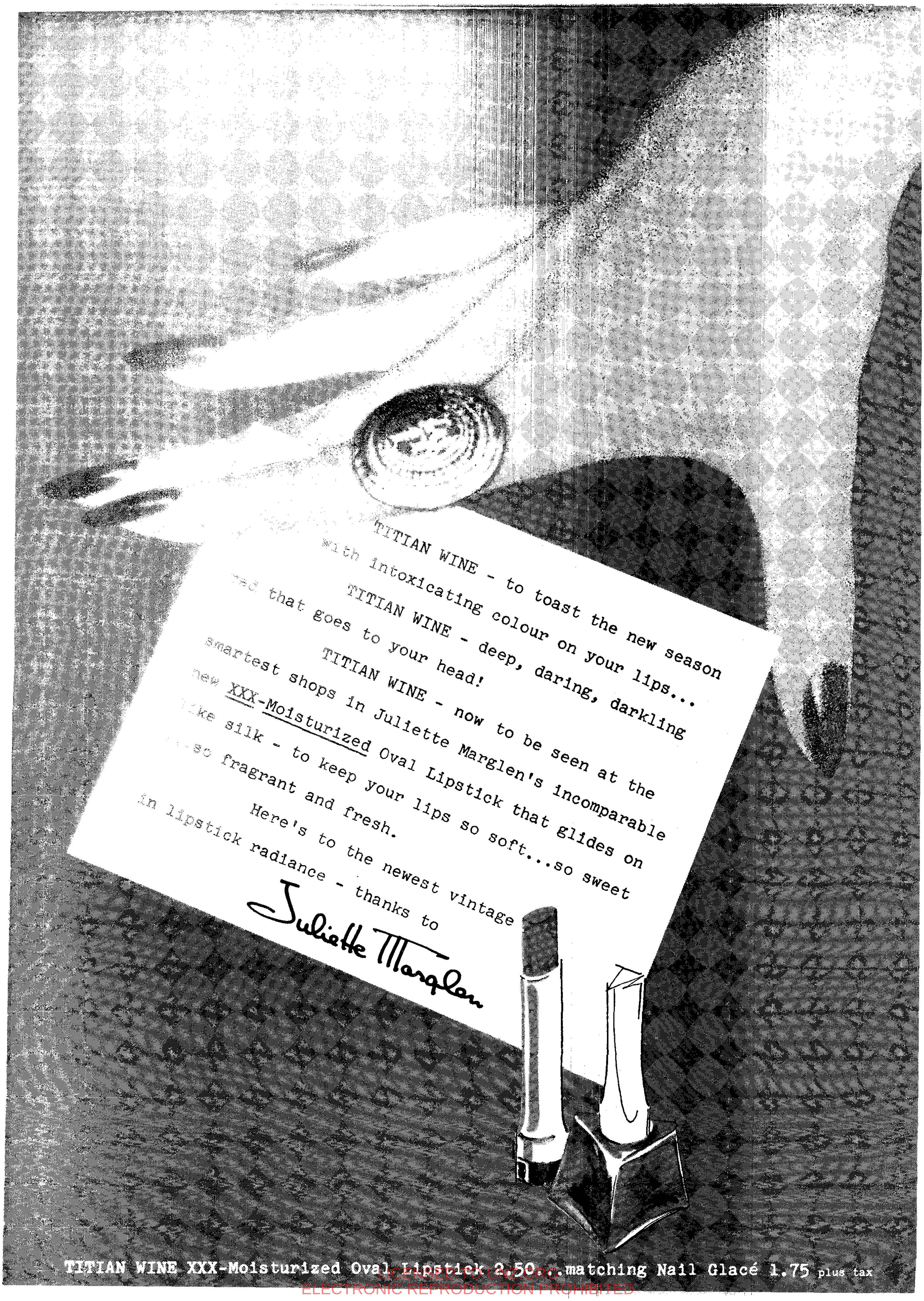

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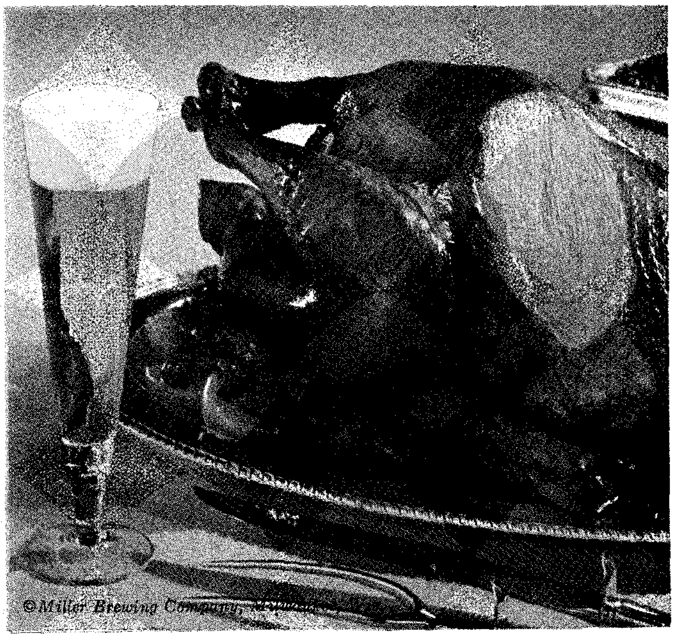
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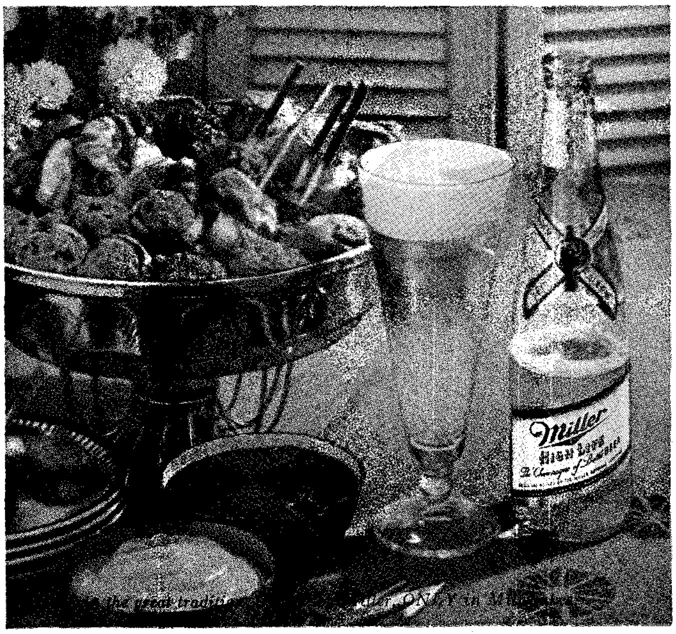
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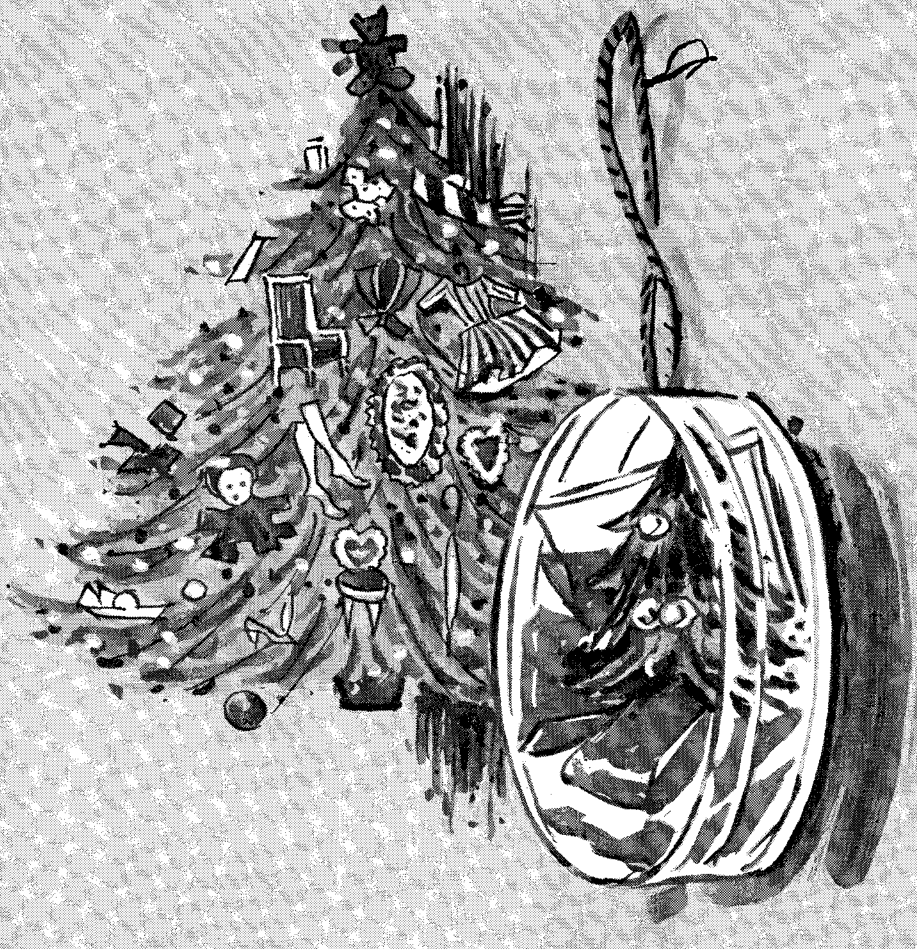

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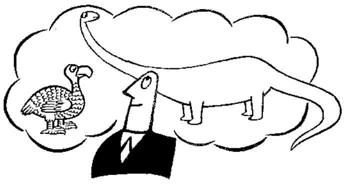
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

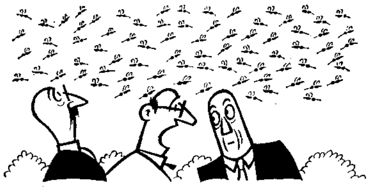
IT is an excellent thing, surely, to belong to an intelligent and dominant species that can choose its own method of becoming extinct. We never think of the dodo or the dinosaur without a feeling of quiet pride and thankfulness. Whereas they, poor ignorant brutes, could only evolve a little and then wait for a changing world to find them unfit to survive, we fortunate masters of all earthly things, including nuclear physics, can venture boldly forth and make the world unfit for ourselves. It is reassuring to learn, moreover, that if we choose, for one reason or another, to avoid annihilation by war, we may still count on an early success. For here is Dr. Heinz von Foerster, a scientist at the University of Illinois, to demonstrate that we can easily become extinct merely by continuing to thrive. Dr. von Foerster has it figured out that in just sixty-six more years, barring some catastrophe, the population of the world will approach infinity, and we all "will be squeezed to death." It is an interesting prospect. It puts us in mind of an uncomfortable quarter of an hour we once spent in a stalled subway car. As we shifted from leg to leg and sought to ease our neighbor's elbow out of our rib cage, we chanced to see, just above our nose, an institutional ad that pointed with some pleasure to the increase in the national population and cheerfully predicted that "Your Future Is Great in a Growing America." Humor is out of place in the subway.



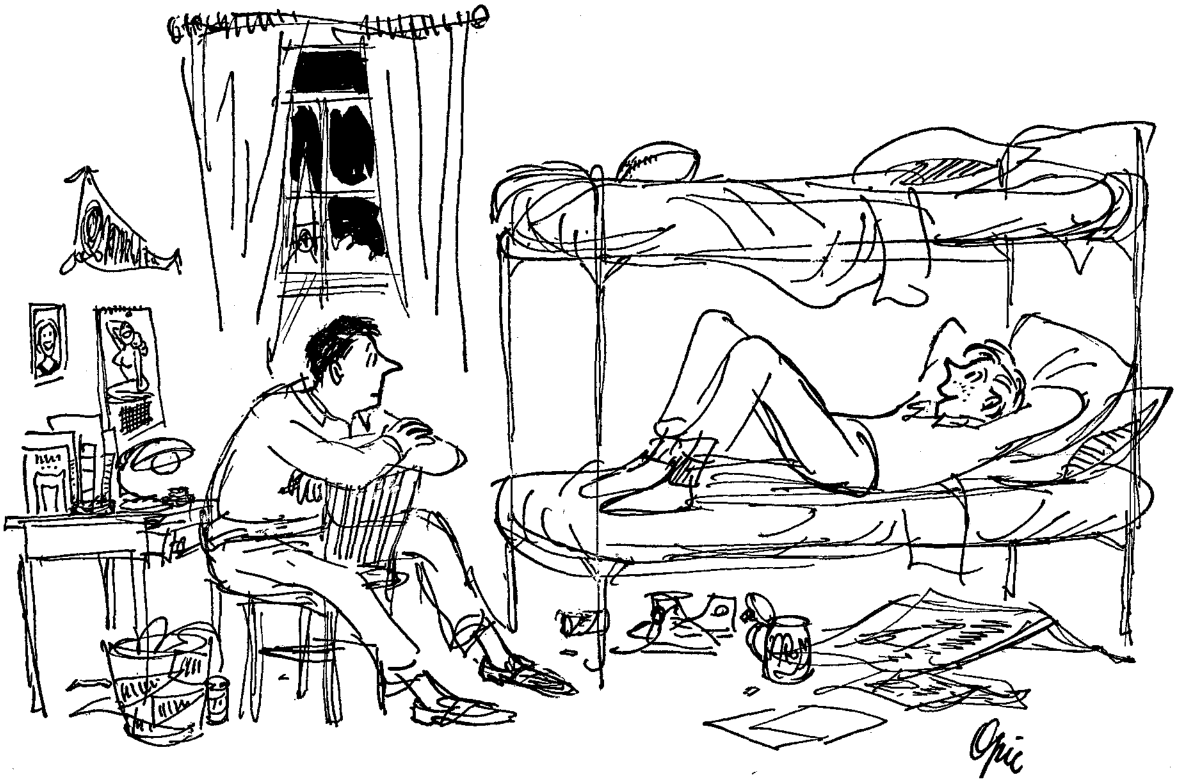
Delacour Reobserved

THE celebrated advantages of having a hobby at the time when retirement beckons, or claps you on the shoulder, are nowhere more evident than in the case of our old friend Jean Delacour, the dean of aviculturists and a mammalogist of international repute, who a couple of months ago, on turning seventy, relinquished the directorship of the Los Angeles County Museum. "I've retired, but I'm as busy as ever, for time is short," he told us, looking as fit as ever, too, when we ran into him at the Museum of Natural History's recent party for Crawford H. Greenewalt, the hummingbird specialist. We have since lunched with him, and learned that he is in the process of exchanging the avian life of California for that of the East Coast, the West Indies, South America, and other regions, including Russia. "My base is now New York, where I'm working on the fourth volume of my waterfowl series at the Museum, but in a week or two I'm going to Florida to advise a friend on his bird collection," he said. "I'll spend Christmas in Martinique, looking at birds. I haven't been there since 1920, when I conducted an expedition to get specimens for my bird and small-mammal park at Clères, near Rouen. Incidentally, I'm a native of France but an American citizen. Well, there's a priest in Martinique who keeps a little zoo, and I've just sent him a pair of wallabies. Next, I'll visit Michael Lerner, the explorer, at his marine laboratory in the Bahamas, and then I'll go to Venezuela, to stay with William H. Phelps, Jr., who has an ornithological museum in Caracas. I'll be back in New York for the spring. Dr. Georges Dementiev, professor of zoology at the University of Moscow, has invited me to go to Russia in June to look at Soviet birds. I've known him from many years of international zoological meetings, but I've never been to Russia. I understand that Russia is very good about birds but that in China the government goes in for the destruction of flora and fauna. Last year, I'm told, it destroyed a lot of small birds because they were eating rice, and this year the rice was all eaten up by insects that would normally have been eaten up by the birds."

Mr. Delacour smiled a wry conservationist's smile, and said that his place at Clères, which he reopened after the war as a public park (he has willed it to the National Museum of France), is still attracting three hundred thousand visitors a year and is still under the care of a staff headed by Frank Fooks, who has worn the Delacour colors since 1919. "I'll go there in the spring and the summer. I have a satisfactory cook," the master of Clères said. "I'm rather popular in the neighborhood, because of the tourist business my park attracts. Next fall, the Greenewalts and I are going to Brazil, to visit, or revisit, the great aviaries of Dr. Étienne Béraut, in Rio, and Dr. Augusto Ruschi, in Santa Teresa. Ruschi's trees are loaded with orchids, and he breeds scads of hummingbirds. They are all over the place, just like sparrows. You can't talk for the noise they make with their wings."



Last summer, Mr. Delacour, as a former president of the International Council for Bird Preservation, attended a Council convention in Japan. "Dr. Yoshimaro Yamashina, a leading biologist and a first cousin of the Emperor, arranged for Dillon Ripley and me—Dillon succeeded me as president of the Council—to see the Emperor," he said. "We went to the palace, a thousand acres of forest surrounded by a moat, and were received by the Emperor in his laboratory—he specializes in marine life—which is in a pavilion that also contains his private museum. I told him about Clères and the Los Angeles County Museum, and Dillon told him



"Know what I'm going to do when I finish college? I'm going to try to get in the Peace Army and be sent to Tahiti and marry a beautiful native girl, and that's the last you'll ever see of me."

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about Yale's Peabody Museum, which he heads, and about his waterfowl collection in Litchfield, Connecticut. The Emperor knows English, and from his expression I'd say he understood every word, but it all had to be translated by his interpreter, and then his replies, which were made in Japanese, had to be translated for us. Dillon gave him a rare old marine worm from the bottom of Long Island Sound. He seemed to appreciate it."

All told, the Council was in Japan for a month. "We spent nine days on the island of Hokkaido," Mr. Delacour said. "Very cold, even in June. It looks like a bad part of Canada. We went there to inspect the Japanese, or Manchurian, crane—a big white bird, slightly bigger than our whooping crane, and with more black in its plumage. It was almost extinct in Japan a few years ago; now there are a hundred and fifty of the cranes on Hokkaido. Unlike the whooping cranes, these don't migrate; the farmers feed them in the winter with grain supplied by conservationists. It was really perfectly awful on Hokkaido. Four of us to a room, sleeping on a big mat on the floor. But the crane is one of the finest anywhere. In the days of the shogunate, the Emperor went out with the shogun and killed one crane a year, but today, after a period of laissez faire, the bird is completely protected."

When in town, Mr. Delacour stays at the Knickerbocker Club, which provides a bed.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Spencer Gifts, of Atlantic City, is offering a handy Aerosol can of frankincense-and-myrrh-scented spray as a Christmas notion.

An uptown antique shop called Circa 1900 has changed its name to Circa 1890.

Conversation

A RATHER delayed echo of Khrushchev's most recent sojourn in these parts has come to us in the form of a communication from the parents of a four-year-old boy who, at the beginning of The Visit, happened to find himself growing more and more fed up with the nursery school he had been persuaded to attend. Finally, the lad took matters in his own hands and ran away from the school, spending the afternoon wandering around his upper-East Side neighborhood until he was picked up by one of the many roving policemen of those days and delivered to his home. His mother had been frantic, his father had been called home from the office, and his welcome was warm. His parents, in an effort to show him how much they loved him, fed him ice cream and cake, and then sat him down in front of their television set and urged him to turn on whatever program he wished. He tried Channel 4 and got Mr. K. right at the beginning of his most unforgettable tantrum. The lad watched and listened gravely and attentively as Mr. K. spluttered his way up to and through the shoe-banging part, at which point the father moved to twirl the dial in the hope of finding something more to the prodigal's taste. But the lad thought the show had been staged exclusively for his benefit, and when Mr. K. shut up for a second and started putting on his shoe, the lad spoke to him tolerantly but firmly. "All right," he said to the television set, "but I'm not going back to that school!"

Geographical Dinner

THE variation in the climate of Long Island at its two ends, a hundred and twenty-five miles apart, is great enough to make ten or twelve days' difference in the spring leafing of trees. On the other hand, because of the interaction between atmosphere and hydrosphere, Montauk, though it has a lower mean temperature than Roslyn, has a longer frostless period by fully three weeks. The Indian Ocean is the least probed one. The Caribbean is being probed this minute—by means of long piston corers, which bring up a stratigraphic record of the Pleistocene period—by the Scripps Institution of Oceanography's Spencer F. Baird, a geological-research ship named after a zoologist who at seventeen obtained a new species of flycatcher in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and at fifty-five became the second head of the Smithsonian Institution. By 1970, this country will have eighty-five working oceanic-research ships, costing more than two hundred and fifty million dollars. Such vessels have dredged up bottom cores fifty feet long and covering fifteen million years—going beyond the Pleistocene and well back into the Tertiary. All the profits from Carlsberg beer, which is brewed in Copenhagen, are given to a research and educational foundation whose oceanic field work has done much to clear up the life history of the eel. The mean depth of the world's oceans is more than two and a third miles, and some of their trenches are seven miles below sea level; mountains nearly as high as Everest rise from the ocean floors. One sea canyon, which was the bed of a Pleistocene river off the Atlantic coast of southern South America, is several hundred miles long and almost a mile wide. The weather during the past million years or two has been a lot colder than during the preceding five hundred million, and the ocean is colder than ever before, but, thanks to a short-term rhythm, the climate is milder in general than it was seventy or eighty years ago. Spitsbergen winters are fourteen degrees warmer than they were in 1910; if things go on this way, the Arctic Sea will be navigable all year round in 2060. Ninety per cent of the world's ice is in the Antarctic. Some of that region's icebergs are bigger than Connecticut. Manatees once flourished in the waters off New Jersey, or what is now New Jersey, and there were tapirs in Pennsylvania. Blowfish, until recently eschewed, are now being chewed, as "sea chicken."

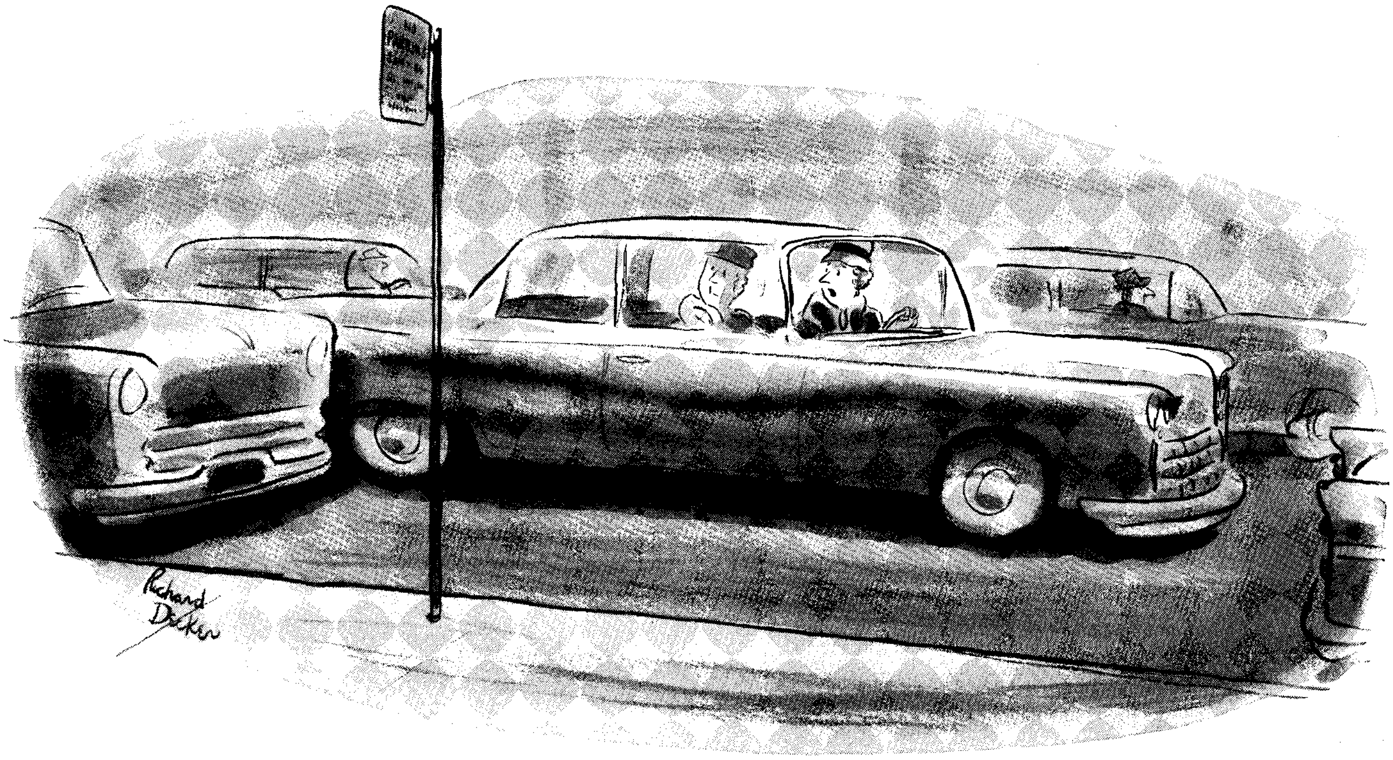
We obtained these facts, and others, by listening to an interesting, if somewhat helter-skelter, address on oceanic science by Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy (and by some subsequent encyclopedia-probing) at the annual dinner of the American Geographical Society, on the St. Regis Roof, where we voyaged from *tortue verte au sherry* to *mousse caprice* at a table that included Mr. Alex Polezhayer, a young Muscovite exchange student doing graduate work in geography at Columbia. We offered him a cigar and he declined it politely, saying that in Russia men smoke only cigarettes, pipes, and *papirosas*, and women not at all. We asked what a *papirosa* is, and he produced the familiar double-length Russian cigarette. His English was exemplary, and when we commented on this, he said that English, French, German, and Spanish are all popular languages in the Soviet Union, and are all taught in special schools, where no subjects are given in Russian.

On our way out, we fell into conversation with Mr. Gerard Piel, the publisher of *Scientific American*, who drew our attention to two oceanographic maps in the foyer, of the Atlantic and of the Pacific. The first showed a great crack starting in the bottom of the Atlantic and extending around South America and into the Pacific, but the Pacific map showed no trace of it at all. "The Lamont Laboratory, which made the Atlantic map, believes that the crack extends around the world, and the Scripps Institute Laboratory, which made the other, doesn't," he said. "An interesting controversy."

Awakening

A ROMANTIC friend of ours recently ordered a canvas firewood carrier from Emma and Jed's Country Store, in Honesdale, Pennsylvania. We describe him as romantic because, not having received the bag, or even an acknowledgment of his order, he continued cheerfully carrying his firewood in his bare hands, for he pictured Emma and Jed as having left the store unattended while they were preparing for the winter—picking the last of the apples, getting in the pumpkins, coming back at the end of the day too exhausted to look at the mail and barely able to warm themselves at the potbellied stove that sits, of course, smack dab in the middle of the floor. He was mooning right along when the postman brought him a printed message from Emma and Jed, which said:

IN FILLING OUT YOUR ORDER WE WERE UNABLE TO INCLUDE THE ABOVE ITEM WHICH IS TEMPORARILY OUT OF STOCK. SHIPMENTS ARE DUE IN SHORTLY AND YOUR ORDER WILL BE COMPLETED AT THAT



"Do you think this is the policemen's strict or lenient day?"

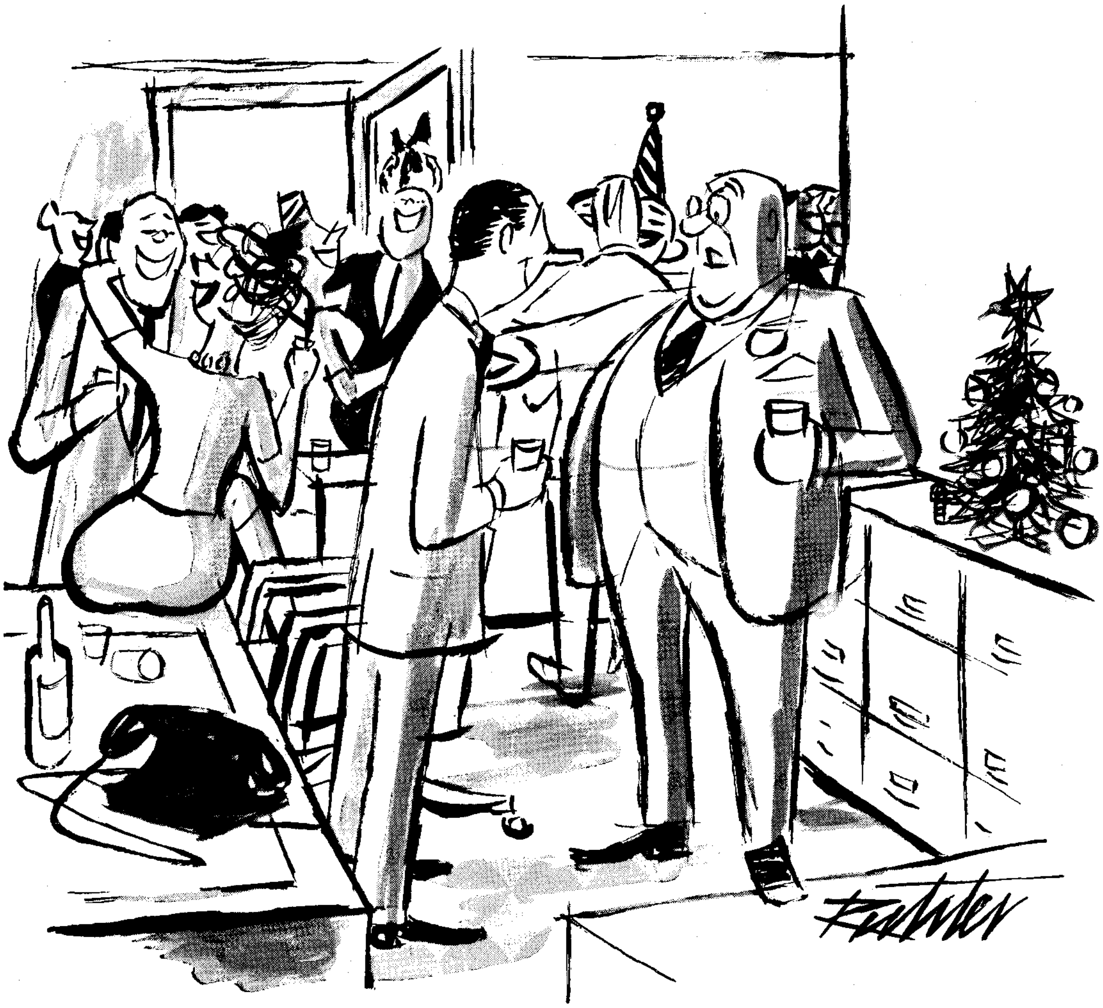
TIME. PLEASE NOTE! SINCE WE HAVE A COMPLETE IBM ELECTRONIC PUNCH CARD RECORD OF YOUR ORDER WE WILL NOT BE WRITING YOU AGAIN ABOUT THIS ARTICLE. IF YOU EVER WISH TO INQUIRE, PLEASE USE THIS CARD FOR YOUR MESSAGES.

The Road

ACCORDING to the *Times*, Alan Paton, the eminent South African author, returned to his homeland last week from a trip abroad, during which he had been widely honored, only to have his passport confiscated by the authorities the moment his plane landed at the Johannesburg airport. The *Times* quoted Paton as saying that he interpreted this summary withdrawal of his passport as "the penalty after twelve years of nationalist rule for continuing to say and write what I think to be the truth"—his truth being that the government's apartheid policy, based, as it is, upon a rejection of one's fellow-man, is indecent and abhorrent. We were not greatly surprised by the news, and neither, we fancy, was Mr. Paton. One day shortly before he returned to South Africa, we shared a light lunch with him—sandwiches and coffee—in the midtown office of a friend of his, a Negro writer and publicist named Henry Lee Moon, and listened as he realistically analyzed the probability of his ending up in prison when he did return. He intended to resume his opposition activities, he said, both as an individual and as head of the Liberal Party, South Africa's only multi-racial political body. He made it clear that he wasn't keen on prison, by any means, and was going to do all that he reasonably could to stay out, but that the threat of imprisonment wasn't going to deter him from the course on which his conscience had set him. "Many of my friends and associates—men who would be a credit to any community—were among those arrested during the emergency that was declared after the terrible Sharpeville incident last March," he said. "They were taken by police in the middle of the night—you can imagine how bewildering it must have been for their children—and held for thirteen weeks, and were then released, without having had any formal charges brought against them. It was an anxious time. If I was lucky enough not to be arrested then, it was possibly—not to sound too immodest—because I am known abroad. Or so it was said."

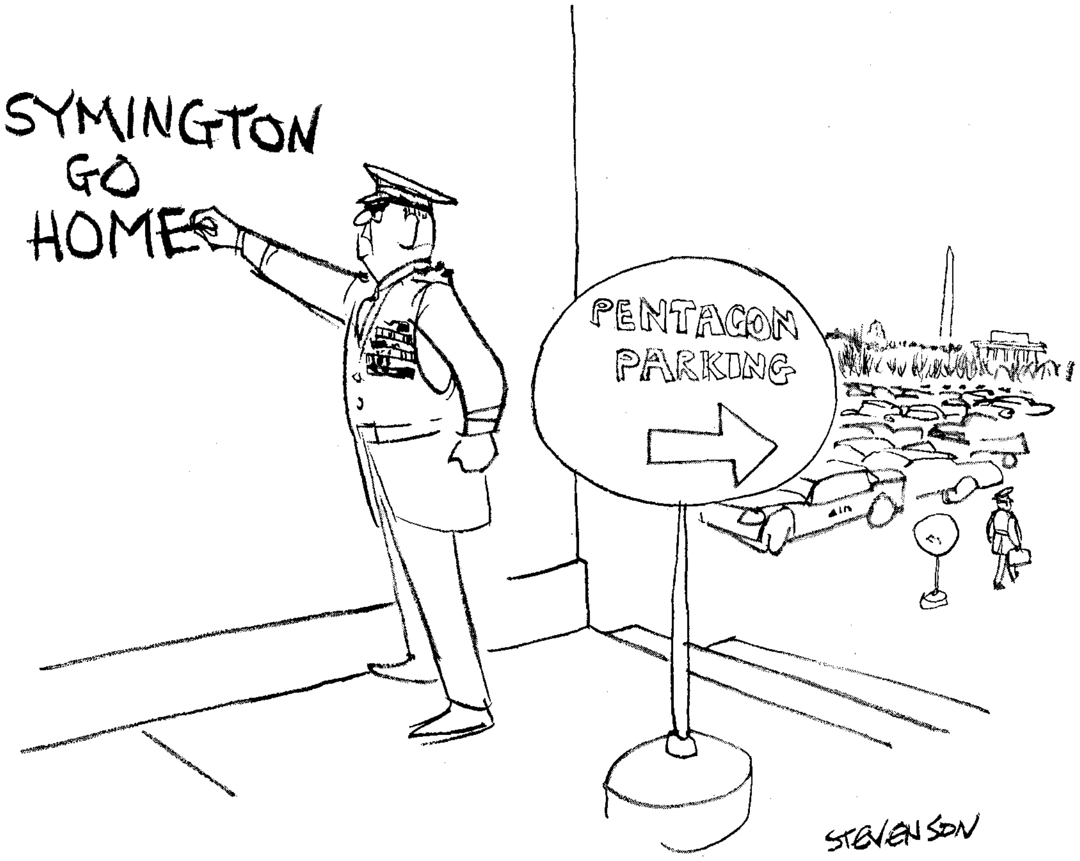
During Mr. Paton's stay here this fall, Freedom House conferred upon him its 1960 Freedom Award. The presentation speech was made by Archibald MacLeish, who said, among other things, that Paton was a living refutation of Yeats' lines about our times: "The best lack all conviction, while the worst/ Are full of passionate intensity." When we met him, he impressed us as being not merely a man of good will but a man of good will who possesses a lucid, sternly logical mind, whose humanitarianism is unmuddied by sentimentality, and who has as clear a view of himself as of the world. Our own view of him revealed a wiry, ruddy-faced man of fifty-seven with thin lips, keen blue eyes behind eyeglasses, crisp, decided features, and gray hair parted neatly in the middle and brushed flat. In the course of our chat, he told us his critics have said of him that one reason he does the things he does is that he likes to poke his nose into other people's business. "I suppose I do, rather," he said cheerfully, and then, peering sharply at us over his spectacles—a schoolmasterish trick of his, we noted, whenever he made a point or a sudden, dry jest—added, "But you can't abstain from doing good, you know, just because one of your motives may be a bit fishy."

He went on to talk of what was happening in South Africa. "Each day, I open my newspaper wondering what folly our government has committed now in its fantastic process of making Afrikanerdom safe by the most dangerous method in the world." He anticipated most fearfully, he said, the time in December—this month, that is—when the government was scheduled to put into effect a policy requiring African women to carry passes. "Thousands of men have been arrested every year in connection with the pass laws—



"And, Smathers, there's something I've been wanting to tell you for a long, long time."

searched, thrown into vans, subjected to indignities,” he explained. “That was what they were protesting in their demonstration at Sharpeville when the police lost their heads and began shooting. Now the African women are going to be subjected to all this, too—the searches, the manhandling, and the other humiliations. And in my country there are no female police—only male police. This is going to cause great ill feeling. It could flare into a most serious crisis.” He stood up and took a couple of turns around the room, striding briskly in crêpe-soled walking shoes. “Don’t think I’m without hope,” he said, halting in front of us. “I’m not filled with gloom. Liberation is coming nearer, I’m certain. Afrikaner nationalism is not as monolithically powerful as it may appear. I feel it has never really been put to the test; we have never really ascertained how much the Afrikaners are willing to pay to maintain their cherished way of life, their apartheid.” He sat down, took a sip of coffee, and said with conviction, “I envision someday a great, peaceful South Africa in which the world will take pride, a nation in which each of many different groups will be making its own creative contribution, to the top of its bent. If our small Liberal Party has any significance, it is not merely in being an instrument of protest but also in furnishing an example—a demonstration in small of a multiracial democratic society.”



We asked if he found time, in the midst of all this, to go on writing fiction. “Scarcely,” he replied. “But no matter. It’s always been that way with me—doing has to take precedence over writing. It’s not a matter of choice; it’s simply the way I am. I suppose I’m not what you’d call a pure writer, for that reason.” Over the past five years, he said, he had managed to write some short stories, and he planned to make a book of them. He went on to tell us that these stories came out of his experiences at the Diepkloof Reformatory, for African boys, of which he was principal in the thirties and forties. (He had become known there, we recalled, as “the man who pulled up the barbed-wire fence and planted geraniums.”) It was also from these experiences, he added, that he drew some of the material for “Cry, the Beloved Country,” his best-known work.

We said we wondered if he could trace things even farther back—to what it was in the course of his life that had led him to embrace such heretical beliefs, for a white South African, as that all men are created equal and have an inherent claim to equal rights. Paton reflected a moment, then said, “Well, it began, certainly, with lessons of tolerance from my parents—but not, as you might suppose, tolerance for Africans or colored people. My parents, who were part of the English-speaking community in the Durban region, where I still live, were deeply religious, with a strong sense of right and wrong, but they weren’t particularly conscious of any problem in their relations with the Africans. No.” He smiled faintly. “The first tolerance they taught me was, rather, toward the Afrikaners, who at that time were a defeated people, having just lost the Boer War. I heeded my parents, and as a youth, wanting to understand the Afrikaner and respect him, I learned his language and studied his history and his culture. It’s quite ironic, really. The Afrikaner thinks I am motivated by sheer spite when I challenge his theory of superior and inferior races, but it was because of him that I started on the road to tolerance.” He paused for a moment, and then added, “Once you start on that road, if you have a conscience and a clear mind, how can you stop?”

Railroading

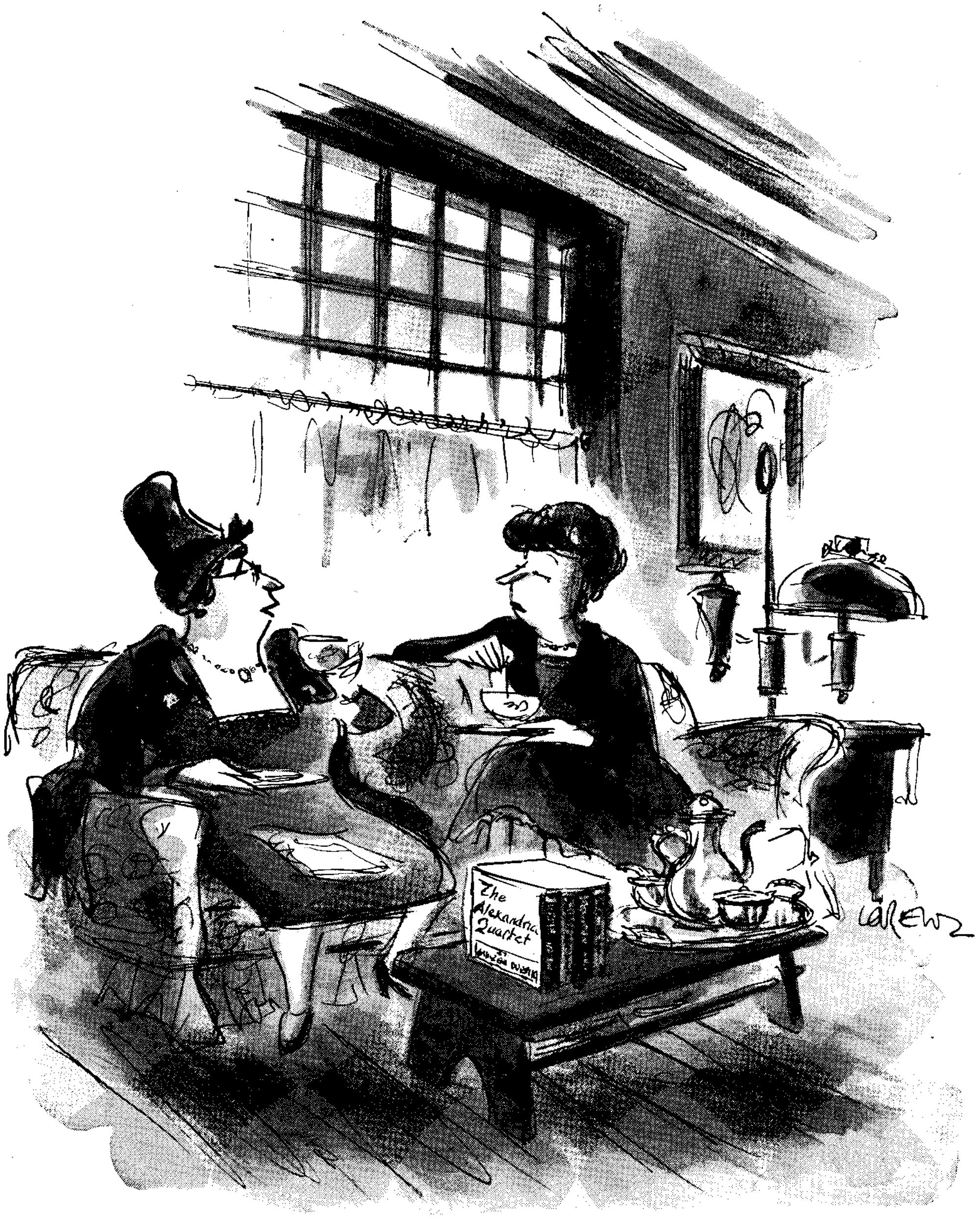
WE were about to step aboard a New Haven coach at Grand Central last week when we noticed a small crowd standing outside one of its windows. Craning our neck, we discovered that the center of the crowd was a personable lady in tweeds and furs, who was washing the window with a mop made of damp paper towels. When she had completed the job, she entered the car, the crowd dispersed, and we went in after her and chose a seat opposite hers. Our window was so grimy we could barely see out of it. We glanced at her, but she gave us a frigid stare, so we glanced away. It turned out that the two of us had the car practically to ourselves. At 125th Street, we glanced at our companion again. Still nothing. But then, as the train was pulling out of Stamford, the lady looked over at us and said, “They simply will *not* keep these windows clean.” We nodded. Coming into New Haven, we rose to get our hat and coat, and she said, “That’s why I have to do it myself every time I come down from Kingston to shop. Unless I do it, one can’t tell night from day in these cars.” We congratulated her on her self-reliance and wished her a very Merry Christmas.

ROSE

CHILDHOOD recollected is often hallucination; who is to blame?

One of my father's brothers, Hans-Thomas, was a bigamist. He had a wife and sons in Europe, and a wife and a little girl in the United States. The mother of the little girl was a Catholic and would not have married him if she had known he had been married once before. She was doubly injured; his divorce from the European wife, too late to be of any good to anyone, was not recognized in Boston, where she made her home, and in the eyes of her church, she had never been married at all.

My uncle was supremely careless, but heaven knows that he hadn't been brought up that way. My grandparents were German. My grandfather died young, and the children were brought up by their mother. My uncle had been knocked about, physically and spiritually, as much as any disciplinarian could ask for. The education of my grandmother's five children was based on humiliation; when they grew up, they stitched together their torn personalities as best they could. Hans-Thomas had spent whole days of his childhood locked in a room, deprived of food and light and air and voices. Regularly, his head was shaved. Since this was not a common punishment in America, it was much remarked, and ought to have taught him grace and obedience once and for all. But he grew up to be just as willful and heedless as he had been as a boy, hurt his wives, neglected his children, and escaped to Mexico, where he failed in one thing after the other. His mother sent him money until she died.



"I got as far as 'Mountolive,' and then I just ran out of gas."

I met Hans-Thomas once, in our house in Montreal. He gave me two American five-dollar bills, which seemed to me more valuable than Canadian money—not that I had been given ten dollars to spend before. Lest the money go to my head, my mother made me buy presents for Germaine, the half-witted *bonne d'enfants*, and for her sisters and brothers and cousins. I had never been told about my uncle's scandal, or why he lived in Mexico. I had never been told that the Boston cousin existed; but I knew. I knew about it, although no one had told me a thing. Perhaps that intuitive knowledge, the piecing together of facts overheard, overcharges the mind. In any case, the prelude to the hallucination is this: Simple Germaine takes me by train to my grandmother's house, in northern Vermont, for the Christmas holidays. The towns, the snow, the shabby farms are all familiar; we cross the border, where there is a different way of speaking, different money, a different flag. We have made this trip a dozen times.

Christmas is a special season for us. My parents are atheists. My grandmother is a European of her time and her class—Socialist, bluestocking, agnostic, and a snob. Like my parents, she objects to Christmas, but on different grounds. My parents complain about the sentimentality, and the commercialization of a myth. My grandmother patiently explains her aversion to the pagan tree, and why she will not have one in her house. We seem to me entirely apart. In my Catholic *pensionnat* in Montreal, where I am a day student, instructed by my family to learn French and keep out of the chapel, Christmas is marked by four weeks of fever. On the last day, I receive a present—a penwiper—from a skimpy tree. There is a crèche; Bethlehem seems to be a town in Quebec. The Holy Family and the attending animals, angels, and kings are knee-deep in cotton snow. In my classroom, the blackboard is decorated by the most artistic of the nuns. We watch her drawing with colored chalk: green holly, red berries, angels with yellow hair. This blackboard, no longer available for sums, holds all the excitement of a pagan season my parents despise.

We do, however, exchange presents. I am bearing gifts to Grandmother—three drawings on parchment, and a heavy book. We arrive at Grandmother's without adventure. And here the hallucination begins.

Her name is Rose. She is about thirteen, with long hair that lies in ribbons on a velvet coat. The coat has braid trimming and gilt buttons. She wears a fur beret. She carries a muff. Her fur-and-velvet overshoes are in the hall closet, where my navy reefer has been hung. The overshoes are the first excitement; who is here? My cousins are boys. No girl comes to Grandmother's but me. Now someone has come—Rose.

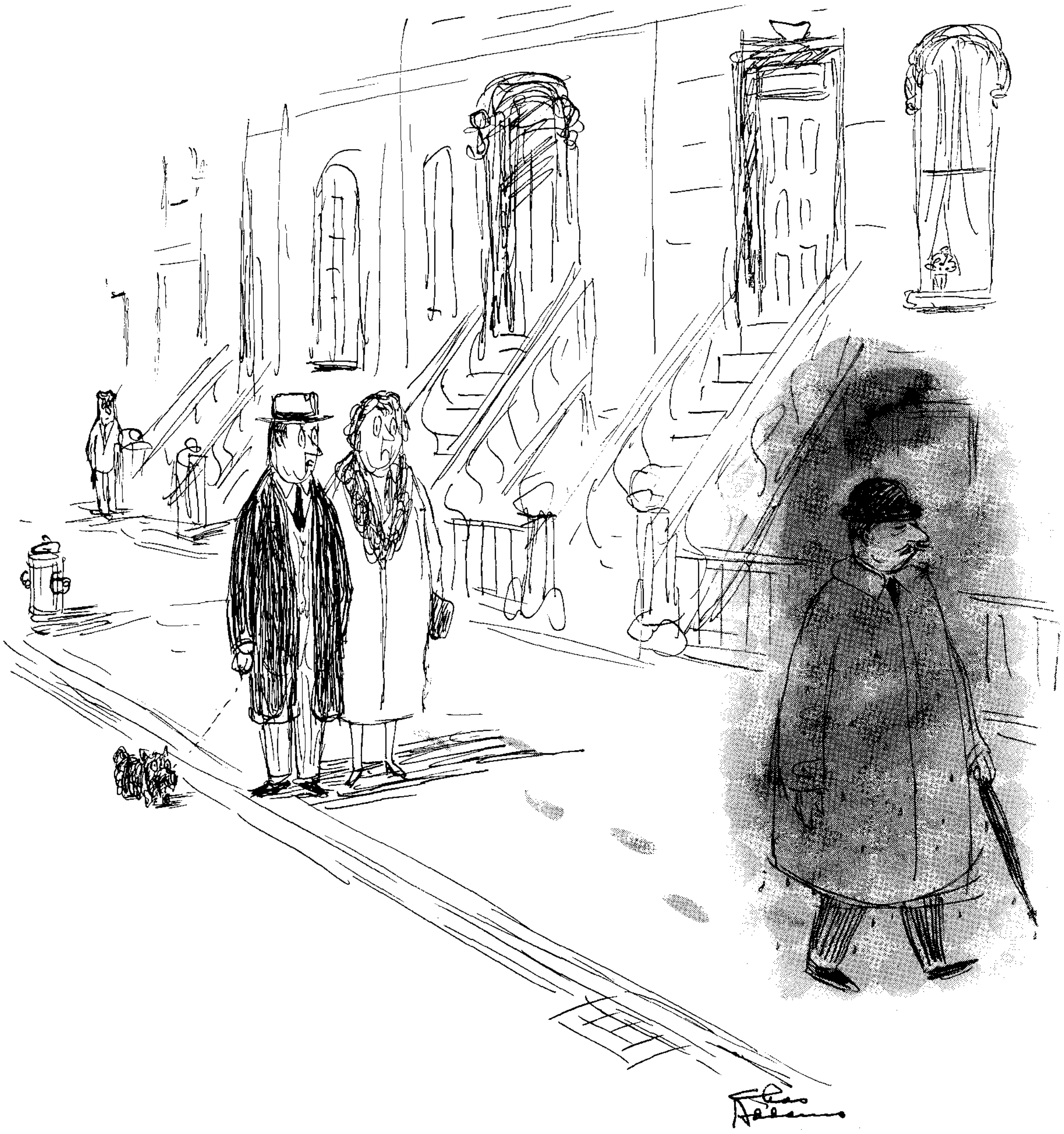
I wear a Ferris waist, two pairs of bloomers because of the cold, a middy blouse with a whistle on a cord, a blue skirt, white stockings, black patent-leather shoes. I have left my coat and my gloves in the hall, but kept my hat: H.M.S. Halifax. From either side of the hat sprout braids and powder-blue grosgrain bows. I am much younger than Rose, and considerably smaller. She bends down to me; she smells of cold and of snow. The room is oddly dark. She cries, "Oh, this is Irmgard. Oh, isn't she cute!"

I wait for Grandmother to gather her thunderbolts, balance them, and let fly. I might conceivably be allowed to swear, but I would be banished from human society if I said "cute." "Cute" is an abomination, like Wagner, canaries, the radio, motorcycles, small dogs, chintz. There are no thunderbolts. My grandmother—our grandmother—smiles at Rose out of her cold hazel eyes. She smirks at her, *doting*. Rose responds with a positive simper. They would eat each other, like spun sugar, if they could.

Obviously, Germaine and I have come too early. We have broken into their tea. I know of only one cake at Grandmother's—a lemon-scented yellow loaf my mother derisively calls "Lutheran folly." But Rose has a layer cake decorated with cherries. She has large, thick cookies, saucer-sized, iced with pink and white, sprinkled with colored sugar. She has ginger biscuits, crescents, stars, delicately iced. She has snowmen with cherry noses and currant eyes. They disappear, wrapped in spangled paper, into Rose's muff.

In the dark, warm, scented parlor, Germaine winds the gramophone, and we hear bells from a foreign cathedral and shrill little voices crying *"Süsser die Glocken nie klingen. . . ."* Doors fly open: Rose has a tree. Beyond the doors is a sweet-smelling pagan cave; the sitting room is a blaze of candles, stars, moons, planets; a tree. Rose sits on Grandmother's lap; Grandmother smooths her hair. Rose is crying. Then, laden with presents, weeping, Rose departs.

It has the true quality of a hallucination, because I take no part. I can see them, but they cannot see me. And then (this is the very thing my grandmother had taught us—her own children, then me—to suspect and scorn) singing infants, little biscuits, shed tears, slops. For she worked on my education—hard; not as she had with her own children, for she knew it had failed, but with endless instructions, and kneadings and pummellings of the mind. Her Germany was hard and thin, shadeless and plain, thin and cold: a landscape illuminated with a cold lemon sun, without warmth or irregular clouds. She read to me in German. I was expected to understand. I was expected to sit and listen and form my understanding of people and the way they behaved, and my style, and my thoughts, on the things she read. But there was a heavy brown veil between us—the German tongue. I knew two words for everything, one in English and one in French. I could not admit three. My grandmother read; I sat on



"Now, there goes an Anglophile if I ever saw one."

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a chair, so high and deep that my legs stuck out before me and went to sleep. She read and read, and one day the veil melted. I began to see a woman in long skirts walking to and fro, talking, explaining. Suddenly she stops and throws a glance into a mirror. She peeps into a mirror, and what she sees—her own face—will always be as important to her as anything she has to say. I knew instantly what grown women were like and how I would be one day. *Voilà les grandes.* The veil must have reappeared; I remember nothing else.

Now, was this grandmother mine, or Rose's? Was her Germany the dark spruce-scented cave, of which I was given a glimpse, or the shadeless landscape, the clear lemon sun? Did Rose carry hers all her life as I did mine—hers mournful, mine sad; hers tearful, mine grim; hers rich, mine thin? But here is the problem, and why it can never be answered: I never saw Rose at all. But if I never saw Rose, then everything fades with her: the tree, the bells, the dark parlor, the candles, the hanging suns.

THE next day, the sitting room doors were closed, the rooms had been aired. My present—a book, of course—was by my plate at breakfast. My grandmother and I exchanged a diffident kiss. I saw that she had written on the flyleaf "*für Irmgard*."

On the journey home, Germaine and I do not discuss Rose. I suspect Germaine of being an accomplice. She wound the gramophone. But I tell my parents: I say that we saw Rose, that there were biscuits, and a tree.

"Oh, she *wouldn't*."

But they exchange a look, which I catch. They say I am making it up. "We shall ask Grandmother," they warn.

Instinct now says that Grandmother is old and tired, and will lie. She has failed, and will now say anything for the sake of peace and to bind the family to her.

They turn to Germaine. "What was she like, Germaine? What was she wearing?"

Germaine racks her brain, which means she is set down in an unknown country and stumbles over tree roots and rocks. "She had on a navy-blue coat, a sailor hat, a sailor blouse, a . . ."

But no! *I* am the one with the middy, the whistle, the stockings, the H.M.S. Halifax hat. I see that they know perfectly well Rose exists and are curious; they would love to know more. They would love to know how she looked and how she was dressed, but they no more believe in my velvet coat and fur beret than in Germaine's navy-blue reefer and sailor hat. My mother is excited. She lights a cigarette, puts it out, lights another. She admires her brother-in-law for having "brought it off." He brought it off—kept out of prison, where he belongs, and there he is, in Mexico, in the sun. Her brother-in-law's wickedness, his escape, excites something ruthless in her own nature. He is in Mexico; she is in Canada, which she hates. My mother would like to hear about Rose. Rose's circumstances are more interesting than mine. Her legitimacy is in doubt, she is a Catholic, her father has "brought it off" and lives in a warm climate.

My circumstances are boring. My mother knows all about my clothes. I wake, I dress, I am taken to school by Germaine, I play with dolls. They would have preferred a boy. Well, it is too late now. I am here. They should have thought of it sooner. They should have stopped bickering for a moment and come to some decision. Now I am here, and they are here, and we shall just have to put up with one another. Rose needn't put up with anyone; her father is in Mexico, shedding five-dollar bills like leaves.

Since Rose is favored from the start, why is she given things I am told are abomination? It is for Rose that little boys sing in Berlin; it is for Rose that Grandmother's sitting room is a dark, enchanted cave. And so the questions begin again. Did it amuse our grandmother to give us different glimpses of her world? Mine was surely the noblest and best; but was there a coarse, sentimental, *Lumpendeutsch* part of her nature reserved for Rose?

Did she see her often? Did she like her best?

There is the core of the whole business; and even now the child's puppy ego wakes and shows its teeth: prefer me, if you don't mind.

Catching Germaine off guard, I ask cunningly, "*Rose est jolie?*"

"*Jolie!*" cries Germaine. "She has pretty hair, but an ugly face. She smiles like a monkey."

She smiles like a monkey. We did see her, then. At any rate, we saw someone.

BUT let us begin with common sense. The scene, as I saw it, was impossible. My grandmother would not

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COSMIC GALL

Every second, hundreds of billions of these neutrinos pass through each square inch of our bodies, coming from above during the day and from below at night, when the sun is shining on the other side of the earth!—*From "An Explanatory Statement on Elementary Particle Physics," by M. A. Ruderman and A. H. Rosenfeld, in American Scientist.*

Neutrinos, they are very small.
  They have no charge and have no mass
And do not interact at all.
The earth is just a silly ball
  To them, through which they simply pass,
Like dustmaids down a drafty hall
  Or photons through a sheet of glass.
  They snub the most exquisite gas,
Ignore the most substantial wall,
  Cold-shoulder steel and sounding brass,
Insult the stallion in his stall,
  And, scorning barriers of class,
Infiltrate you and me! Like tall
And painless guillotines, they fall
  Down through our heads into the grass.
At night, they enter at Nepal
  And pierce the lover and his lass
From underneath the bed—you call
  It wonderful; I call it crass.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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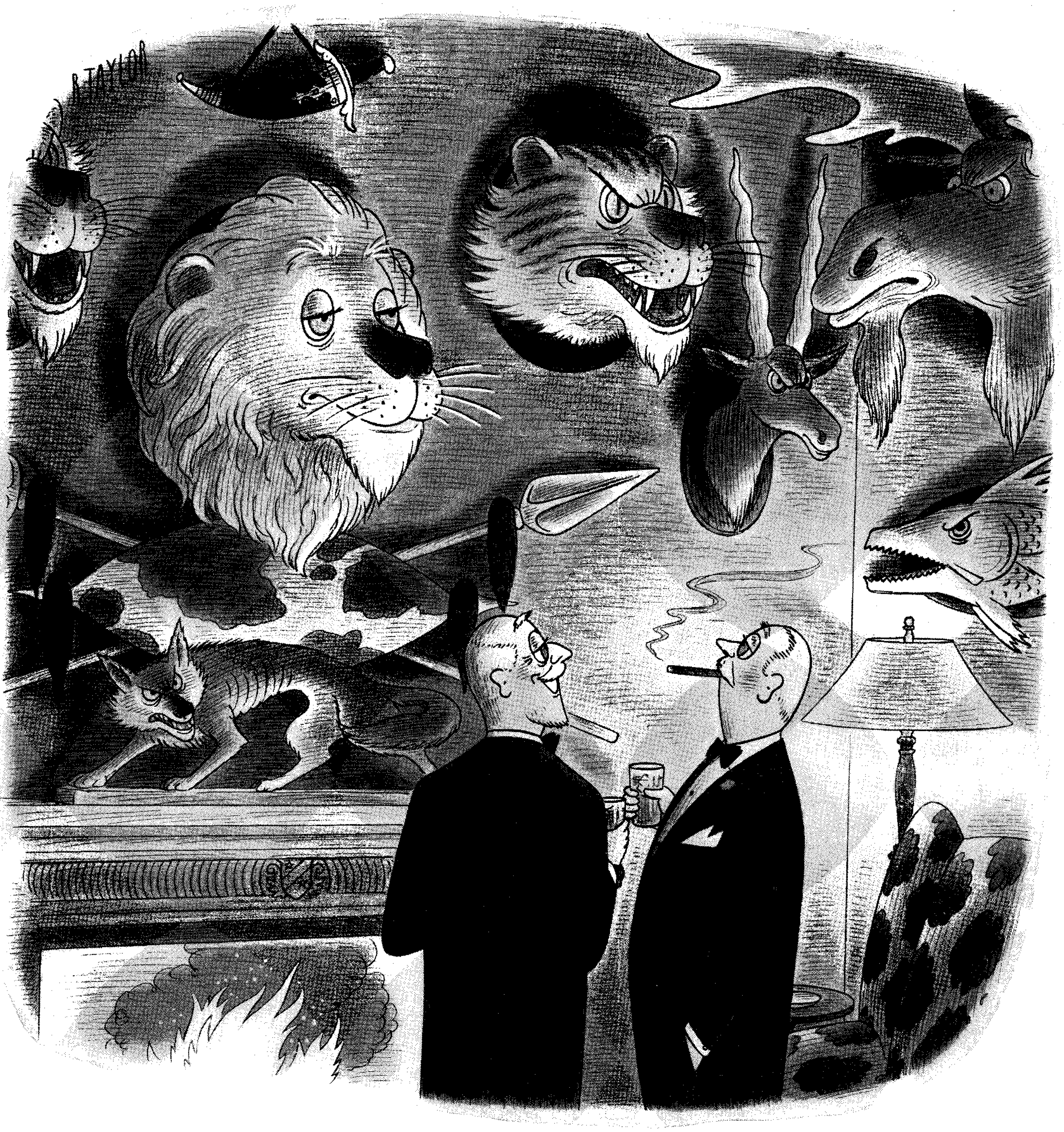

"I was removing a thorn from his paw when I suddenly thought, 'What a magnificent head!'"

• •

have had that tree and those candles. As for the record of "Süsser die Glocken," sung by mosquito voices, why, she could never have heard it for one minute without intense intellectual suffering. As though an eraser were coming down on the decorated blackboard, the memory must be rubbed out, or life, and the possibilities of behavior, like my grandmother's heart, will split in two. The holly, the berries, the angels, the candles, the snow, white, red, green blur together and dissolve in an odor of dust and slate. Rose, reduced, is a plain girl with a monkey's smile. The eraser crosses her face. Rose is not my cousin. I never saw her. She had no legal reason to exist.

Chalk and dust hang suspended in the air; the air clears, and we are in a world of black and white again, black and white of nuns' habits, of leafless trees and snow, of white chalk on the practical board. Germaine says she saw someone; she remembers it well. But Germaine was simple-minded, and notorious for making legends last.

—Mavis Gallant

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Never before has man had the courage and vision to squeeze entire orange groves and transport the juice by tank ship.—*Adv. in the Times.*

No wonder Shakespeare called man a forked radish.

VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL

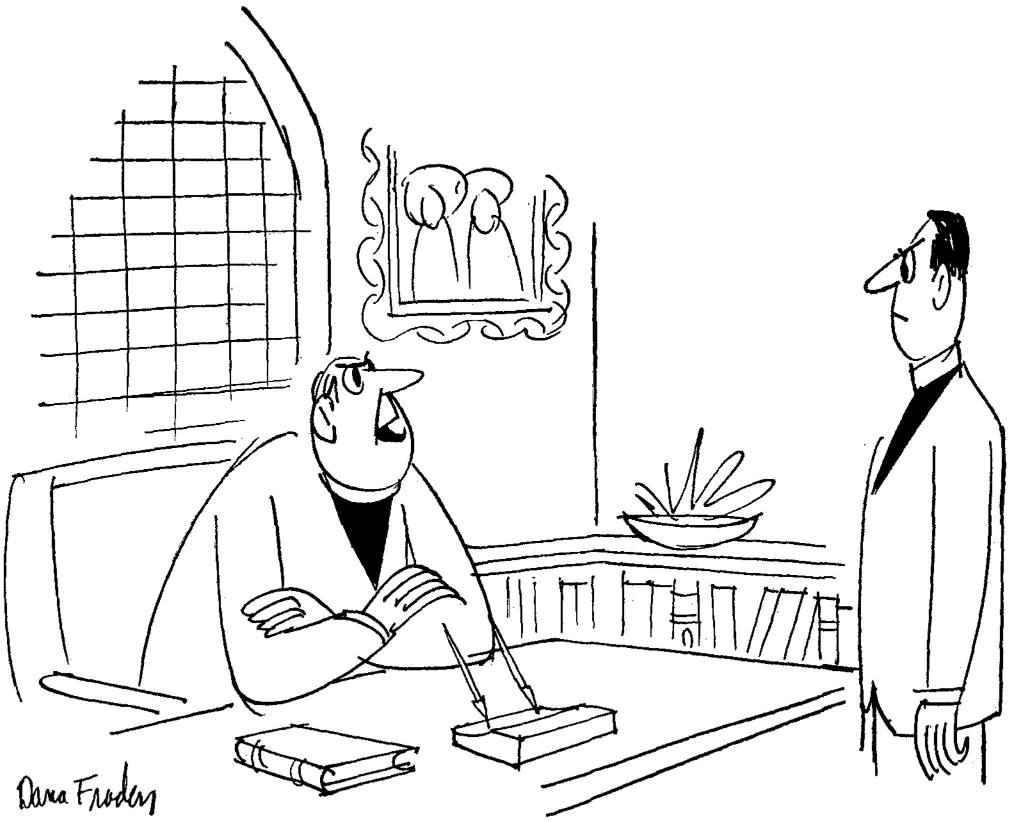
AFTER eight years in his own professionally interior-decorated private office on the upper East Side, Dr. Spencer Fifield had an internal-medicine practice that consisted of a nice proportion of businessmen and their wives, plus a rather large assortment of what Spencer's colleagues referred to as "Fifield's screwballs." Spencer always smiled tolerantly when his "screwball" patients were talked about that way, and he often held forth at length on the obligation of the doctor to serve one and all. His patients—except for the expendable troublemakers, who become disgruntled with every doctor within a few months or so—paid their bills on time, and Spencer, economically unburdened by a wife or other dependents, lived alone near his office, in a three-room modern, professionally interior-decorated apartment; had a high-fidelity stereophonic record-playing network, with extra speakers installed in his kitchen and bathroom; drove a white convertible; took a February vacation in sunny climates; gave his parents an annual membership in a country club on the New Jersey shore, and built a small house for them nearby; had an investment broker, who steered him more or less wisely; and could easily afford to pay for five twenty-five-dollar psychoanalytic hours every week.

Spencer had a fairly high turnover rate among the super-screwball patients whom he classified in his own mind as "oddball-screwballs," but there seemed to be an endless supply of them, all with an abundant fund of sordid woes—sadistic husbands who beat up their wives; sadistic wives who beat up their husbands; widows requiring special erotic attentions; a strip-teaser obsessed with the temptations of suicide; a middle-aged social worker in love with one of her casework Puerto Rican schoolboys; an adolescent obesity-problem girl with a hysterical mother—to keep Spencer busy playing the role of father confessor. The businessmen patients, preoccupied with money, didn't bother Spencer very much, even if they were on a first or second coronary. They talked very little, took his prescriptions, and promised to try to follow instructions. However, the businessmen's wives, for the most part, looked to Spencer, confided in him, leaned on him, along with the screwballs and the oddball-screwballs. He advised them all. He guided them. He listened to them. His strength rarely failed him, no matter how detailed the plea, or where, or when. The patients never seemed to question his competence in the role. He had the M.D., didn't he? It never occurred to Spencer to question his competence, either. They asked for it, didn't they?

Spencer enjoyed his medical practice. His colleagues' skepticism about the large number of screwballs Spencer sent them for referral was outweighed by the fact that he sent plenty of prompt-paying patients to them. There certainly were enough surgeons, heart specialists, G.I. men, orthopedists, gynecologists, obstetricians, radiologists, pediatricians, and hematologists who kept Spencer's name high up on their roster of capable internists. As a matter of fact, Spencer had a fine reputation as a diagnostician. He had a kind of sixth sense, Spencer himself liked to say, for finding the source of trouble. Every now and then, an older man at Spencer's hospital would try to give him some advice about holding down on the extent to which Spencer might complicate a case with extraneous matters, such as becoming personally involved with the patient. But Spencer could never grasp what the older man was talking about. One elderly gynecologist, accustomed to dealing with happy pregnancies, found himself enlisted in a program, arranged by Spencer, to force an alcoholic female who was resistant to surgery into the hospital by having her niece sign the required documents. A kindly, peace-loving man, he was shocked, and tried to explain to Spencer that such drastic programs were hardly called for; that time and patience would bring the woman around to doing what was best for her health. But Spencer was adamant, and put another man on the case.

Spencer could actually find as much relaxation value, as he put it, in his practice as he could in going to the theatre or to Carnegie Hall concerts. He often spent several hours on a single house call to the home of one of his businessmen. He liked to arrange these calls to coincide with the dinner hour. He was always confident of being welcome at the table. Wives, especially, were delighted to feed him, and the husbands appreciated the way Spencer always took over the conversation, so that they were free to concentrate on the meal. It was usually the husband who warranted the medical call, but most of the time it was simply a matter of "Just put me back on my feet, Doctor," and a lot of them didn't leave their beds for dinner. If the wife was sick, there was usually a cook or a maid who knew the enthusiastic routine of getting a Scotch-and-soda and a good steak down the tired, hard-working doctor. Spencer played confidant to husbands and wives impartially, and he was drawn into their separate conspiracies. The strange sexual arrangements those wives adjusted themselves to! Spencer was a sympathetic listener, down to the minutiae, and he was always eager to hear more. With several of the businessmen-husbands, he was also enlisted in such conspiracies as taking care of the man's secretary, her mother, four brothers, and a couple of loose children—all bills paid by the businessman.

At the age of thirty-six, Spencer's bachelorhood didn't seem to be a handicap in his practice. When he went to his colleagues' dinner parties, he often found himself torn between sitting with the husbands and talking hospital shop and sitting with the wives and basking in his own Solomonlike status on such child-rearing subjects as bed-wetting, slow readers, hatred of fathers, hatred of teachers, psychoanalysis for children, traditional versus progressive schooling, Maine versus Montana for summer camps, and the dangers of adolescent sex. He enjoyed talking. It didn't matter too much who was listening. Most of his women patients were delighted to learn that Spencer was a bachelor. He was stocky, not too tall, with thinning light-brown hair, which he wore in a crew cut, and a long, mild face with even, neatly spaced-out features. Much of the time, he didn't project his voice too loudly. As a matter of fact, he had a tendency to swallow his words. Once in a while, Spencer let himself go with an overeager and over-indulgent woman patient, even though it was certain to wind up with her leaving him for another doctor. Generally, he avoided what he considered something of a chore anyway. But he always let it be known that he was open to meeting what he called "wife material." At times, in making a house call on a middle-aged patient, he might find a boy or girl of college age sulking in the living room. Spencer would be quick to take a hand in what he called "bringing them out." If he stayed on for dinner, the boy or girl sometimes turned unfriendly, sized him up, asked hep questions about medicine, or treated him with coolness or suspicion. But Spencer had a full stock of knowledgeable questions devised to



"Don't look at me. I don't make the dogma around here."

• •

bring them out, such as "How's the winter carnival?" or "The old *Spectator* still as good as it used to be?" or "I hear they're using green canvas book bags at Skidmore now," or "I'll bet you miss that handsome young president of yours at Sarah Lawrence." Simultaneously, as a kind of automatic exercise, Spencer would look them over, adding up their qualifications as wife or husband material.

Spencer's patients knew a lot about him—for the simple reason that he liked to tell them. They knew that he had lived all his life on Manhattan's upper East Side; that his father sold insurance; that he had attended the Riverdale School, Amherst, and P. & S.; that he had spent three months during his Navy years in World War II on a cruiser; that he was expert at dancing the cha-cha-cha. Most of his patients knew that he had been getting psychoanalyzed over a period of years, and that he considered it helpful in many ways to his own practice of medicine. As a matter of fact, he had sent several of his patients, as well as friends, to his *own* psychoanalyst, including a twenty-year-old painter from a Jewish banking family. The painter had a venereal disease contracted from another man. Spencer kept his psychoanalyst, Dr. Al Blauberman, up to date on the latest adventures of many of his screwballs, and the psychoanalyst confided in Spencer more than once that he found the oddball-screwballs most interesting of all. It was terribly tiresome, the psychoanalyst told Spencer, dealing with these dull, dull housewives, all of whom were practically alike.

A few weeks after Spencer had sent the twenty-year-old painter to his own psychoanalyst, the young man went home, slashed his throat, and telephoned Spencer, who administered emergency treatment. Then Spencer telephoned the psychoanalyst, who quickly said that he would come right into town, all the way from Scarsdale, even though he was right in the middle of a Sunday cookout. Forty-five minutes later, he turned up at the young man's apartment, looking scared. He was most sympathetic, helping Spencer fix the bandages on the young painter, who kept trying to tell Spencer that the psychoanalyst was inept, heavy-handed, and no psychoanalyst. But the two doctors calmed him down, and Spencer gave him a sedative. And the psychoanalyst sat with the young man well into the night, telling Spencer that the young painter's suicide attempt was just one of those things that happened; that he couldn't have foreseen or forestalled it; that one must never blame oneself for a patient's suicide; that the *best* analysts had suffered them. Spencer felt strangely elated. He felt like an equal in this analytic consultation. And the analyst seemed to be feeling better too. The incident further solidified Spencer's faith in his analyst.

Spencer got reports on these patients-in-common directly from the analyst, when he was in his Vertical Position, before or after he lay down on the analytic couch. In his Horizontal Position, Spencer confined his talk and reports to the subject of himself, or what he hoped was himself. This Vertical-Horizontal Position stuff was a big joke, strictly between Spencer and his psychoanalyst. And, in its own way, it was always good for a laugh. A real cheerer-upper.

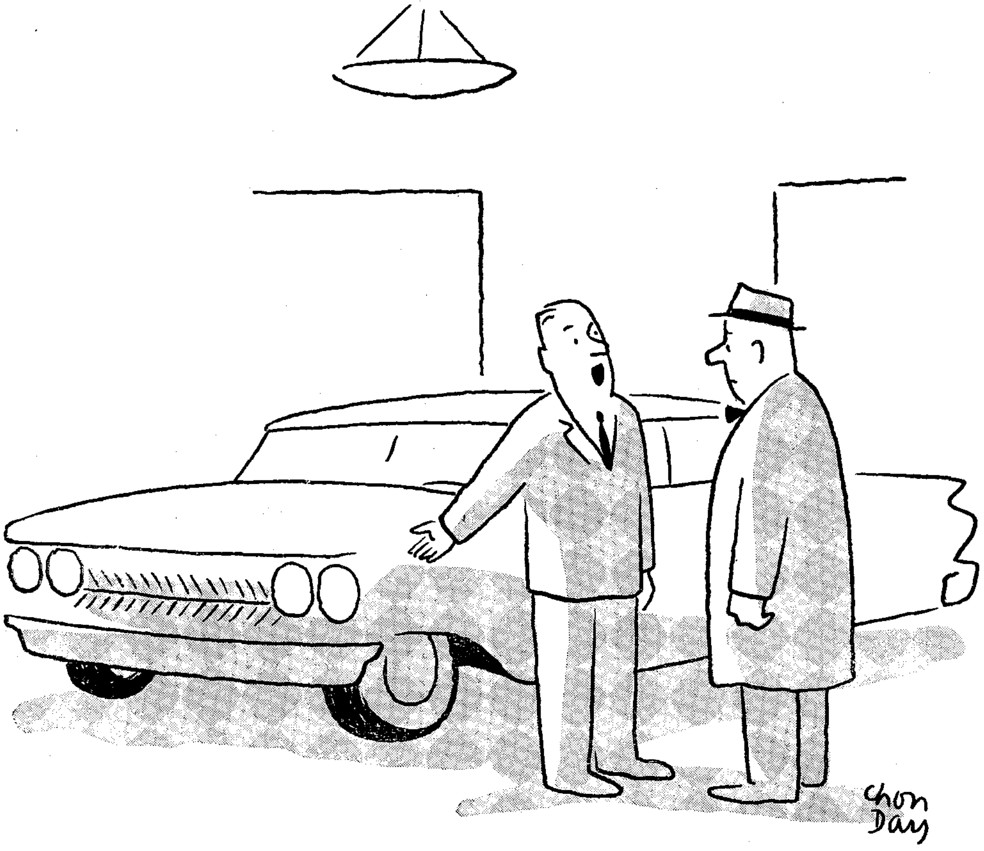
After a particularly tortured fifty minutes, during which Spencer went over the same rugged, agonized terrain he had been covering on the analytic couch for years—boxed-in, helpless, defeated, numb, unable to see, unable to hear, unable to feel; trying desperately to soak in through his brain-head the notions, the theories, the jargon, the clichés, and the patterns of feeling alive; and knowing that when he left his beloved analyst's office he could pretend to feel, or die to feel, or claim he felt, but he *could not feel*—the analyst would utter the mechanics of a short laugh and ask, in the ambiguous accent he had developed somewhere along his own rocky road up the social scale, "So. Now we are in Vertical Position. So how did you find our young painter's flu last night? Mmmm? Is he really with fever? Too sick to come to his analyst?"

And Spencer would smile miserably and tell him. And the analyst would tell Spencer what a fine doctor Spencer was and how lucky his patients were to have him to lean on. The analyst would sometimes make Spencer feel that they were in some kind of holy cause together. Arm in arm. Together.

"So. We will make our young painter friend well. No?" The analyst, who had been born in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, had adopted a number of speech mannerisms from Middle European big-wheel psychoanalysts, in the various stages of training he had passed through, such as, "So?," "No?," "So," "Hmmm?," and "Mmmm." *They* were all trying to be Freud. Why the hell shouldn't he?

"Someday, Dr. Fifield, we will see to it that our young painter friend is able to have a wife, a home, and his painting. He will be able to give love. We will see to it. No? His family will thank us for what we do here. Hmmm?"

"Yes, Dr. Blauberman," Spencer would say to his analyst, while a small—



"This car has double dynamic-suspension recoil. You know, springs."

• •

a very, very small—part of him wanted to scream out, "What about *me*? Will *I*? Will I have a wife? A home? Will *I* have *give-love?*"

But Dr. Blauberman, contrary to the say-whatever-you-please-and-anything-goes routine, had let it be known a long time ago that he was not to be screamed at.

"So. What is the name of the bank the young man's father is the president of? Hmmm?"

Spencer mumbled the name of the bank and left.

Spencer occasionally took advantage of his Vertical Position to ask for advice about some of the cases he played father confessor in. But Dr. Blauberman could be pretty tough and rigid and uninterested in giving out advice regarding cases that he felt were not worthy of his time. He told Spencer to save *those* cases for Horizontal Position.

"This is part of your own emotional attitude toward this woman you speak of. This friend of your cousin. Yes? Mmmm."

So Spencer lay down on the couch and spoke of the woman in question, the unhappy wife sent to him by his cousin in Bridgeport. The woman had a husband in the candy business and three children in boarding and prep schools. She had peculiar stomach symptoms. Spencer had tried several new drugs on her, without results. Finally, he had sent her to one of his favorite G.I. men, a *Harvard* med-school man, a man he thought was a gentleman. It then developed that the lady was coming in from Bridgeport twice a week regularly to see the G.I. man after office hours. "Frankly, I feel responsible, Dr. Blauberman. After all, she's my cousin's friend."

"The woman is over twenty-one? So."

"Yes, Dr. Blauberman. But frankly she's—well, *stu*pid. She has a fine husband in Bridgeport. In the candy business."

"She needs analysis," Dr. Blauberman said, without pause, without doubt. "Forget it. Let him sleep with her."

Dr. Blauberman sounded resentful, almost jealous. "So. *Why* do you feel responsible for this woman? Tell me. Why? Hmmm?"

DR. BLAUBERMAN could be damn sweet, loving, and helpful to Spencer, especially when it came to problems he and Spencer had in common. For instance, it was Spencer's dream someday, if he did get married, to marry a girl who had gone to Barnard. When he was at Amherst, he had dated a Barnard girl—he had always been too shy to kiss her—and suddenly she had married one of his classmates. That had been that. Spencer thought it was a simple explanation of why he was naturally interested in Barnard girls.

"Too simple. Mmmm. We must find out *why*." Then, with an exasperated sigh, Dr. Blauberman spent the balance of thirty-two minutes in telling Spencer the long story of how he, Al Blauberman, son of a chicken plucker in Williamsburg, had needed—and had found—a Barnard girl to sustain his faith in himself. He had married a Barnard girl. She was the mother of his two splendid children, both of whom were very popular in their Scarsdale school. But it hadn't been simple. You think it was simple? Hmmm? So. Oh, no. Because between chicken plucking (for Dr. Blauberman's boyhood had been spent among the feathers, under the whiplash of his vengeful chicken-plucking father) and Barnard, between Williamsburg and Scarsdale, what Dr. Blauberman had not suffered! The snubs, the slurs, the insults of boys who lived securely on Riverside Drive! Then—carried into present times by the momentum of his own reminiscence—Dr. Blauberman confided in Spencer that he still suffered similar snubs and insults from *other psychoanalysts*. The ones who thought they were so good, just because they had worked with Freud! The ones who had come over here in the thirties, refugees! The ones who had studied in Austria, Holland, Hungary!

"Well, frankly, Dr. Blauberman, I guess I need that kind of social-bolstering values. I can't help it if—" Spencer began, trying to get back to what he was saying. But by then the hour was over.

"So," Dr. Blauberman said, still panting from his tirade about himself. "You will continue where you left off. See you tomorrow."

And Spencer got into Vertical Position and left.

Dr. Blauberman was definitely a big help to Spencer in his dealings with women. Take that long-legged blond divorcée who was a mistress of ceremonies on a television game program. She telephoned Spencer one Sunday morning just before dawn and said she was sick. He rushed right over and gave her a shot of penicillin. Then she offered Spencer a drink and asked him if he wanted to stick around and read the funny papers. "Johnny won't mind," she had said. Johnny was her nine-year-old son, asleep in the next room.

"I hung around and had breakfast there," Spencer told Dr. Blauberman the next day. "And frankly, I think I felt something."

"You think you can become emotionally involved with this woman? Mmmm. You think?"

Spencer thought. In the middle of his thinking, the analyst said, "Not so much thinking. *Don't* think."

Puzzled, Spencer tried to stop thinking.

"So. Think it over," Dr. Blauberman then said. "You should *have* involvement with a woman, with this, this hmmm?"

"Clarissa."

"With Clarissa. So."

So. Spencer did. Clarissa was amenable, although Spencer often came across another man hanging around. Morris. He was in television, too, and Johnny was crazy about Morris, and was always roughhousing with him. Anyway, Spencer reported to Dr. Blauberman that he was involved—had a relationship—with Clarissa. Two months later, he made a house call on a patient referred to him—in the usual exchange program in medicine—by the wayward G.I. man. She was a soft, plump graduate of Barnard, class of '57, who had left her family to live alone in the Village and write a novel. She brought out a strange, protective sensation in Spencer's breast.

Dr. Blauberman advised breaking off with Clarissa and starting in with Barnard.

"Frankly, I don't know how to do it," Spencer said from the couch. "What'll I say to Clarissa?"

"Just tell her it's finished. You don't want recriminations, tell her. Mmmm. No arguments. No recriminations. Stand firm."

Spencer went to Clarissa and told her it was all over.

"Of course, honey," Clarissa said, absent-mindedly. "It's O.K. I understand all about your troubles and all. Don't worry about a thing."

"I don't want any recriminations," Spencer said, standing firm.

"Of course, honey. There isn't anything to worry about, don't you understand? Take it easy. Everything is hunky-dory."

"No recriminations," Spencer said stubbornly. "No arguments. I just wanted to tell you myself."

"What, honey?"

"No recriminations."

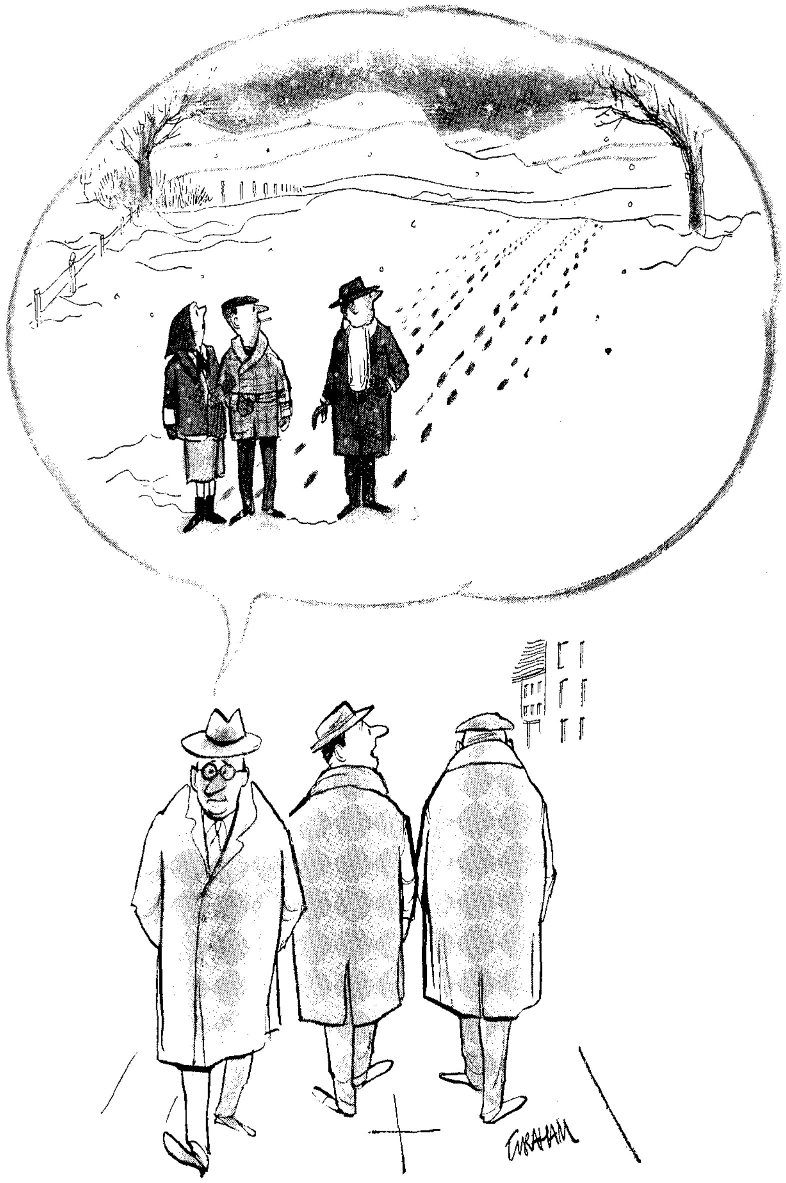
Clarissa giggled. "Who's *recriminating*, honey? Take it easy."

At that point, Morris arrived, leading Johnny on stilts.

The next day, Spencer reported proudly to his analyst that he had stood firm.

The future novelist was a dud, too. Every time he had a date with her, she found a way of making it a crowd. With her two roommates. Three silly, irritating kids. They listened with impatience to Spencer's stories of Riverdale, Amherst, and the Navy, and then they left him out and talked to each other—in code most of the time, and with a lot of shrill laughter. Spencer found himself paying dinner checks for four. Not that he couldn't afford it. It was the principle of the thing.

Then another Barnard girl came into his life. Class of '53. Real wife material, he told Dr. Blauberman, pleading. Her name was Annie. She was working in one of the labs at the hospital. Her brother was a doctor. She was dark-haired, pretty. Sort of pretty. He was almost sure she was pretty. She didn't talk much. She didn't wear much makeup. She didn't have a mustache. The future novelist *and* her two roommates all had a mustache. He hated girls with a mustache. He had taken Annie to dinner the night before, and after dinner they went to the Five Spot. She loved jazz. She dressed a little on the beatnik side. And not décolleté. In talking to Dr. Blauberman, he strained to recall the pat diagrams he had accumulated in his head over the years with the analyst. Maybe she was afraid-of-herself-as-an-adult-woman. Maybe she-didn't-know-how-to-give. Maybe she-hadn't-developed-mature-values. He had asked her if she had ever been analyzed, and she had laughed and said that most analysts were squares. It was hard to tell what she was. Whether she had give-love. But she had gone to Barnard. Real wife material. He had told her all about Riverdale and Amherst and the Navy. Most of his important war stories. The three months on the cruiser. All the sailors to whom he was father confessor. He was quite sure she was pretty. No, Annie did nothing to encourage him. Not really. No, she wouldn't go home with him when he asked her. But she was apologetic about turning him down. She really seemed sorry. Maybe she was just scared-of-men. She always spoke softly to him. She



THE EAVESDROPPER

"... *and we've seen neither hide nor hair of her since.*"

seemed to like him. She listened to him. She sounded sad.

"Hmmm?" Dr. Blauberman said.

"I'm almost positive she's pretty," Spencer said.

ONE winter morning, Spencer came to Dr. Blauberman in a terrible state of excitement, and, not waiting to go from Vertical to Horizontal, said that Annie was in the hospital. She was going to have an emergency appendectomy. "Luckily, I heard about it in time," Spencer said, finally taking to the couch. "I'm going up to the O.R. from here and watch." Then he couldn't think of another blessed thing that hour to say to his analyst.

The operation went beautifully, and Spencer was on hand in Annie's room the moment she woke up. He was smoking a cigarette nervously, in quick, short puffs. The nurse on duty in the room asked him to put out the cigarette. He jubilantly threw it to the floor and put his heel on it. Spencer was the first person Annie saw. She smiled.

"Hi, they did a beautiful job on you," he told her. "Beautiful cutting."

Annie wet her lips. "You saw it?"

"I was right there."

"Why? Who asked you to be there?" She had stopped smiling.

He didn't understand. Annie closed her eyes. The nurse told Spencer Annie should be left alone to rest and sleep. But Spencer had something important to tell her. "My analyst was making sympathetic, clucking noises about you," he said.

Annie opened her eyes. "Did it bother you to watch me being sliced open?"

"Routine." Spencer sniffed. "I wish you could have heard those little clucks of sympathy from Dr. Blauberman. He sends you his best regards."

Three days later, Annie was walking around, feeling chipper. But she left the "No Visitors" sign on her door. The sign didn't keep Spencer out. He barged right in, without knocking, usually when she was having a meal. He was beginning to have a proprietary interest in Annie, and he was beginning to feel even more protective toward her than he ever had toward Barnard '57, he had told Dr. Blauberman.

"So. How's our patient?" Spencer walked in breezily on Annie just as she was starting her lunch.

Annie put down a lamb chop and lay back on her pillow. Spencer lighted a cigarette. Annie gave a few choking-cough hints, which went unnoticed by an enthusiastic Spencer.

"So. Mmmm," he said. "I told my analyst about your 'No Visitors' sign. Frankly, at first I was disturbed. I thought you were wrong. Anti-social. Hmmm? But my analyst says you're right. He says you want to rest."

"You've got some analyst, man," Annie said, her eyes closed.

Spencer was delighted. "He's a wonderful person, Dr. Blauberman."

WHEN Annie got out of the hospital, she took a couple of weeks off in Florida. So she wasn't around when Spencer got George George, the movie star, as a patient. A medical-school classmate now practicing in Hollywood had sent George George to Spencer. It was Spencer's first real, famous, big-time movie actor. At the first visit, in the office, Spencer was so nervous during the workup that his throat kept catching, and he gave tense little sniffs. His hands shook during the examination.

"Don't pay any attention to the George George," said George George. "My studio thought it was a new gimmick when they handed it to me. Real wild. They were fed up with all the Tabs and Bats and Rods and Bucks. Now they don't want *me*, but I'm stuck with the name. My real name is Stanford Fleming, which I personally think is O.K."

The movie star was pretty nervous himself. His hands shook, too. He had cracked up four automobiles in the past year. His eyes sparkled with the cellophane-covered look, with the special exhilaration of tranquillizers, barbiturates, and other sedatives. He smelled of whiskey. He wore an impeccably tailored oxford-gray suit. He was thin, angular, possibly tubercular, and utterly without hope.

"You going to do a play?" Spencer asked him. "That why you're here?"

"I'm here because I've got nowhere else to be but here," said George George.

"That's the thing now—to do a play," said Spencer, who didn't always catch what was being said to him.

"Just call me Jack Lemmon," said George George.

"Lemmon's got it made," Spencer said. "He's a marvellous actor. He's so funny."

"You bet, Doc." George George gave a weak smile. "I'm one of his most passionate fans."

George George sounded peculiar. But, after all, he might be another screwball. "I guess Lemmon proves that Hollywood doesn't kill all talent," Spencer said chummily. "For people like you and Lemmon, they can do any-

SUNDAY EVENING

Loved not for themselves those tenors who sing
arias from "Aïda" on horned, tinny
gramophones—but because they take a man back
to a half-forgotten thing.

We, transported by this evening loaded
with a song recorded by Caruso,
recall some other place, another time,
now charmingly outmoded.

What, for wrong motives, too often is approved
proves we once existed—becomes mere flattery,
for it's ourselves whom we are listening to,
and by hearing we are moved;

Then know, haunted, this echo too will fade
with the alliteration of the leaves
and indistinct rain that drags down the sky
like a sense of gloom mislaid.

Dear classic, melodic absences
how stringently debarred, kept out of mind,
till some genius on a gramophone
holes defenses, breaks all fences.

What lives in a man and calls him back
and back through desolate Sunday evenings?
Indescribable, the faint generic name;
sweet taste, bitter lack.

—DANNIE ABSE

• •

thing to you out there, but they can't touch you where you *live*."

"Sure, Doc. I've got to hand it to you, the way you've got it all figured out." George George put a friendly arm around Spencer. "Now, how about some of those little red pills?"

He asked for twice the usual potency and four times the usual quantity of seconal. Spencer gave him the prescription.

From then on, George George was a steady topic on the agenda with Dr. Blauberman. Wife material as a whole would have to wait. The movie actor, Dr. Blauberman said, sounded very interesting—certainly more interesting than housewives.

Spencer didn't hear from George George for three weeks after that first visit, even though he had told the actor to have a checkup once a week. In the meantime, he spent all his psychoanalytic time talking about the actor. Dr. Blauberman learned that George George had been married to a beautiful model, who had left him after one year for a Brazilian mining tycoon.

"These actors lead very unreal lives, frankly," said Spencer. "All they care about is exhibiting themselves."

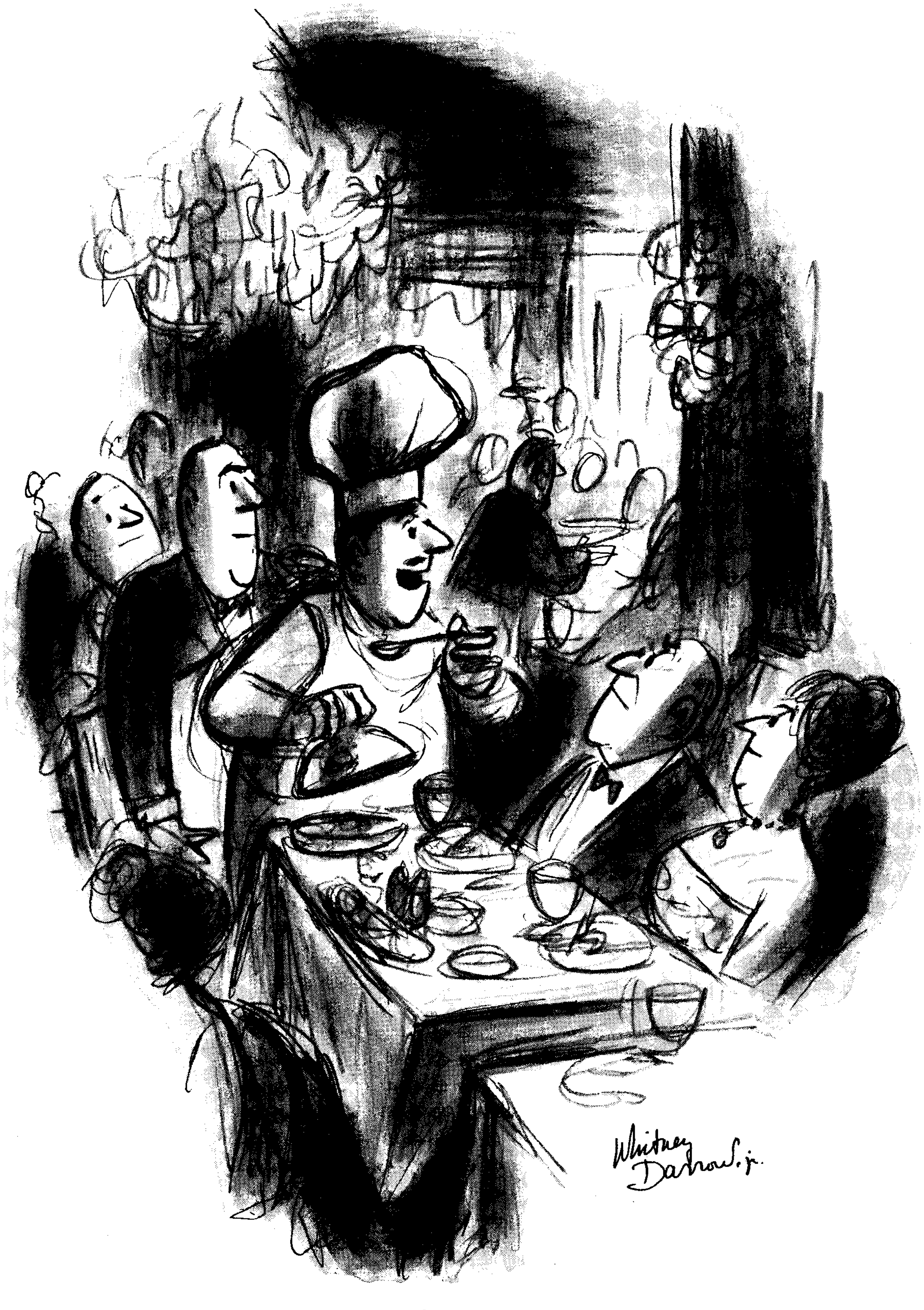
"And did the actor get his divorce in California?" Dr. Blauberman asked.

"Apparently."

"So. Community division of property. So."

"They don't relate well to reality," Spencer said.

A few days before Christmas, Spencer made a house call, at dinnertime, on Hiram (High Fidelity) Stone, the electronics king, who tried every now and then to buy Spencer all for himself. The furthest he had got along these selfish lines was Spencer's exclusive attentions on a three-week trip to Europe, financed by Mr. Stone. Spencer's stereophonic high-fidelity system had been obtained courtesy of the king, as a small token of appreciation. The electronics king had intermittent rashes of a violent sort, which required ordinary attentions. But Mr. Stone didn't want anyone but Spencer to know about his odd symptoms. So, every month, Spencer went up to attend Mr. Stone in his Fifth Avenue coöperative penthouse, where Mr. Stone shared the fullness of his life and laughter with Mrs. Stone, a washed-out, good-hearted blonde with the permanently yellowish complexion of too many winters under tropical skies. She rarely appeared without a


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"*It tastes fine to* ***me***."

• •

1.

2.

bracelet of golden chains on her wrist, in quadruplicate, from which hung golden charms roughly the size of crab apples. She even wore it when she was sick in bed. The Stones had a valet and a cook, a married couple of middle age, who had once worked for Darryl Zanuck in Beverly Hills.

Spencer fixed Mr. Stone up, and, his arm linked with Mrs. Stone's jangling arm, was led to a table, where a monumental slice of roast beef awaited him. He took a bite, then jumped up, saying he had to telephone in for messages. It always made an effective impression to call in for messages in front of patients.

There was a message to call George George as soon as possible.

Spencer couldn't contain himself. He left the rest of his roast beef. He left the Stones and went out into the night. It was snowing. He couldn't get his car started. Anxiously, he grabbed his black bag from the car and ran for a skidding taxi. He missed it. He slipped on the icy sidewalk and skinned the hand holding the bag. He had left his gloves in the car. It took him twenty minutes to get a taxi and almost as long to go fourteen blocks to the East Sixties near the river, where George George had sublet a town house. When he rang the doorbell, he noticed that his skinned hand was bleeding. He quickly wiped it off on a handkerchief inside his pocket.

The door was opened by a young man with a tiny, pouting mouth, large nostrils, and whitish blond hair falling over his forehead, who had on a white shirt open at the collar, white pants, white socks, and white sneakers. He stared at Spencer without asking him in.

"I'm Dr. Fifield," Spencer said.

"Ooh, my God!" the young man said and led Spencer inside, where he watched as Spencer took off his coat and then once more wiped his skinned hand against the handkerchief in his pocket.

"Georgie is crocked," the young man said in a nonchalant, nasalized drawl. "I put in the call for you myself. I found your name on the bottle."

"Quick thinking," Spencer said, and tried to give the young man a smile. Through a partly open door, Spencer could see a warm-looking living room with a grand piano, a number of green plants, and a fluffy white rug. A record was playing loudly. It was Pearl Bailey singing "Too Tired":

> Tired of the tears I shed
> Tired of living in the red . . .

"Pearly-Mae," Spencer said knowingly to the young man in white. He followed this remark with another smile, and then a tense cough. "I love these old town houses," he said, looking around. "They remind me of the house I grew up in. My grandfather's house. I've always wanted to get a house like this myself."

"Yeah. Georgie is upstairs. Don't you want to see him? First bedroom on your right."

Spencer started up the stairs, and although the young man had seemed to be sending him up alone, he came up behind him. The bedroom had a bright-green rug. A purple bedspread on a Hollywood-size bed, with bright-green throw pillows. Drapes matching the purple bedspread. Three ebony chests in a row stood facing the bed. A full-grown boxer was stretched across the foot of the bed, his head up, his tongue out, his eyes dripping rheumily. And on the bright-green throw pillows lay George George, fully clothed in his oxford-gray, with a black knit tie and a white button-down-collar shirt, black silk socks, and highly polished black loafers. Without a word, the young man in white lifted himself to a sitting position on top of an ebony chest, crossed his legs, and, lighting a cigarette, inhaled deeply and blew out a stream of smoke toward the bed.

Spencer didn't have a chance to open his bag. As soon as he approached the bed, George George opened his eyes and sat up, apparently cold sober. The young man in white gave a shriek of laughter, showing two even rows of newly capped teeth. "Georgie-Porgie, well, just look at you!" he said. "Bright as day. I thought I ought to call the doctor, Georgie, when I couldn't wake you up. Because the *people* are coming."

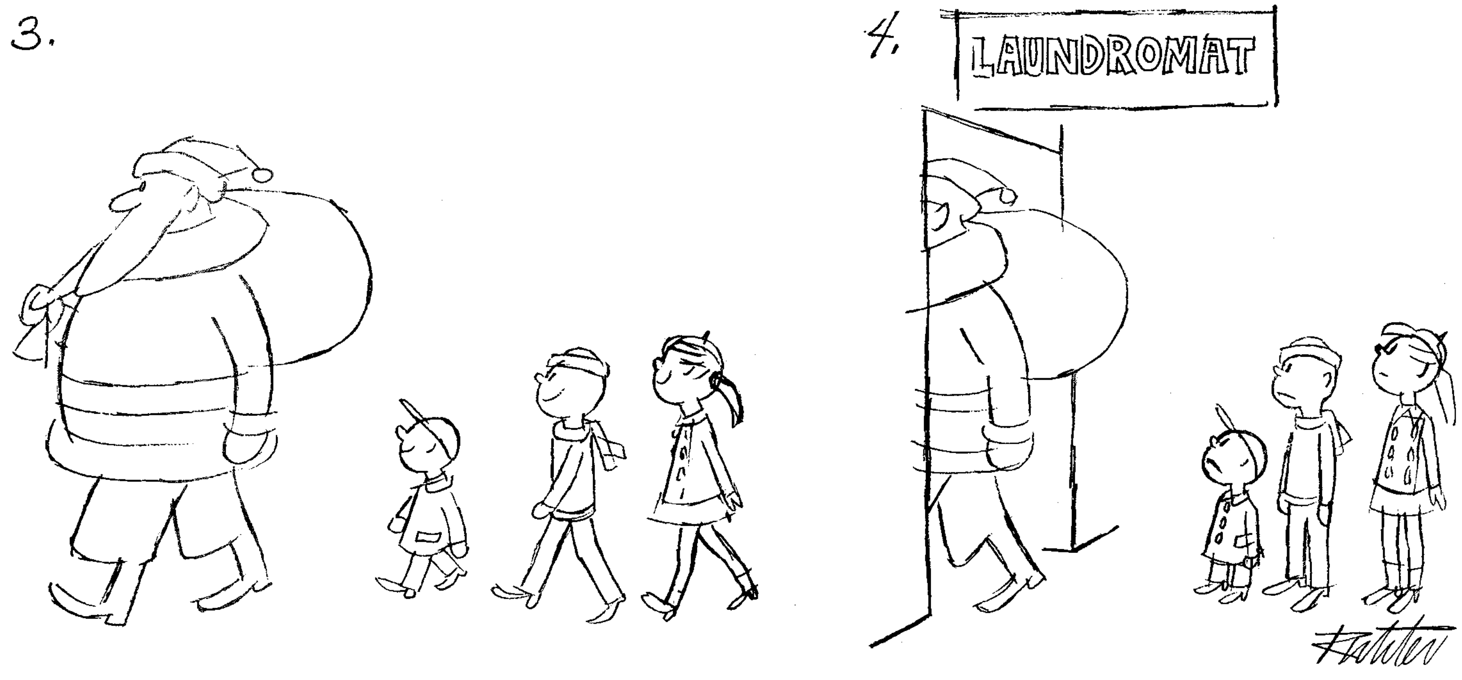
George George yawned and, reaching over to the boxer, patted his head and smiled at Spencer, who asked him how he felt.

"As Tommy says, bright as day," George George said. "Bright as a new penny. Bright as hell."

Tommy gave another laugh and recrossed his legs. "You're a riot," he said. "Half an hour ago, I couldn't wake you up."

"Well, the Doc is here, so let's offer him a drink," George George said. He got up, and from a chest drawer took out a bottle of Scotch and three jigger glasses. He filled them and handed one to Spencer.

"If the Doctor had telephoned before coming over, he might have saved himself a trip," Tommy said. "The



message I left asked him to *tel*ephone. No, thanks, I want to stay sober for the people," he said, refusing the third jigger of whiskey being held out to him. "Give it to Beauty," he drawled and gave a titter. The boxer on the bed, hearing his name, shook his head, dripping saliva on the purple bedspread.

George George winked at Spencer and drank the whiskey in a gulp.

"Merry Christmas!" Spencer said, in a choked voice. He wished he didn't find it so difficult to talk. Imitating the actor, he drank his whiskey in a gulp.

"*L'chaim!*" George George said, and refilled Spencer's glass. "I forgot to tell you, Doc, I became a goddam linguist out in Hollywood." He took the third jigger of whiskey over to Beauty and, holding the dog's jaws open, forced some drink into the boxer's mouth. Tommy shrieked with laughter and, skipping over to the bed, put his cigarette in a corner of the dog's mouth. The boxer spat out both cigarette and whiskey and then sneezed.

"Oh, you Beauty! We're teaching you some bad habits!" Tommy said.

Spencer watched them uncomfortably. He took a sip of his second drink and cleared his throat. "Boxers are one of my favorite dogs," he said. "I never had a boxer myself. Frankly, all I ever had were mongrels." He was aware of being regarded with coolness by Tommy, but he didn't give it much importance. Here was a real oddball-screwball.

Tommy lighted another cigarette. Two streams of smoke were exhaled heavily from the large nostrils. "Do me one big favor, Georgie. Just don't pass out again until the people have come and *gone*," he said.

George George shrugged. "Stick around, Doc," he said to Spencer. "We've got a brilliant young playwright who can't be touched where he *lives* coming over to read us his play. The play has a big juicy part in the lead."

Spencer felt proud. "I told you you ought to do a play," he said.

"The part is for Tommy," said George George. "I am bait for our little Tommy here."

"You getting Gadge to direct it?" Spencer asked in his best in-the-know manner.

Tommy gave a thin, mean scream of protest. "I don't know about *Gadge*," he said. "I may not want *Gadge*. He voted against me for the Actors' Studio. I may prefer Moss, or I may just settle on old Josh."

George George laughed. Spencer felt he ought to give a laugh, too, and he did. George George put an arm around Spencer. He was still laughing. "Stick around for the fun, Doc," he said. "The playwright is bringing Betty Bacall over. Or maybe it's Betty Boop. Or Betty Grable. No, I'm sure it's Betty Bacall, unless it's Betty Comden or somebody like that. We do a lot of socializing this time of the year."

Spencer felt light in the head. He could hear himself telling Dr. Blauberman all about it. He smiled at Tommy. "Where you going New Year's Eve?" he asked him. "To the Strasbergs' party or to the Hirschfelds' party?" Someone had once told Spencer these were the two big festive blowouts in theatrical-celebrity circles to see the New Year in.

Instead of answering him, Tommy mimicked the question in a singsong baby voice. "You going to the Strasbergs' party, or you going to the Hirschfelds' party? Huh?"

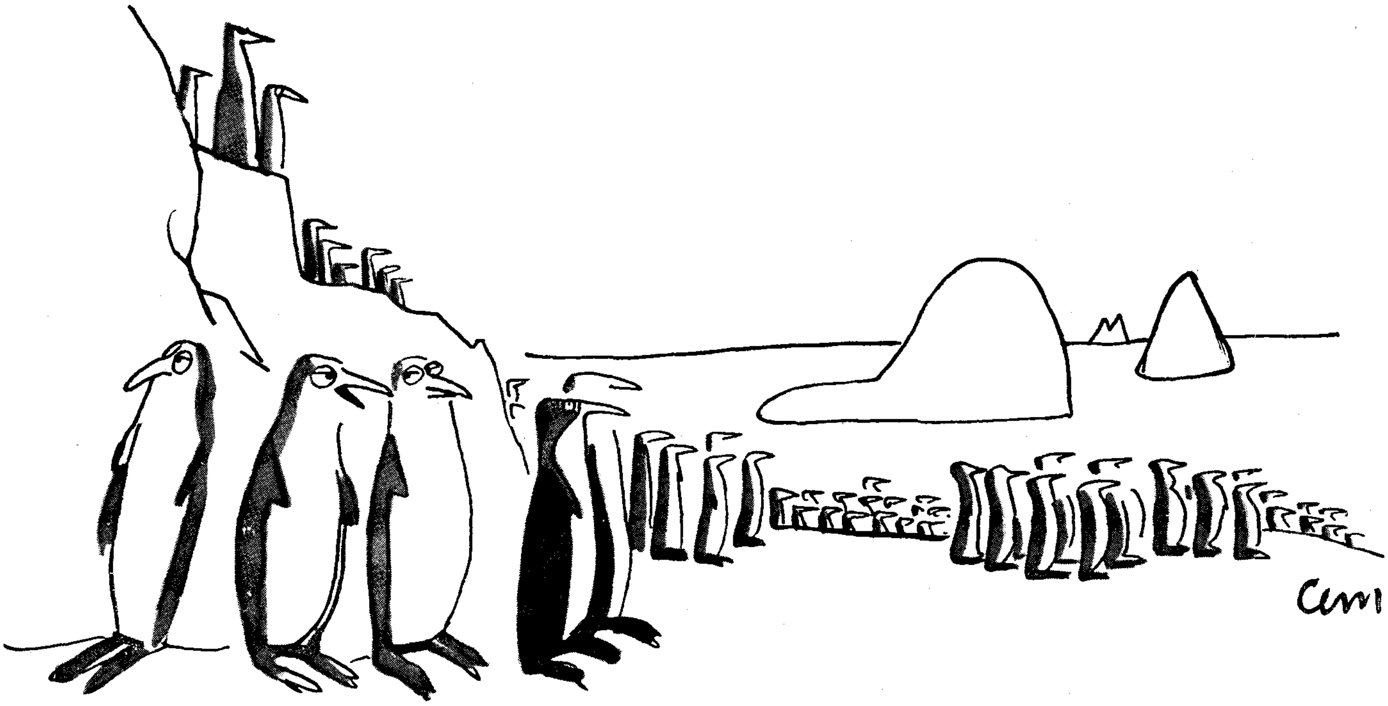
Spencer could not believe his ears. He thought Tommy was making a screwball joke of some kind. Spencer took a large sip of his drink and smiled.

"For Christ's sake, Georgie, get this creep out of here," Tommy said, in harsh, nasal tones. "Before the *peo*ple get here."

Spencer still thought it was some kind of oblique way of kidding. He finished his drink, and again he smiled.

George George gave a deep sigh. "Tommy, Tommy, behave yourself," he said. He put his arm around Spencer again and walked him down the stairs. "Don't mind Tommy, Doc. Sorry you can't stay."

Out on the street, Spencer shivered. There was a terrible ringing in his ears. It was snowing harder now, and the wet flakes fell on his hair and, melting, ran down his face and the back of his neck. He turned up his overcoat collar and started walking, in a daze, west. That goddam homosexual. Everything had been going so smoothly with the actor. It had promised to be such a full evening. And it was probably Tommy who was keeping the actor from returning to him as a doctor. The incident plagued him. He felt his skinned hand smarting, and then it began, really painfully, to throb. In time with the throbbing in his head. There was something more that had happened. There must have been something more. He searched for it in his mind. Suddenly, without thinking, he found himself crying. Sobbing. Deep, shaking sobs. Child crying. Little-boy crying. He could hear his own crying as though it were coming from outside himself. He was help-



"Vests are coming back. Pass it on."

• •

less to control it. He felt. He felt. But he didn't know what.

Shaking all over, he went into the nearest drugstore and telephoned Dr. Blauberman at home. It was an emergency. Dr. Blauberman would understand. It was the first time he was disturbing his analyst at home since the early months in analysis, more than ten years ago, when he couldn't stand *not* telephoning, *not* hearing the voice. He was desperate now to hear the voice, that friendly voice.

A woman's voice answered, sounding resentful, ill-tempered. "Just a minute, I'll call him." Spencer could barely keep standing in the telephone booth during that long, long minute. His knees buckled, straightened, buckled, straightened.

"Yes, Dr. Fifield. So?" The voice reached into Spencer and gave him strength. He talked fast to his analyst, tearing out the story of what had just happened to him. There had to be something Dr. Blauberman could tell him. Please, Dr. Blauberman. Dear Dr. Blauberman.

And the angel Blauberman spoke to Spencer, somewhat appropriating Spencer's own excitable tones, but he nevertheless spoke to Spencer. Dr. Blauberman would grant a special appointment, an *extra* fifty minutes, the very first thing in the morning, at ten minutes before eight. Wonderful Dr. Blauberman. Wonderful, good friend.

Spencer left the telephone booth, now half sobbing, half laughing. He had to keep walking. He walked the snowy streets until after midnight, searching for what he felt. He became calmer, although his head still throbbed and the black bag he carried tore at his wounded hand. He found himself wondering if Annie were back from Florida. He thought about calling her up. No. Not really. Wait. Wait for Dr. Blauberman.

He went home to his decorated apartment. His shoes were wet through with snow. He went into the bathroom. He turned on the light switch, which automatically threw on the stereo hi-fi. Berlioz' "Requiem" stormed into the bathroom, as Spencer put antiseptic on his sore, flaming hand. He took a hot shower. Later, he warmed some milk in a saucepan. With the warm milk, he took two half-grains of phenobarbital. He went to the living room and turned on "The Late Late Show." Wallace Beery, playing a policeman, found a crying baby in a paper box behind a garbage can. Spencer turned off the television. The crying of the baby lingered in his head. He went into the bedroom and lay down. But sleep wouldn't come. He felt the tightness in his diaphragm. Cement. Again he thought of telephoning Annie. Wait. Wait for Dr. Blauberman.

He was out of bed at six. It was still snowing outside. He drank half a quart container of orange juice. He made two fried eggs with bacon and toast and drank two cups of instant coffee. He'd need a good breakfast today, and something to counteract the unslept-off sedation. He didn't bother to pick up his car. He took a taxi. At seven-thirty, he was sitting in Dr. Blauberman's anteroom, waiting. Fifteen minutes later, Dr. Blauberman arrived, wearing a fur-collared storm coat against the wintry morning.

Spencer quickly headed for the couch. Dr. Blauberman stopped him. "We are Vertical this morning. No?" Dr. Blauberman's face was ruddy, expectant, aglow with the snowy new day. "So. You want to discuss our Hollywood actor. Mmmm."

"Well, yes—that is, frankly, he's got this homosexual hanging around him, draining him. . . ." His voice petered out. He remained standing, in Vertical Position, suddenly unable to remember what he had wanted to say. He rubbed his eye with the back of his forefinger. He wasn't sure what he was talking about, or what he was thinking. His head still throbbed. His hand felt stiff and sore. What was it he had felt?

"Mmmm. Our actor friend needs help. Tell me about him. He should go into analysis. He should see a good analyst? Yes?"

"Yes, Dr. Blauberman," Spencer said. "Yes."

—Lillian Ross

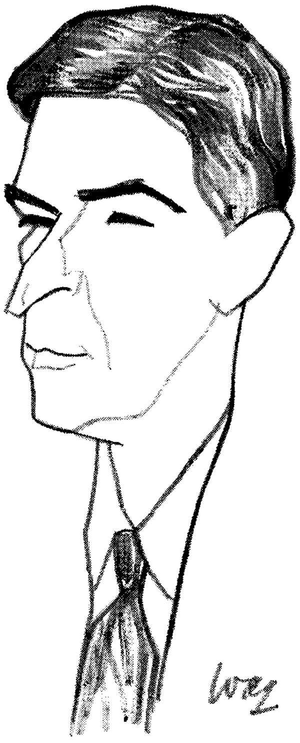
•

A daughter of one of our local ministers was seen purchasing cigarettes at a local store this week.—*Richmond* (*Maine*) *Bee.*

Better throw that Peeping Tom into jail!

PROFILES

CHILDREN'S FRIEND

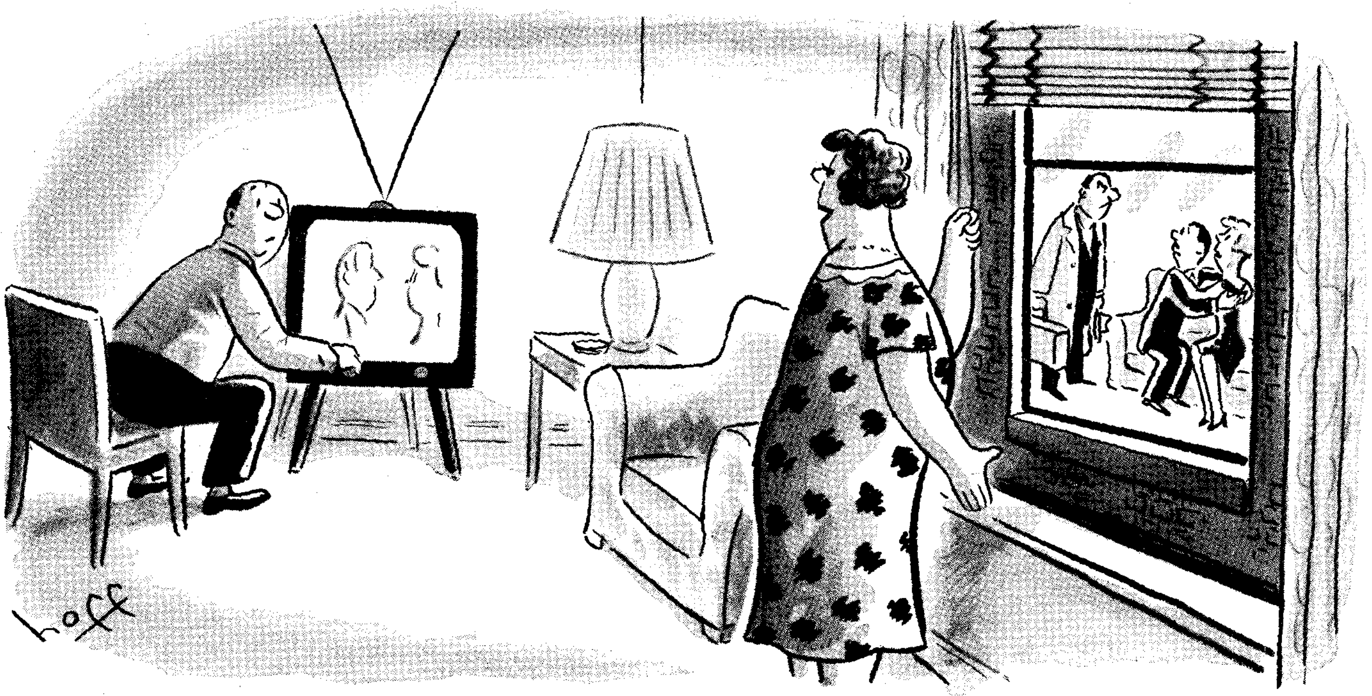

Theodor Seuss Geisel

THE face of Theodor Seuss Geisel—an arresting one, with soft eyes and a long, beaky nose—is not nearly as familiar as that of Santa Claus, yet its owner is an equally formidable contender for the adulation of many children. Santa Claus brings them presents. Geisel makes them laugh, and, what is more, he's real. Since 1936, under the alias of Dr. Seuss, Geisel, a plain and gentle man who is now fifty-six, has written and illustrated nineteen humorous books for children, all but three in galloping verse. Being shy, tense, and serious-minded, he tries to avoid the popping eyes and clutching hands of his disciples, but on the rare occasions when he is harried into making a personal appearance at an autographing bee, he attracts crowds that would cause a Western television hero to sway in the saddle with envy. There have been many attempts, some of them jocular, to define the age groups for which the Dr. Seuss books have the greatest appeal. Random House, which has published practically all of Geisel's books, conservatively catalogues his works in the five-to-nine-year-old bracket. A Bowling Green, Kentucky, reviewer, however, once estimated the age of the audience for "How the Grinch Stole Christmas," a Geisel variation on the theme of Scrooge, to range from two to ninety-two; a Houston, Texas, critic put it at three to ninety-three. And in *Junior Reviewers*, a seven-year-old junior reviewer wrote of "Scrambled Eggs Super!," a Geisel variation on the theme of scrambled eggs, "All ages would like it from 6 to 44—that's how old my mother is."

There has been a great deal thought, said, and written about the quality of contemporary children's books, much of it in high-flown psychological and sociological jargon. Geisel's own approach to the topic is down-to-earth. "If a book pleases me, it has a chance of pleasing children," he says. Many of the elders whom he also pleases are faithful to him because they feel that they can read, and reread, and re-reread a Dr. Seuss book to a child without imperilling their own mental balance or—by skipping paragraphs or whole pages—impairing their integrity. This is not to say that Geisel has no detractors. There are those who think his pictures and words are plain silly—a few of the leaders of this faction would just as soon seek to divert their children with the exterior of a cereal box—but most guardians of the young mind, it would appear, are willing to go along with the *Bulletin* of the Parents League of New York, which has enthusiastically endorsed Geisel's books. The League classifies them as "read-alouds." He himself fancies the description "logical insanity." The reading aloud of logical insanity, appropriately illustrated by its creator, has always been fun, but between Edward Lear's day and Dr. Seuss's the pickings, few people would deny, have been slim.

Geisel and his wife, who under her maiden name of Helen Palmer is herself the author of several successful but more or less conventional children's books—to name a few, "Tommy's Wonderful Rides," "Johnny's Machines," "Bobby and His Airplane," and "Donald Duck Sees South America"—are childless. Some of their friends consider it a shame that a man who is so beloved by so many children has none of his own. Geisel does not agree. "You have 'em, I'll amuse 'em," he has said on more than one occasion, and he has also said, "You can't write books for children if too many of them are looking over your shoulder." With no children at all looking over his shoulder, Geisel painstakingly turns out books that, in the opinion of Rudolf Flesch, the "Why Johnny Can't Read" man, will be read a hundred years hence, when, also in Flesch's opinion, Hemingway, Faulkner, Marquand, and other current favorites may be gathering dust. Flesch rates Geisel "a genius pure and simple." Bennett Cerf, the president of Random House, has stated that Geisel is the only genius on his list, though Cerf would probably not have put it so baldly had Faulkner, whom he also publishes, been in his office at the time. For the last few years, Geisel has been the best-selling author on the Random House list, and possibly on any list anywhere. Once or twice a year, the *Times* puts out a Sunday children's-book supplement and includes a roster of best-sellers; in last month's ratings three of the top four sellers were by Dr. Seuss. When Nevil Shute died, last January, his obituary in the *Times* proclaimed him the best-selling novelist of his day, adding that his yearly royalties amounted to a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Geisel's book royalties came to nearly two hundred thousand dollars in 1959. To date, nearly three million copies of Dr. Seuss's books have been sold, and Random House now orders a first printing of a hundred thousand copies of any book that he writes. Even this figure proved inadequate for "Happy Birthday to You!," which was issued in October, 1959; within a few weeks, stocks of the book were exhausted, and fifty thousand additional copies were run off. Geisel is staggered and a bit frightened by his opulence, for he has never learned to come to grips with money. Not quite trusting money, he hardly ever carries any, and he frequently grabs for restaurant checks only to discover that he can't pay them. He gave up trying to cope with checkbooks some thirty years ago, and turned them over to his wife. "I wish people would stop talking to me about money," he says. "All I want to do is to write books, and everybody's forever nagging at me to *keep* them."

Geisel's tastes are simple. "Ted has no extravagances," his wife says. "I can't think of anything he likes except cigarettes and rocks." His cigarette outlay runs comparatively high. A chain smoker, he now and then breaks off for a while and sucks on an unlighted corncob pipe filled with radish seeds. Whenever a compulsion to smoke sweeps over him—which is every few minutes—he waters his seeds with an eyedropper. Once a crop of radish greens has sprouted from his pipe bowl—which he says takes about three days in a hospitable environment—he goes back to cigarettes. Rocks are his outdoor hobby. At his home, astride a hilltop in La Jolla, California, he is an ear-



"Get a load of what I tuned in on!"

• •

nest rock gardener, and *Publishers' Weekly* is apt to be crowded off his parlor table by some lithic journal like *Guide for Beginning Fossil Hunters.* One of his most treasured possessions is a heavy stone slab with a dinosaur's footprint in it, reputed to be something over a hundred and fifty million years old. Geisel himself is reputed to be something of a prankster, and, to his indignation, quite a few of his acquaintances refuse to believe that his hoary fossil is not homemade.

La Jolla is an upper-bracket community, and the relative austerity of the Geisels' way of life confounds their neighbors. Geisel and his wife have only one car, only one maid—part-time, at that—and only one swimming pool. After thirty-three years of married life, they are an uncommonly devoted couple, and they see no reason to have a second car, since they are rarely apart. Mrs. Geisel stopped writing books of her own fifteen years ago, so she could concentrate on helping her husband with his. This she does in part by keeping a vigilant critical eye on his output, in part by giving him the reassurance and praise for which he, like many another writer, has an insatiable need, and in part by shielding him from distractions. Along with his finances, she handles his correspondence. Geisel's—or, rather, Dr. Seuss's—mail is imposing. At the end of 1957, Random House announced that in the previous twelve months he had received nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven pounds of it. No up-to-date statistics have been released, but whatever the avoirdupois of Geisel's current mail, it amounts to thousands of letters a week. Geisel's policy is to have his wife answer letters from teachers, librarians, sick or crippled children, and entire school classes. (Mrs. Geisel signs some of the replies "Mrs. Dr. Seuss.") The rest of his fan mail hardly ever gets to La Jolla. It is mercifully intercepted and screened by Random House, which sends the bulk of his correspondents a printed form letter that he has written and illustrated. The form letter in use until just recently explained that Dr. Seuss's mail service was unreliable, because he lived on a steep and inaccessible precipice and because his correspondence had to travel by Budget, an ungainly Seuss beast, driven by Nudget, a Seuss Budget-driver. Most children were satisfied with this reply, but now and then a persistent correspondent would grumble. "Did you get a letter from a girl named Olive or a boy named Bud?" an Oregon schoolchild wrote Dr. Seuss a year or so ago. "They are both in my classroom. Did you get their letter? I don't think you did the way your roads are but they will write to you again and then are you going to write to them again about the Budget and the Nudget? I want a letter from you again but not about the Budget and Nudget again." Geisel sought to curtail laments of this sort by fashioning a new illustrated form letter, which thanks the correspondent on behalf of Dr. Seuss himself and a friend—the Three-Muffed Apfel Moose.

IT is only within the last couple of years that Geisel's fan mail and sales figures have soared into the literary stratosphere. As recently as 1954, he asked his agent, Phyllis Jackson, of the Music Corporation of America, whether she thought he could count on five thousand dollars annually from book royalties in the foreseeable future. She said he could, and now he knows he can. Not only does he write a new book or two every year but the sales of each book on his back list grow larger every year. All his old books are current best-sellers. An early one, "The King's Stilts," which was published in 1939, sold 4,648 copies the first year. By 1941, its annual sales were down to 394. In 1958, the last year for which figures are obtainable, they were up to 11,037. "The King's Stilts" has been a more sluggish mover than any other Dr. Seuss book; its cumulative sales have climbed nearly to the 75,000 mark. Another early Dr. Seuss, "Horton Hatches the Egg," which has had total sales of more than 200,000 and is still briskly hatching profits, sold 5,801 copies in 1940, the year it came out. It, too, fell off—to 1,645 the following year. In 1958, it sold 27,463 copies. What appears to have given all the Dr. Seuss books their recent boost was the publication, in 1957, of "The Cat in the Hat," which seems likely to achieve a total sale of a million copies by the end of

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this year. Since the book is priced at a dollar ninety-five, this would bring its retail gross to nearly two million dollars—equivalent to the gross on six million copies of a thirty-five-cent paperback. Only two works of fiction, "God's Little Acre" and "Peyton Place," have sold as well as that in paperback form. And "The Cat in the Hat" is aseptic.

"The Cat in the Hat" evolved from a 1954 article in *Life* by John Hersey, who complained of the sorry state of children's primers and suggested that someone like Dr. Seuss ought to give the kids a break by providing them with sprightlier fare. Among those who urged Geisel to accept this challenge was William Spaulding, then the textbook editor and now the president of Houghton Mifflin. Having long felt that the "See the red ball? The ball is red" school of literature left a good deal to be desired, Geisel did not need much prodding. He was somewhat taken aback to learn that a primer was supposed to have a severely limited vocabulary—a particularly inhibiting restriction for a writer whose métier is verse—but after a long struggle he came up with a book that had a plot, had humor, rhymed, and did it all on a vocabulary of only two hundred-odd words. Houghton Mifflin issued "The Cat in the Hat" as a textbook, and Random House as a trade book. Hersey called it a "gift to the art of reading" and a "harum-scarum masterpiece." Curiously, the Random House edition, sold through bookstores, has far outdistanced the Houghton Mifflin one, sold through school channels; the explanation may be that some old-line educators have tended to be suspicious of a primer produced by a man who signs himself "Dr." but has never written a doctoral dissertation, and that others have felt the teaching process is a solemn business, not to be interrupted by avoidable laughter.

Geisel, being fond of both cats and children, was glad that he had been able to use the one species to edify the other. In real life he sometimes finds the relationship between animals and human beings cruelly bewildering—not long ago he rescued a mouse that was floundering in his pool, only to see it scamper straight into a mousetrap he had set in his garage—but in his books he manages to reconcile his innate kindheartedness with some of the nasty practices implicit in the survival of the fittest. When a situation in "McElligot's Pool," for instance, seemed to call for a picture of a worm on a hook, Geisel made it graphically clear that his

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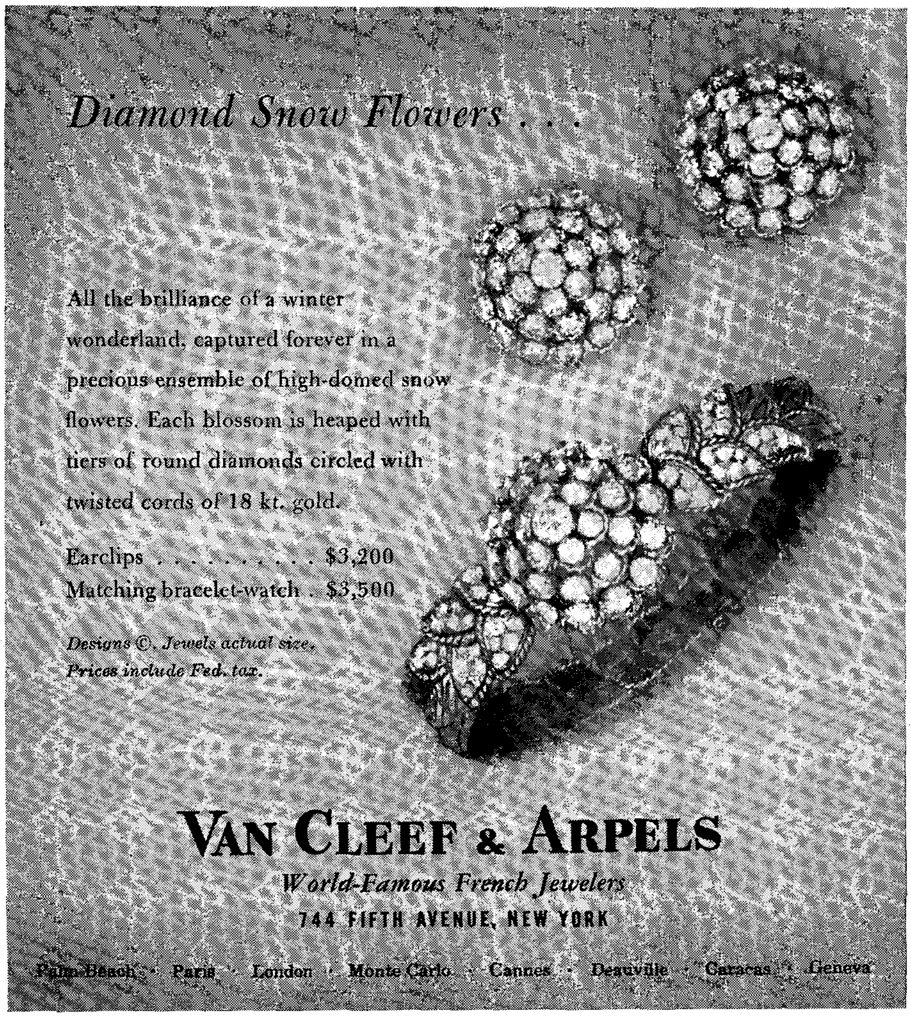
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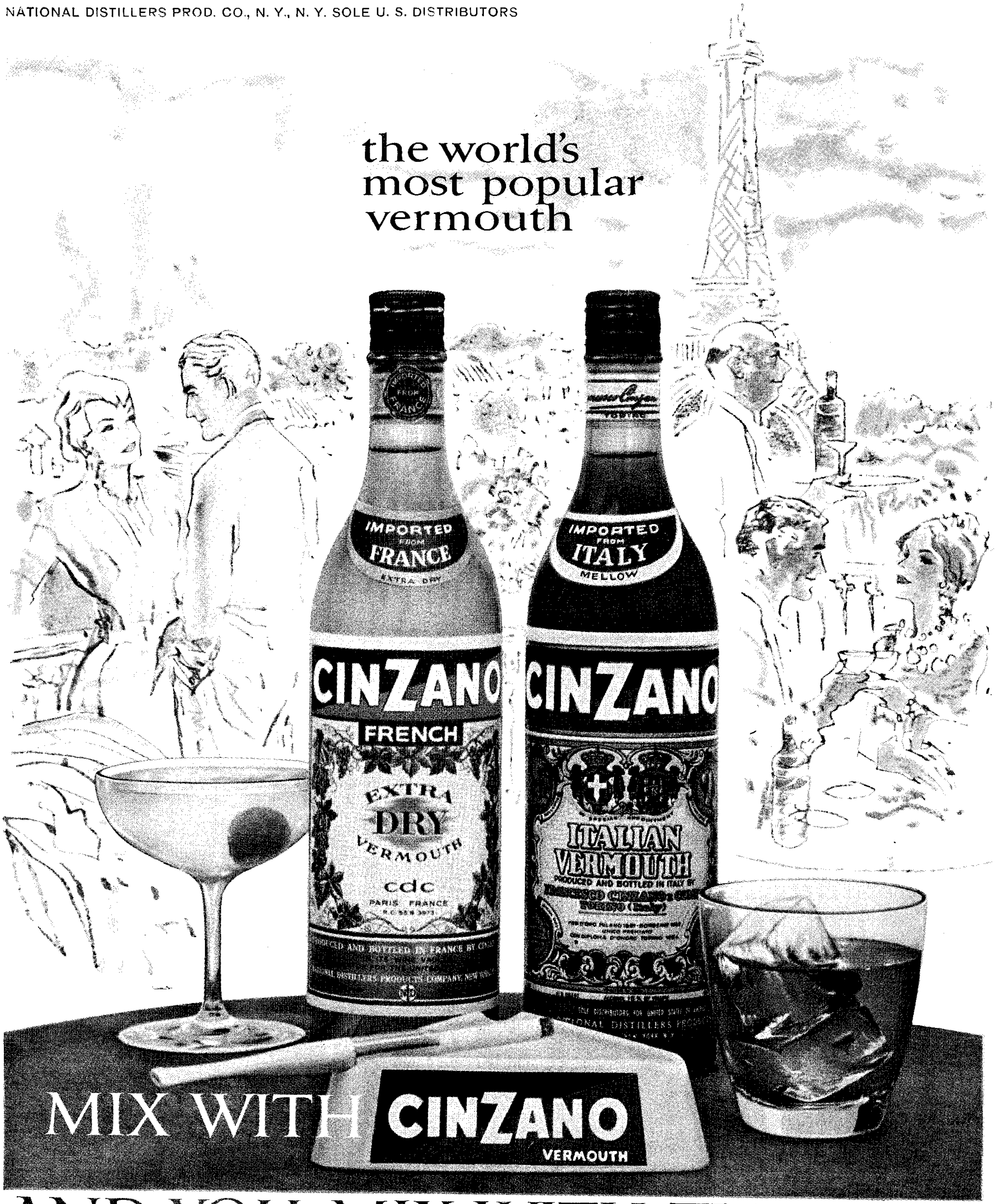
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VERMOUTH

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Have you heard about this delightful way to enjoy Cinzano, the 200-year-old name for vermouth? It's Cinzano "Cin-Cin"—half dry, half red—over ice. But no matter how you mix with Cinzano, you mix with the world's most popular vermouth. As an aperitif, after-dinner drink, or in a cocktail, Cinzano has what only centuries can bestow—truly classic taste.

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Designed and built by Sud Aviation

Created by the largest aircraft manufacturer in Western Europe, the Caravelle is the choice of eight international airlines. American travelers overseas who have flown on this superb jetliner said they wished it were in service in the United States! *And soon the Caravelle will be!* Sud Aviation and Douglas Aircraft bring the twin-jet Caravelle to America—and to you! Within a very short time, United Air Lines will feature the Caravelle on its medium-range flights!

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Your first flight in the twin-jet Caravelle will delight you! Charmed by the deft French design touches, you'll also appreciate a long-famous Douglas Aircraft feature—*peace of mind!* Sold to U.S. airlines by the builders of the famous DC series of airplanes, and serviced by Douglas, too, the Caravelle will bring you the same standards of quality you've come to expect from any aircraft associated with the Douglas name.

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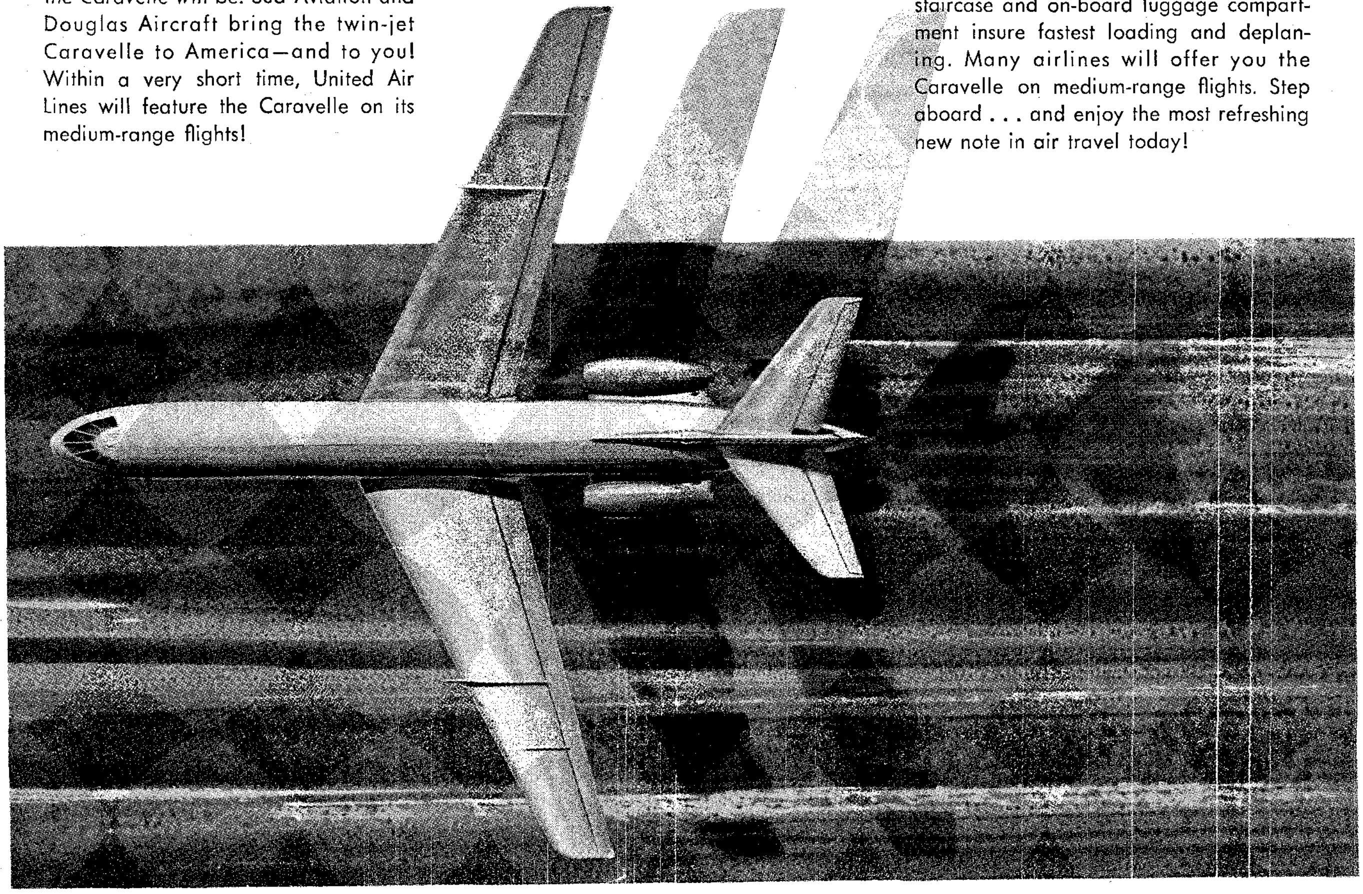
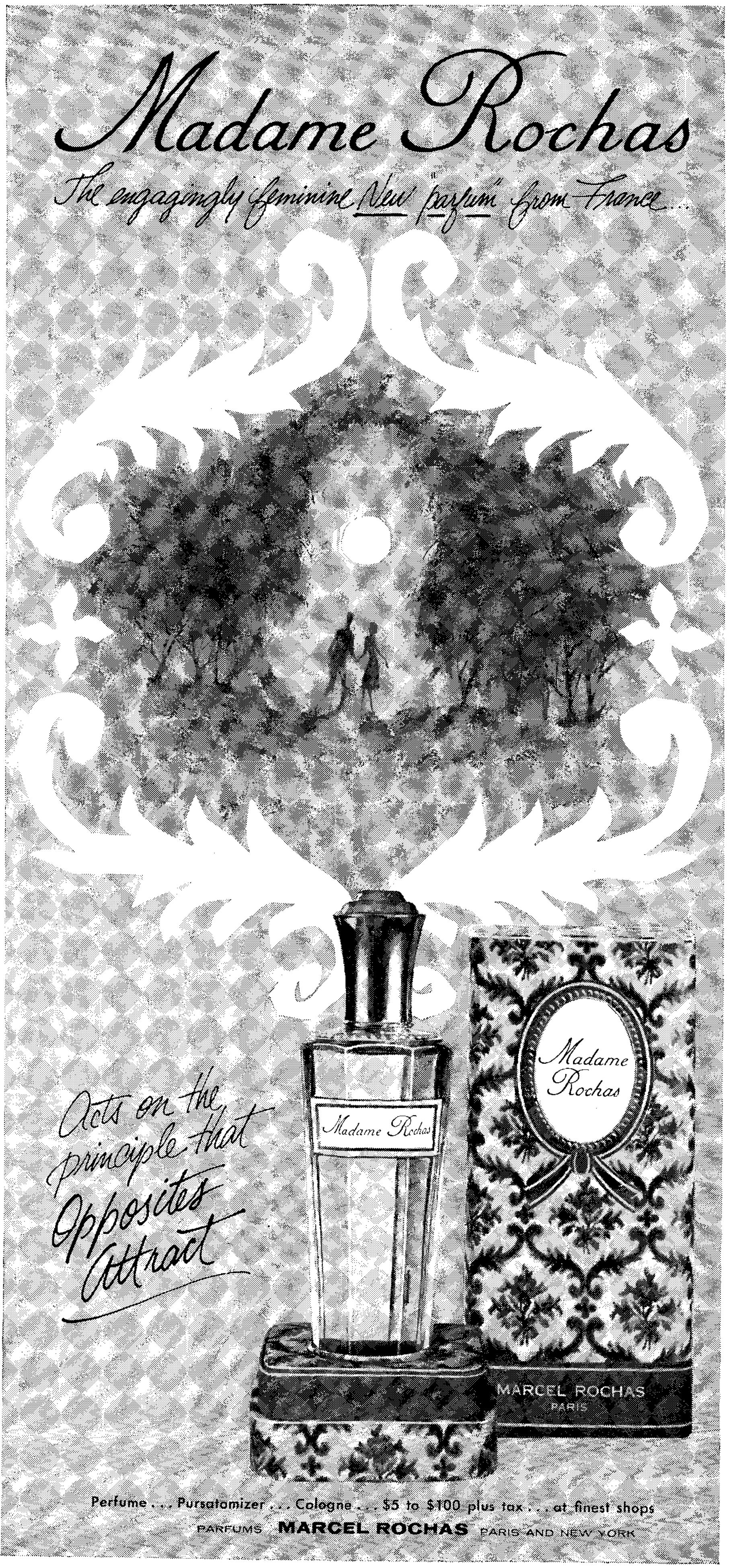


worm was not skewered on his barb but instead had curled itself up there cozily. At the moment, the Geisels, who once kept twenty-five or thirty cats, have only one pet—an aging, wheezy Irish setter. Their home, though, is filled with Dr. Seuss animals—painted, carved into chair backs and chests of drawers, or sculptured by him out of any old objects that have come to hand, like shaving brushes—as well as with store-bought toy animals collected by his wife. As a wedding-anniversary present one year, she gave her husband a delicate life-size model of a cockroach. Geisel was touched, but professionally he shuns any animal that looks normal.

The animals that Geisel confects are anatomically absurd, as flexible and floppy-looking as rag dolls—or, indeed, as many children wish real pets were. "My animals look the way they do because I've never learned to draw," he explains. He does, in fact, draw very much like an untutored child; first he makes an outline of the creature he has in mind, and then he fills in the enclosed area with solid colors. In 1954, he appeared on a children's television program called "Excursion," in the course of which he attempted to demonstrate how different the same animal could look to different artists by having six young abstract painters render their impressions of a horse. Geisel did not enter this sweepstakes himself, but he commented sympathetically on the utterly dissimilar, and universally unnaturalistic, results. In private, Geisel is less indulgent toward much contemporary art. To spoof a friend who had pretensions as a collector, he once told him at length about a nonexistent abstract painter called Escorobus. "I have some of his finest works at home," Geisel said, "and he's given me permission to act as his agent in selling them." Then he went home and dashed off a wallful of Escorobuses. The friend came around to see them, and was reaching for his checkbook when Geisel owned up to the hoax. "That experience made me suspect that a lot of modern art is malarkey," Geisel says. "If I can do it myself, it can't be any good."

GEISEL'S father, Theodor Robert Geisel, is superintendent of the Springfield, Massachusetts, public-park system, and since his dominion includes a zoo, it is sometimes thought that his son's predilection for animals—one of Dr. Seuss's best-sellers is "If I Ran the Zoo"—is traceable back to boyhood. But the elder Geisel—a vigorous, ramrod-straight, silver-haired man of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Acts on the principle that Opposites Attract
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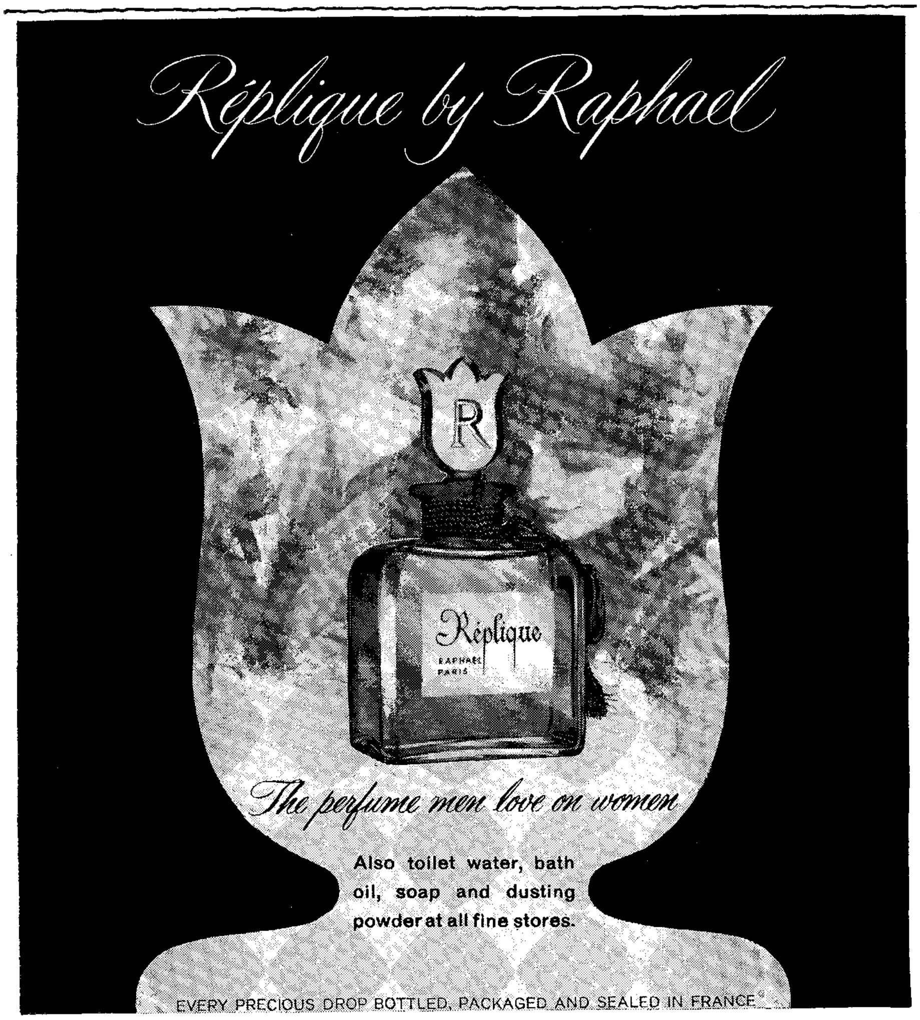

Réplique by Raphael

The perfume men love on women

Also toilet water, bath oil, soap and dusting powder at all fine stores.

EVERY PRECIOUS DROP BOTTLED, PACKAGED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

eighty-three—did not start running his zoo until his son had grown up; before that, he ran a Springfield brewery that *his* father had founded. (The brewery's original name was Kuhlmbach & Geisel, which in Springfield taverns was traditionally amended to "Come back and guzzle.") The younger Theodor was born on March 2, 1904. His forebears on both sides were German—his mother, Henrietta Seuss, who died in 1928, was the daughter of a Springfield baker—and he was raised in a *Turnverein* and *Schützverein* atmosphere. His father was an international rifle champion, and his mother was a crack shot, too; he is not. During the First World War, the Geisels, although they were by then pretty well Americanized and vociferously loyal, felt uneasy. Germans, brewers, marksmen—who wouldn't? Geisel attributes much of his present diffidence to an incident that took place when the Springfield Boy Scouts, himself among them, were competitively peddling thrift stamps and Liberty Bonds. His grandfather Geisel was so doggedly openhanded a customer that young Ted compiled the second-best sales record in town. The day came when the leading salesboys were to be awarded medals, and Theodore Roosevelt arrived in Springfield to do the honors. "We all put on our Scout uniforms and marched to City Hall," Geisel recalls, "and after Roosevelt had given a fiery speech, we lined up onstage to be decorated. But somebody had made a mistake, and there were ten boys and only nine medals. I happened to be tenth in line. When I stepped forward, with my whole family sitting proudly in the audience, all ready to applaud, Roosevelt had nothing to pin on me. He just stood there, nonplussed. Then a Scoutmaster ran up and said there had been a misunderstanding, and shoved me off the stage. I've had a dread of platform appearances ever since."

After finishing public high school in Springfield, Geisel entered Dartmouth with the class of 1925, which the present vice-president of the college has hailed—in no small measure because Dr. Seuss belongs to it—as Dartmouth's greatest class ever. (Some members of the class of '26 insist that they have a matching claim to fame, because their ranks include the composer of "Rudolph, the Red-nosed Reindeer.") Geisel became editor of the college humor magazine, the *Jack-o-Lantern*, to which he contributed reams of cartoons, many of them involving bizarre animals. It was standard undergraduate fare; one car-

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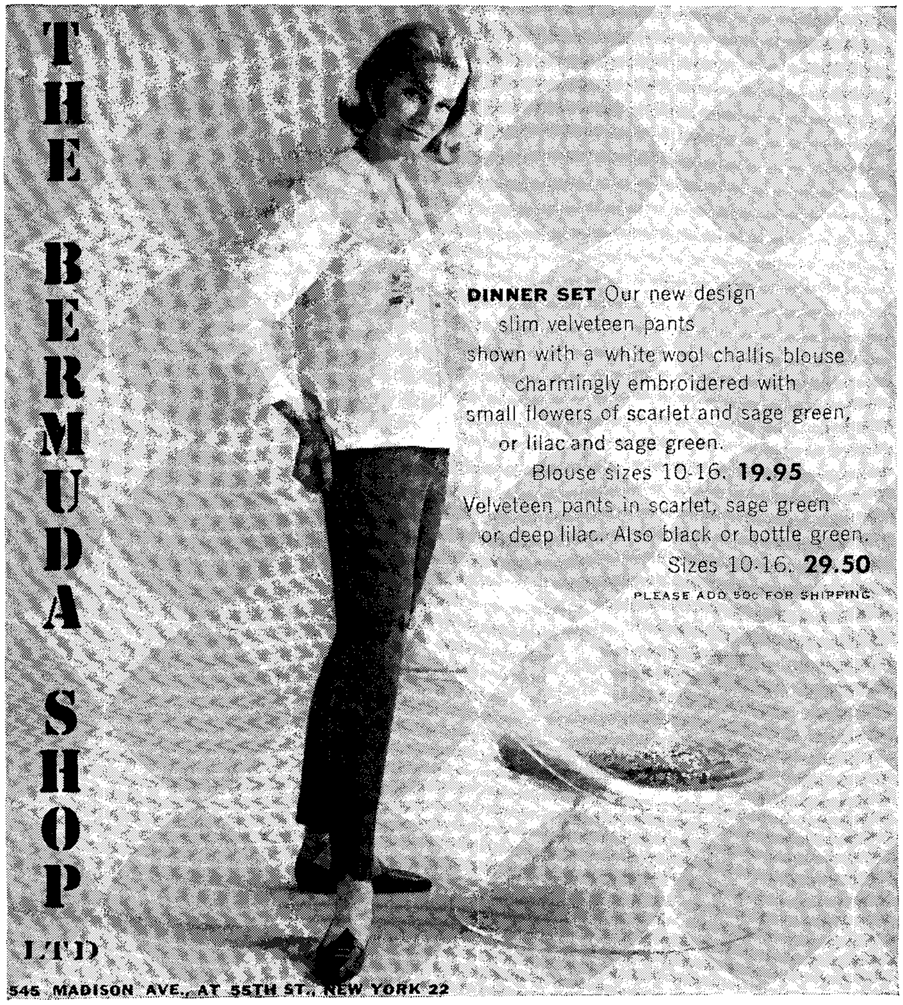

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slim velveteen pants
shown with a white wool challis blouse
charmingly embroidered with
small flowers of scarlet and sage green,
or lilac and sage green.
Blouse sizes 10-16. **19.95**
Velveteen pants in scarlet, sage green
or deep lilac. Also black or bottle green.
Sizes 10-16. **29.50**
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toon, captioned "Financial Note: Goat Milk Is Higher Than Ever," showed a female mountain goat with her forefeet and her hind feet on two uneven peaks, which raised her udder above her head. Geisel's editorship of the magazine gave him the status of a big man on campus, and he has been a big man there ever since. He has even judged a beauty-queen contest at the Dartmouth Winter Carnival. Whenever the Geisels come East nowadays, they try to fit in a visit to Dartmouth. The college library has a complete set of Dr. Seuss's works, and now and then, in an avuncular mood, it puts them on display. In the archives of the library are manuscripts by Sinclair Lewis, Booth Tarkington, and Robert Frost, and also the manuscript of Dr. Seuss's "The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins." In 1955, Dartmouth legitimized Dr. Seuss's title by making Geisel an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters. His citation, composed by the president of the college, Dr. John S. Dickey, read, in part, "You singlehandedly have stood as St. George between a generation of exhausted parents and the demon dragon of unexhausted children on a rainy day." Dartmouth's affection for Geisel '25 has been handsomely reciprocated by his for his alma mater. When he was asked to contribute to a building-fund drive a few years ago, he replied offhandedly that he was leaving Dartmouth a little something in his will. The little something proved to be the copyrights on most of his books. The income from a couple of others is earmarked, through a foundation the Geisels have established, for the San Diego Fine Arts Gallery, of which he is a trustee. But Dartmouth will inherit a large portion of his royalties, and its share of them, twenty or thirty years hence, may very well amount to a quarter of a million dollars a year—the equivalent in income of a six-million-dollar endowment. Dartmouth's promised legacy was endangered in the summer of 1958, when the Geisels paid an off-season visit to Hanover. Some faculty members who were there cooked up a surprise for Geisel. They had eighty children dress up as characters from his books and serenade him one morning, following which he was dragged onto the folded-down top of an ancient Packard phaeton and driven four times around the campus, while sticky-fingered urchins swarmed lovingly all over him. Geisel, though aware that this accolade had sprung from the best of intentions, was so shaken by it that he was tempted to call his lawyer and have his will redrawn. But he soon

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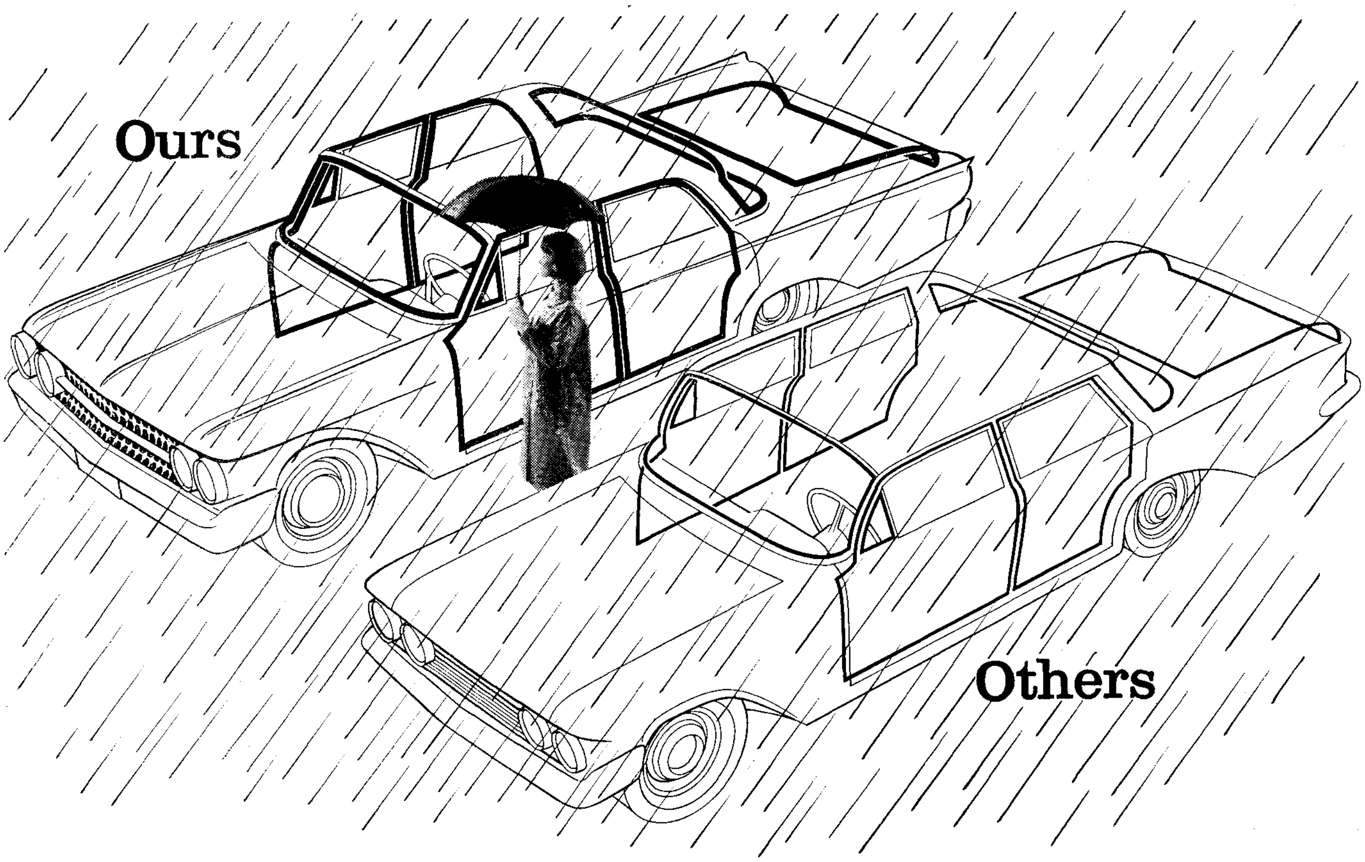

There's more rubber weather sealing in the Ford Family of Fine Cars

Passengers in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are especially well protected against all kinds of weather and driving conditions. Doors and windows have more rubber weather sealing than competitive cars. Water, cold air and dust are sealed out. Interiors remain dry and comfortable.

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The bodies of our cars are stronger. The doors, for example, are braced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter. It also means that they are less subject to distortion, thus reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

If you compare door latches, you will see that in our cars they are bigger and heavier than door latches in other cars. This makes for a tighter, stronger grip, reducing the possibility of doors springing open under impact. Statistics show that passengers who remain inside the car in an accident are twice as safe.

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Rubber body mounts are used to seal out road and engine noise. They prevent it from being transmitted into the car. The more rubber body mounts there are, the more effective the sound barrier. With more rubber body mounts in our cars, the result is a remarkably quiet ride.

Also adding to the silence of the ride in the Ford Family of Fine Cars is the extra sound insulation. We use more than other manufacturers use in comparable cars. In the Mercury, for instance, we use over 65 pounds of sound and weather insulation.

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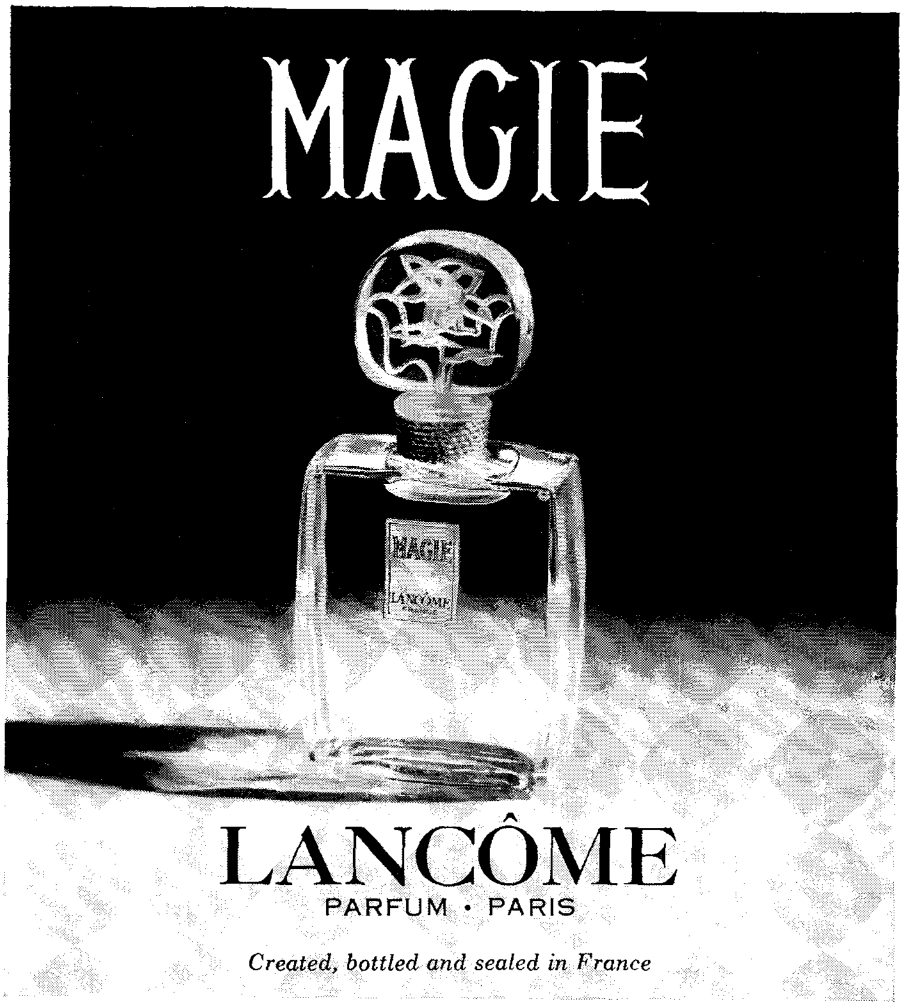
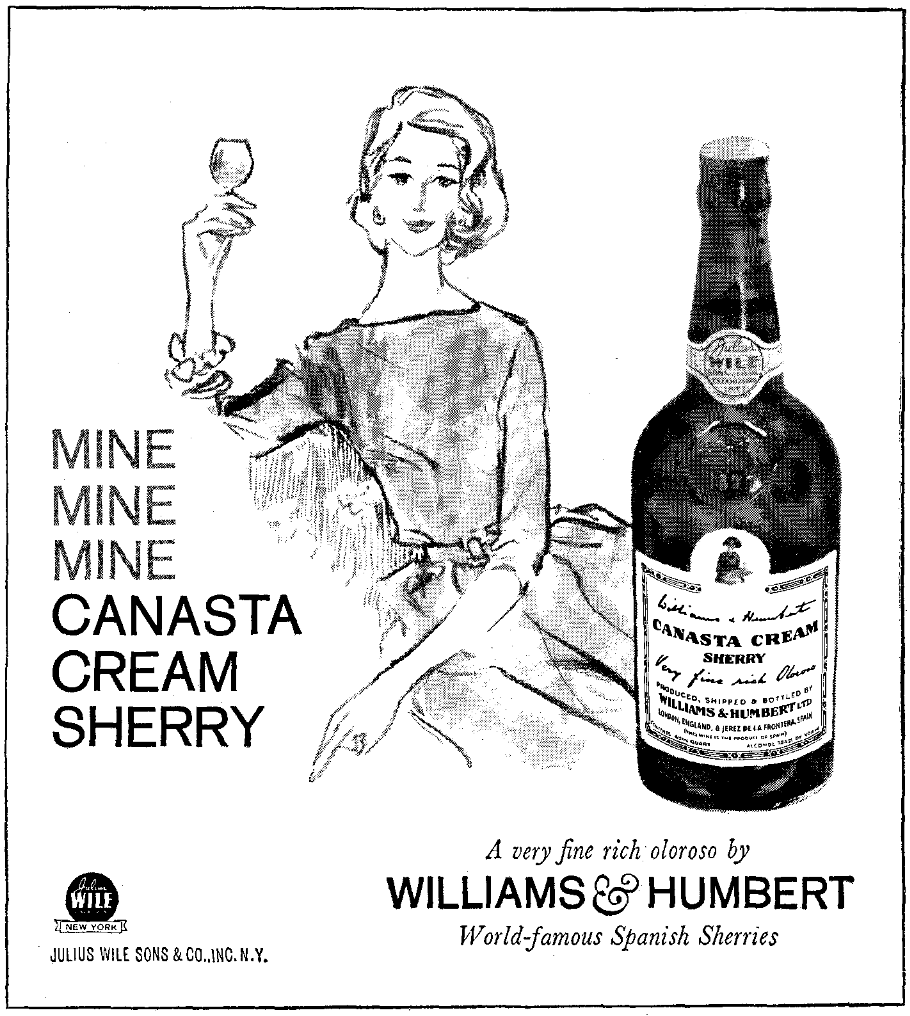


MAGIE

LANCÔME
PARFUM • PARIS

Created, bottled and sealed in France



MINE
MINE
MINE
CANASTA
CREAM
SHERRY

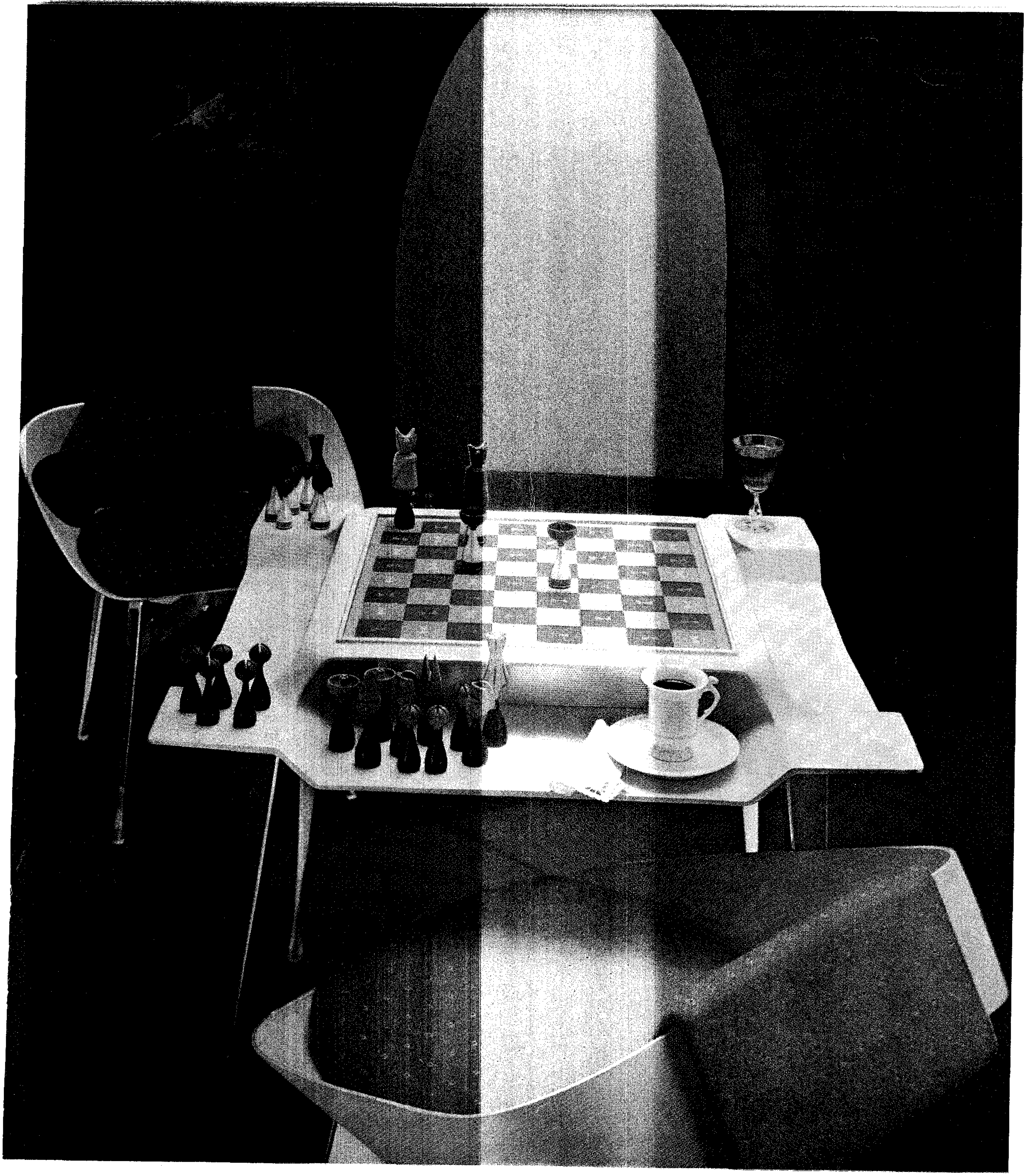
A very fine rich oloroso by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
World-famous Spanish Sherries

Julius WILE
NEW YORK
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC. N.Y.

calmed down, and now he is as true-blue, or true-green, as ever. "Dartmouth will always be Number One for me," he has since said.

On receiving his bachelor's degree, Geisel thought he might like to go into teaching. He had somehow given his father the impression that he was in line for a fellowship in English literature at Oxford, and Geisel *père* had elatedly spread word of this around Springfield. Nothing of the sort came to pass, so Mr. Geisel offered to stake his son to a graduate course at Oxford anyway. Arriving at Lincoln College, young Geisel was miserable. The weather was dank, and, what was worse, he quickly decided that by comparison with his fellow-matriculants he was appallingly ignorant. Helen Palmer, a Wellesley graduate, had entered Oxford a year before him, and she, too, was in the dumps. An American Rhodes Scholar there, Joseph Sagmaster, who knew and pitied both of them, thought that misery deserved company, and introduced them in his rooms one afternoon over anchovy toast. Students at Oxford were not allowed motorcycles, but Geisel acquired one anyway. In the hope of avoiding detection, he passed himself off as a poultrymonger, a disguise he effected by always carrying two plucked ducks in a basket wired to his vehicle. Geisel proposed to Miss Palmer while they were both aboard this sputtering prop, and at the instant of her consent the machine went out of control and hurled them into a ditch. They were superficially bruised, but they were engaged. In the judgment of Sagmaster, who became an editorial writer in Cincinnati, and to whose family Dr. Seuss's "Yertle the Turtle" has been appreciatively dedicated, bringing the Geisels together was "the happiest inspiration I've ever had." The Geisels, who do a lot of travelling, still nostalgically go back to Oxford every so often. When Mrs. Geisel was a student there, she lived in a boarding house and bathed in a tub under a window that she could not, and her landlady would not, close. Thirty years later, the Geisels were in London, and he suggested impulsively one morning, "Let's go up to Oxford and see if that window is still open." They took the next train, found that it was, and took the next train back.

Geisel's friends at Oxford were aware that he much preferred drawing pictures to mastering the prescribed curriculum. Miss Palmer kept urging him to give up the academic life for the artistic, but he hesitated. He had already had one galling rebuff. The Ox-



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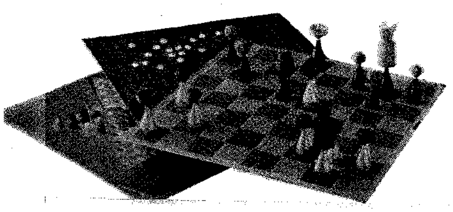
FORECAST: *There's a world of aluminum in the wonderful world of tomorrow* . . . where you will furnish your home for elegant fun with aluminum . . . aluminum that takes so many colors and shapes it turns a table and chairs into an endlessly versatile game center . . . aluminum that can be enameled, brushed, anodized, cast, forged, stamped or extruded in as many moods as there are moves on a chessboard. Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh.



ALCOA ALUMINUM

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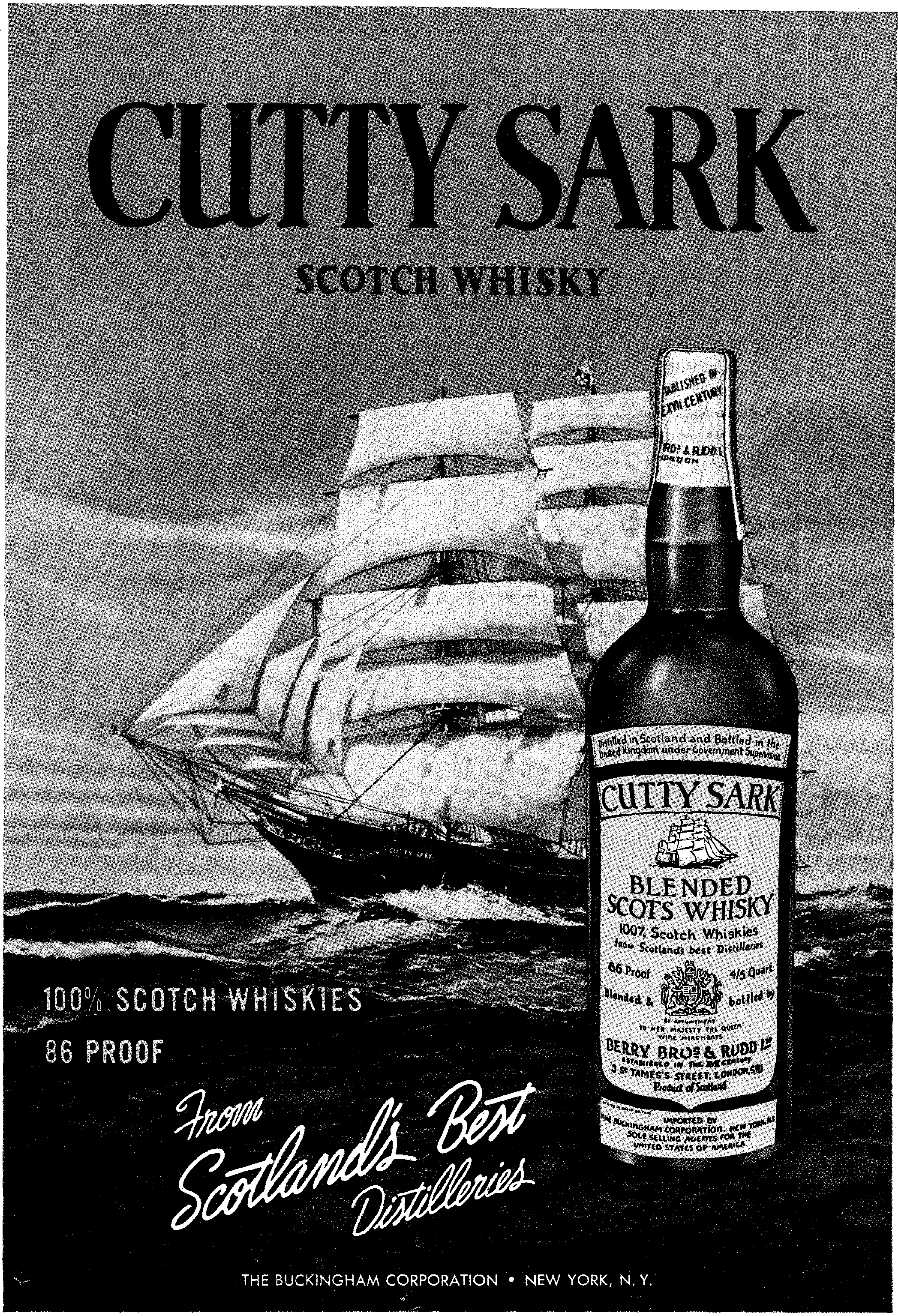

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SCOTCH WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

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BERRY BROS & RUDD LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
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SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ford University Press had responded with dismaying chilliness to his proposal that he illustrate, and it publish, a new edition of "Paradise Lost." (It was his plan—and this alone may well have prompted the rejection—to show the Archangel Uriel sliding down a sunbeam with a long-necked oilcan in his hand, to slick his passage.) Geisel got even by leaving Oxford after one year and going to the University of Vienna, where he thought he might have a fling at studying nineteenth-century German drama. He couldn't find anyone there who taught it, so he backtracked to the Sorbonne, where he called on a Jonathan Swift specialist whose name had been given him by an Oxford don. The Swift man welcomed him warmly and outlined what he thought was a bang-up subject for a doctoral thesis. His notion was that Geisel should explore the only period of Swift's life, barring infancy, when he was not known to have written a single word—a stretch of several months in his teens. Though flattered at being thought capable of handling this scholarly opportunity, Geisel regarded it as depressingly negative in scope, and forthwith abandoned formal education for good. He took a cattle boat to Corsica, where he wrote a novel that has never been published, and then went to Italy. In November, 1927, he came home and married Miss Palmer, in New Jersey.

The Geisels had decided to get married on the strength of his having sold a couple of cartoons to *Judge*. He signed them "Dr. Seuss," feeling that he should save his patronym for more exalted artistic accomplishments and throwing in the title to give flair to the pseudonym. Over the next few years, he turned out a stream of cartoons and prose for *Judge* and for such other magazines as *College Humor*, *Liberty*, *Vanity Fair*, and the old *Life*. He made enough money to live in a Park Avenue apartment, where he produced, gratis, some of his most imaginative drawings for the customers of a neighborhood fish market that had a phone number differing from his by just one digit. On receiving a telephoned order for, say, two pounds of haddock, Geisel would obligingly draw a two-pound haddock, or what seemed to him a two-pound haddock, on an old shirt cardboard, and send it around to the customer.

For *Judge*, one week, Geisel did a cartoon showing a huge beast nuzzling a bed on which lay a knight in armor. The caption went, "Mediaeval tenant: 'Darn it all, another Dragon. And just

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From the best name in all-weather coats and rainwear...

Alligator®

All-weather coats

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there's
that
woman again
in a
Dalton
knitted dress

Dalton's "Grenadine" wool
is knitted into a beautiful
shirtwaist classic . . . elegant
simplicity combined with
flawless fit . . . a fly-front closing
and twin pockets serving
as the only ornamentation.

Also makers of JAMES KENROB sportswear.
Write Dalton of America, 1407 Broadway,
New York City . . . or Cleveland 3, Ohio

after I'd sprayed the whole castle with Flit!' " A toss of a coin had impelled Geisel to make it Flit instead of Fly-Tox, another insecticide of the day, and it was a lucky toss, for the wife of a Flit advertising man picked up a copy of that *Judge* in a beauty parlor, and the next thing Geisel knew, he was under contract to do Flit ads. The famous "Quick, Henry! The Flit!" was the outcome. Actually, Geisel's line for the first ad was "Quick, Mama! The Flit!," and it accompanied a drawing of a cave boy clutched in a dinosaur's jaws. Geisel did cartoons for Flit for seventeen years, varying his basic caption only occasionally, for the purpose of having, say, a bug-beset whale cry to a passenger in *its* jaws, "Quick, Jonah! The Flit!"

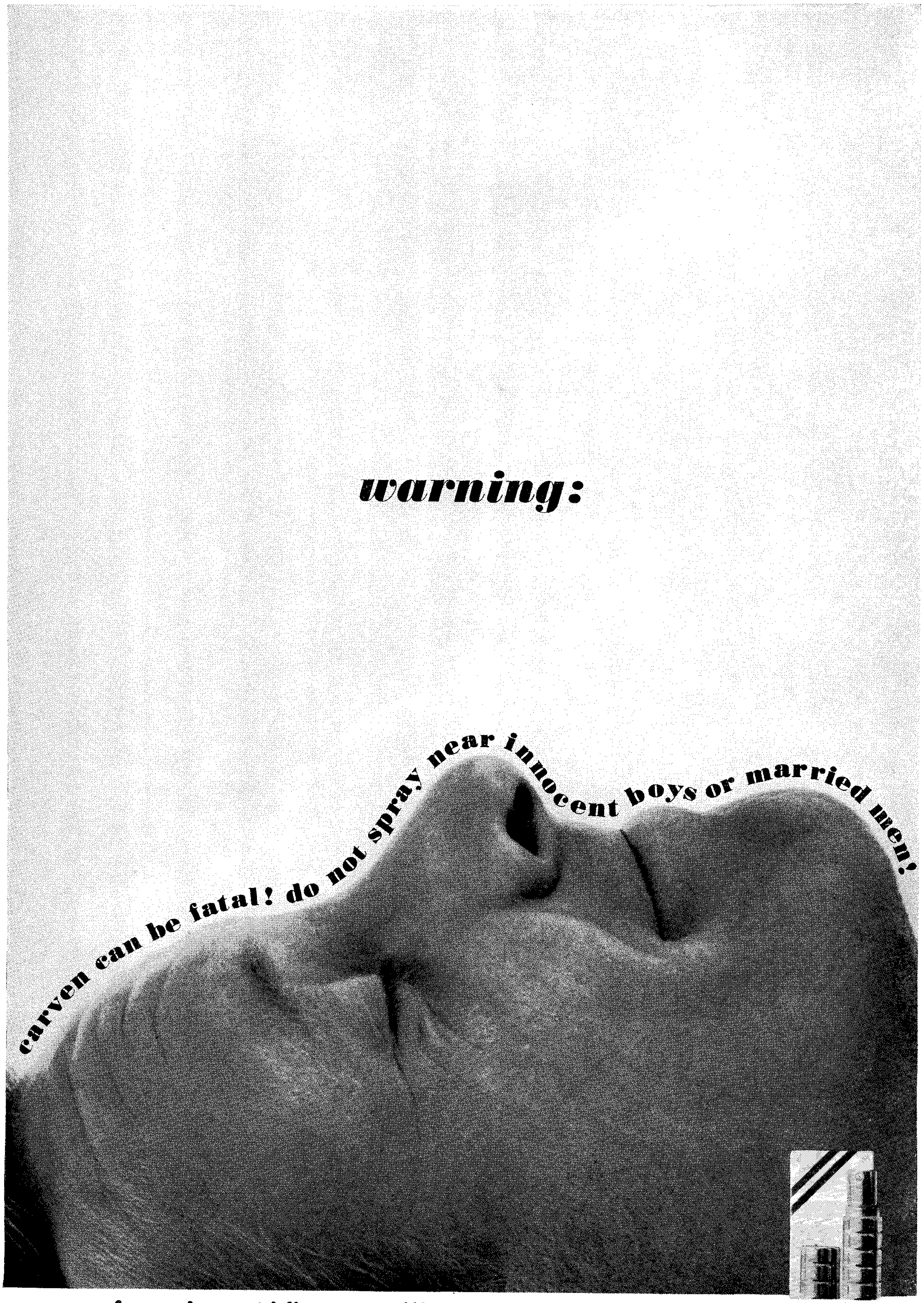
The firm that made Flit was a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey (the only cartoon-ad idea that did not originate with Geisel or his wife was submitted by the first Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and while he can't remember what it was, he recalls that it was droll), and every now and then he would be farmed out to another subsidiary, like the Essomarine fuel outfit. In this connection, he presided over a celebrated publicity stunt of the thirties—the Seuss Navy. The idea was spawned at the 1936 Motor Boat Show, and enrollment in the Navy was at first limited to owners of boats with inboard motors. Later, gossip columnists got in, some of them landlubbers. Every member was an admiral except Dr. Seuss, who was Admiral-in-Chief, and by 1940, when his Navy no longer seemed quite so funny, and petered out, it boasted a couple of thousand admirals. Its burgee was a Geisel-designed herring, mostly bones, and its official seal was a flippered seal. Annually, at Motor Boat Show time, Essomarine picked up the tab for a Seuss Navy banquet, attended by nearly a thousand admirals, whom Geisel would sonorously lead in an oath of allegiance to Mother Neptune—a mermaidlike creature he had rigged up out of a dressmaker's dummy and a fishtail. "The Seuss Navy was a rather corny outfit," Geisel says now.

Geisel has toiled on many advertising campaigns over the years. For another Standard Oil offshoot, he created a series of bloodcurdling, or engine-curdling, monsters who roamed the nation's billboards—the Moto-Raspus, the Zerodoccus, the Moto-Munchus, the Karbo-Nockus, and the Oilio-Gobelus. Geisel did his last billboard job in 1956. In that year, the La Jolla Town Council—of which he was, and still is, an active and conscientious member—issued

there's
that
woman again
in a
Dalton
ensemble

MELISSA, a pure cashmere
cardigan in blazer form
with a hand-embroidered
anchor on its pocket . . .
button coordinated to a
doeskin flannel skirt
and colour-mated to a
pure silk shirt.

Also makers of JAMES KENROB sportswear.
Write Dalton of America, 1407 Broadway,
New York City . . . or Cleveland 3, Ohio



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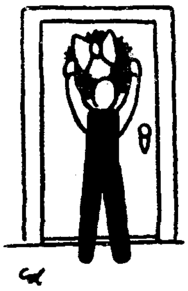
a pamphlet, written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss, that merrily lambasted all billboards. It was an account of the rivalry of two Neanderthal business establishments—Guss's Guss-ma-Tuss and Zaxx's Zaxx-ma-Taxx—and it concluded with these lines:

And, thus between them, with impunity
They loused up the entire community.
Sign after sign, after sign, until
Their property values slumped to nil.
And even the dinosaurs moved away
From that messed-up spot in the U.S.A.
Which is why our businessmen never shall
Allow such to happen in La Jolla, Cal.

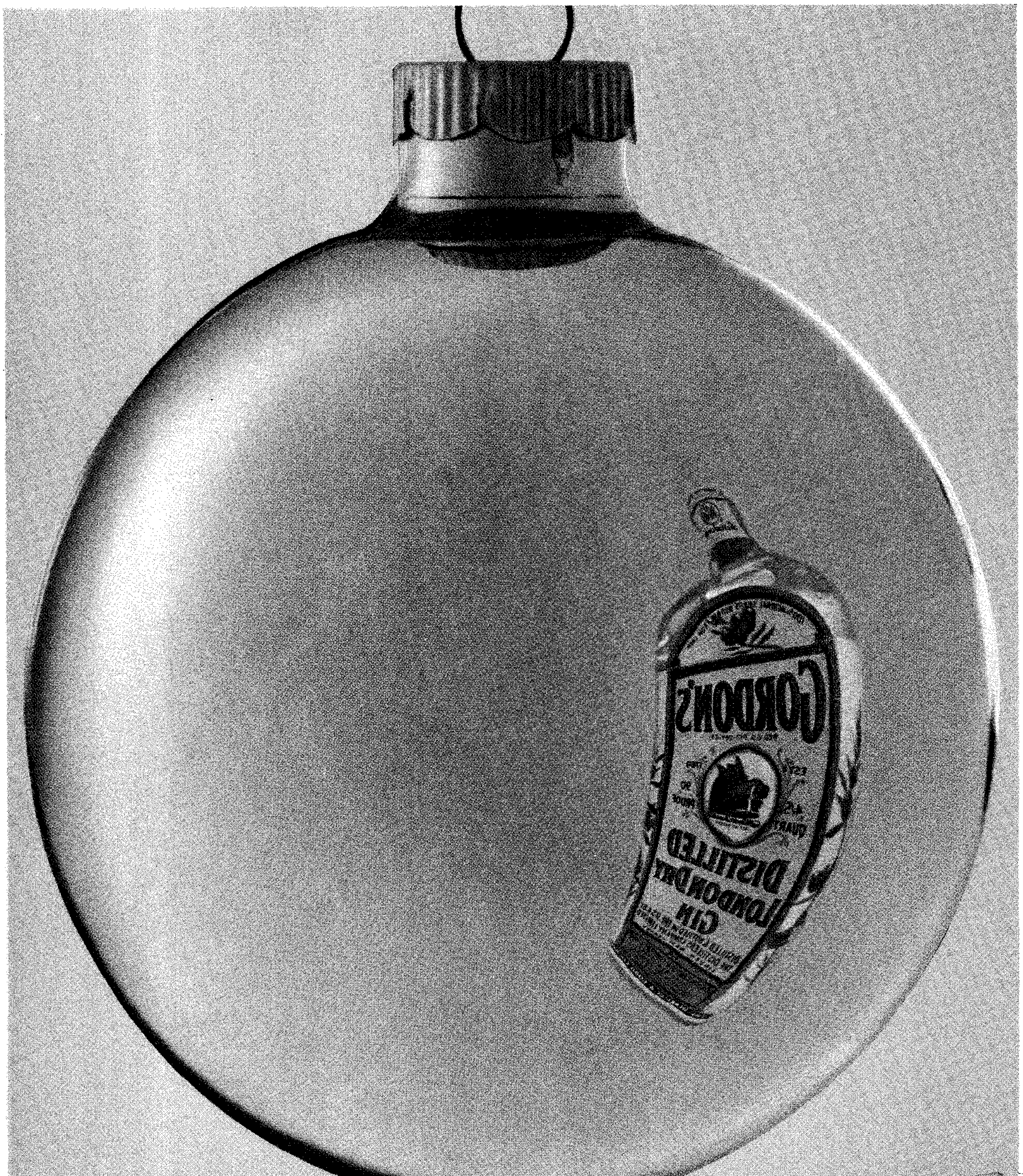
On reading this, Geisel's current billboard sponsor abruptly terminated his contract.

GEISEL frequently says that his life has been a series of accidents, and it was pretty much accidental that he began writing books in the first place. Back in 1931, during his *Judge* and Esso days, the Viking Press asked him to illustrate, for a modest flat fee, a collection of schoolboys' howlers that was to be brought out under the title "Boners." The book and a sequel, "More Boners," did very well, and Geisel looked on with envy as the author's royalties piled up. "I suddenly realized there was no sense in just illustrating books," he says. The following year, he wrote an ABC book, which consisted mainly of pictures of wacky animals of the kind that populate most of his books—a long-necked whizzleworp, for example, and a green-striped cholmondelet. Nobody was interested in publishing the book, but Dartmouth consolingly exhibited the manuscript. "The idea is obviously an excellent one," an undergraduate critic commented in a campus publication, "but if juvenile impressions are as important as the child psychologists say they are, it is interesting to consider the strange new neuroses which such pictures could bring about."



Geisel shied away from trying another children's book for four years. Then, in 1936, while returning from a European trip, he became mesmerized, as he tells the tale, by the rhythm of the ship's engines. "Da da *da* da de *dum* dum de *da* de de *da*," it went. To be sure, he could have come up with the identical rhythm merely by reciting "'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house," but one cannot anticipate inspiration. The words that seemed to him to fit his magic metre most neatly were "And to think that I saw it on Mulberry Street," and within a few months he had written and illustrated a book with that title. A score of publishers rejected it. Then, one morning, while walking, manuscript in hand, along Madison Avenue, a byway to which his advertising stints often summoned him, he bumped into a Dartmouth contemporary, Marshall McClintock, who the day before had given the class of '26 an upward nudge by becoming juvenile editor of the Vanguard Press, and who was aprowl for something to edit. Never did supply and demand more fortuitously collide. "Mulberry Street" has to do with a boy named Marco who, on the way home from school, sees an ordinary horse and wagon and progressively enlarges his recollection of them until his fancy has soared to rarefied descriptive heights. The book has gone through fifteen editions, totalling a hundred and twenty thousand copies; it has been read or dramatized on radio more than a hundred times; and it has been used in a fiction-writing course at N.Y.U. to illustrate what the instructor in charge called "the principle of intensification." Deems Taylor based what he called "a set of variations for orchestra" on it, and in 1943 the New York Philharmonic played the piece at Carnegie Hall.

Since "Mulberry Street," Geisel has had just about every triumph conceivable for a writer of children's books except one—he is largely without honor outside of his own country. It may have been easy for Deems Taylor to convert "Mulberry Street" into music, but there have been obvious difficulties in translating the bulk of Dr. Seuss's work—most of which not only rhymes but deals with creatures called Nizzards, Ziffs, Zuffs, and Ham-ikka-Schnim-ikka-Schnam-ikka-Schnopps—into foreign languages. In Polish, for instance, a cat in a hat becomes a *kot w kapeluszu*, and a drum-tummied snumm a *brzuchaty snumm*—there evidently being no Polish word for "snumm." In "The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins," Geisel, who likes hats and once collected them, had some magicians chanting, "Winkibus, Tinkibus, Fotichee, Klay! Hat on this demon's head, fly far away!" The Japanese translation of this book omitted the passage entirely. In Germany, a translator came up with "*Winkibus, Pinkibus, Lupf um die Eck. Hut von dem Hexerich, Fliege weit weg!*" The chant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"Snowfield," four-year-old Morgan Stallion in Northern Vermont —Photo by Mark Shaw

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hasn't yet been tried in Poland. A few Dr. Seuss books have been published in England, but they haven't done especially well there. One reason may be the British have no word for "snumm," either.

Geisel is a high-principled man, and most of his books have a moral—usually served up, like children's medicine, in mild and palatable doses. In his books, might never makes right, the meek inherit the earth, and pride frequently goeth before a fall—usually a pratfall. When his "Horton Hears a Who!" came out, in 1954, the *Times* called it "probably the most moral tale since the first 'Elsie Dinsmore,' " and the Des Moines *Register* characterized it as "a rhymed lesson in protection of minorities and their rights." The hero, Horton, is an elephant who takes it upon himself, in the face of considerable scoffing, to champion the cause of a colony of Whos, microscopic creatures who inhabit a grain of dust. "A person's a person, no matter how small," Horton declares. In 1940, Geisel was working on an earlier Horton book, "Horton Hatches the Egg" (in this one Horton dutifully sits on an abandoned egg in a bird's nest until, as a reward for his patience, he hatches a winged infant with the head of an elephant), when Paris fell to the Nazis. With Europe in turmoil and this country, to Geisel's way of thinking, misguidedly complacent, he could not stick to the writing of children's books, and instead began drawing cartoons that hit out at American isolationists. He was unable to find any newspaper publisher who felt that his political views needed airing until he ran into Virginia Vanderlip Schoales, an old friend, who was working on *PM*. Mrs. Schoales introduced him to Ralph Ingersoll, the editor of the paper, and Geisel at once became *PM's* editorial cartoonist.

While *PM's* stated philosophy—that it was against people who pushed other people around—tied in very aptly with Horton's view that a person's a person regardless of size, some of Geisel's friends, aware that he was then living on Park Avenue and that his major patron was Standard Oil, thought Ingersoll's up-the-rebels journal an odd haven for him to have sailed into. (Actually, he was a no more incongruous figure there than Ingersoll himself, whose blood is very blue, or than Mrs. Schoales, the daughter of a bank president and the wife of a Morgan Stanley partner.) Geisel's contributions to *PM*, like nearly everything else in that now defunct paper, were dead serious. He

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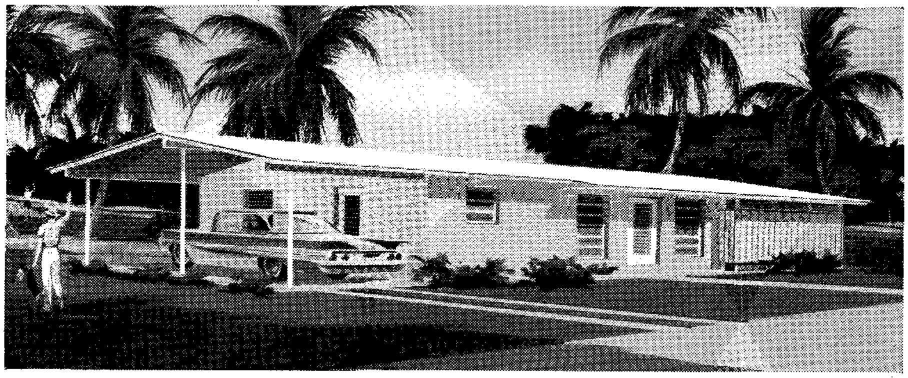

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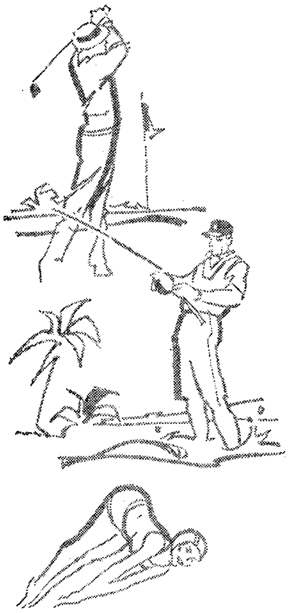

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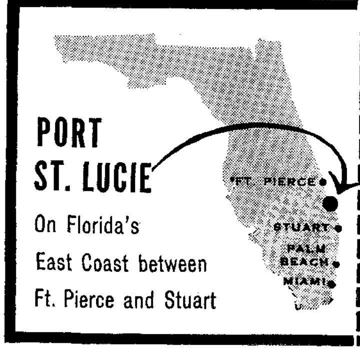

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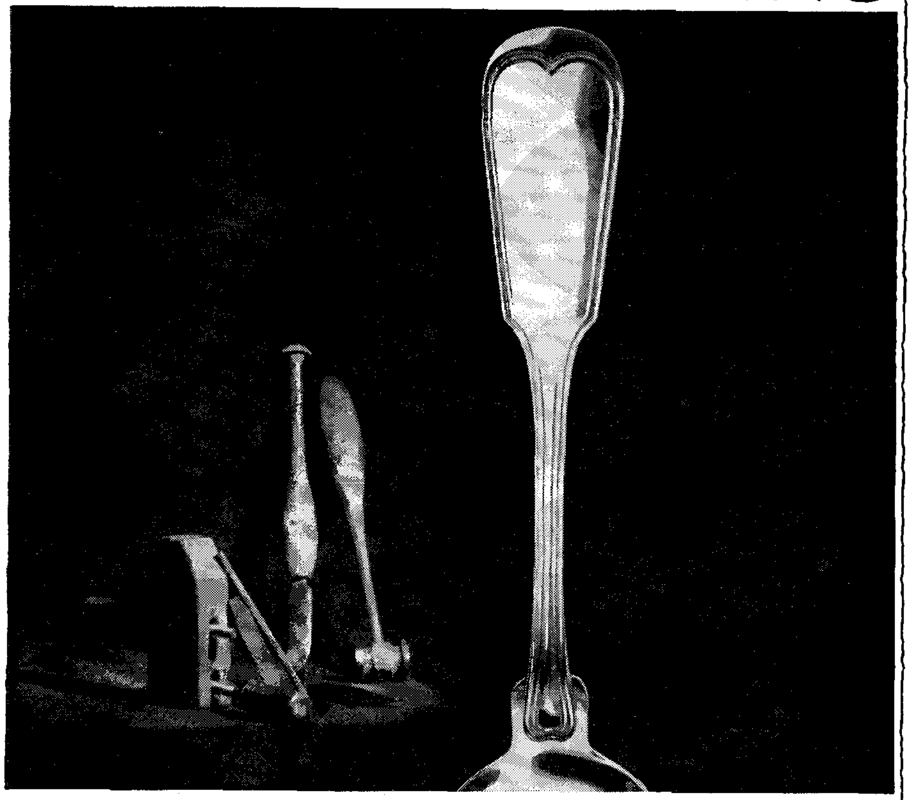

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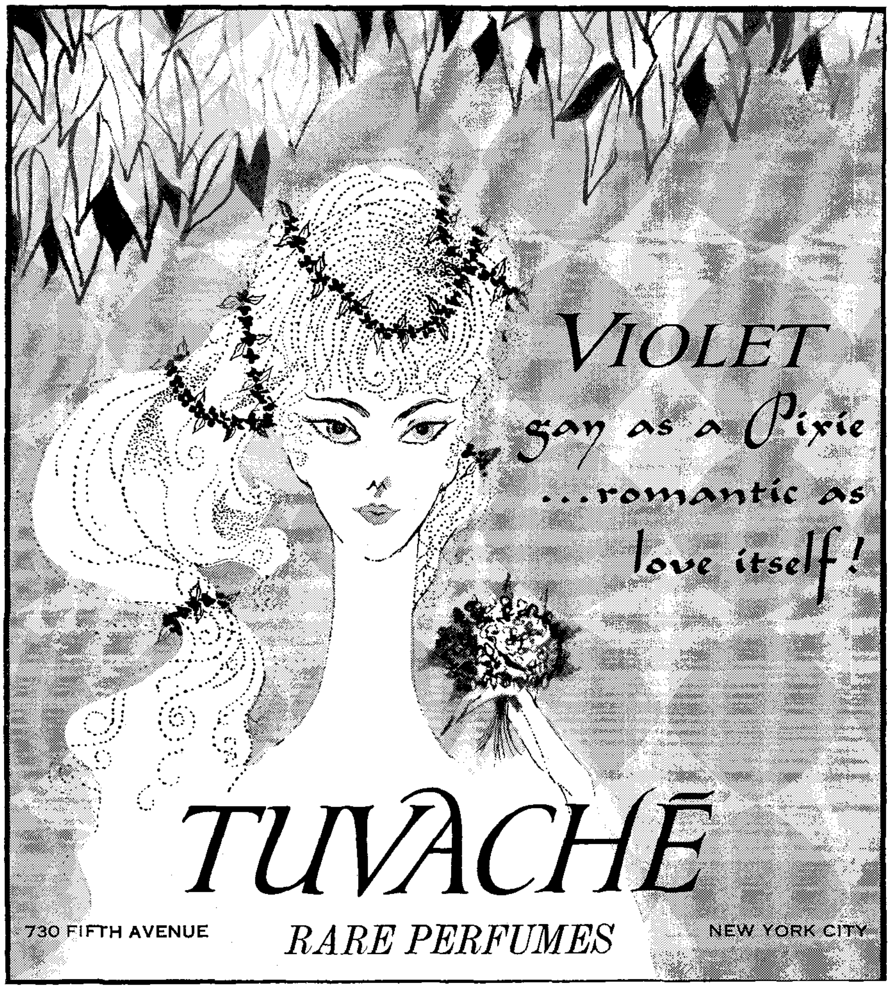

730 FIFTH AVENUE
RARE PERFUMES
NEW YORK CITY

portrayed Pierre Laval as a louse on Hitler's finger, and, for once drawing a reasonably recognizable animal, the archetypal Nazi as a particularly close-to-the-ground dachshund. This provoked so many protests from hundred-per-cent-American dachshund fanciers that he resolved never again to compete, artistically, with photographers and taxidermists. He depicted the America First Committee and the Nazi Party as Siamese twins linked by a straggly beard. This provoked some threats of a boycott against Standard Oil by a few irate isolationist customers, who thought the company's right-hand advertising man was straying too far left.

Geisel did three cartoons a week for *PM* and occasional drawings for the Treasury Department, the War Production Board, and Nelson Rockefeller's Committee on Inter-American Affairs, but after the United States got into the war, he felt so out of the main current of events that at the end of 1942 he decided to join the armed forces. He was presently stationed in California, as an Army captain attached to Frank Capra's celebrated wartime documentary-film-making unit, for which he wrote and directed scripts calculated to elevate G.I. morals and morale. In the fall of 1944, Geisel was shipped to Europe for a spell, in connection with his film work, and at General Omar Bradley's headquarters in Luxembourg, he ran into Ingersoll, by then a lieutenant colonel. Ingersoll said he supposed that Geisel, like most Stateside tourists, would like to have a peek at some actual fighting while he was in the area—without, of course, getting too dangerously exposed. Unfolding a top-secret map, he studied it carefully and circled "Bastogne." Then he summoned a jeep and urged Geisel to ride on up there and take in the sights. Geisel was trapped for three days in the Battle of the Bulge, eventually being rescued by the British. "Nobody came along and put up a sign saying, 'This is the Battle of the Bulge,' " he explained later. "How was I supposed to know? I thought the fact that we didn't seem to be able to find any friendly troops in any direction was just one of the normal occurrences of combat."

After Allied soldiers crossed the Rhine, Geisel had the task of lugging around an indoctrination film he'd worked on for future American occupation troops, with instructions to show it to generals in the field and obtain their imprimatur. The picture was a strong sermon against fraternization, and one

Assuming they own a solid gold Cadillac . . . a mink for every day in the week . . . and oceans of fabled Oriental pearls . . . there is still one thing you can give them to match their matchless treasures . . .

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These new all-plastic wonders can't chip, crack, or peel. They last virtually forever . . . *outlast over 500 decks of ordinary playing cards.* Toss them into your automatic washer . . . they come out sparkling like new. And they cost only $10 for a set of 2 decks in a handsome presentation case.

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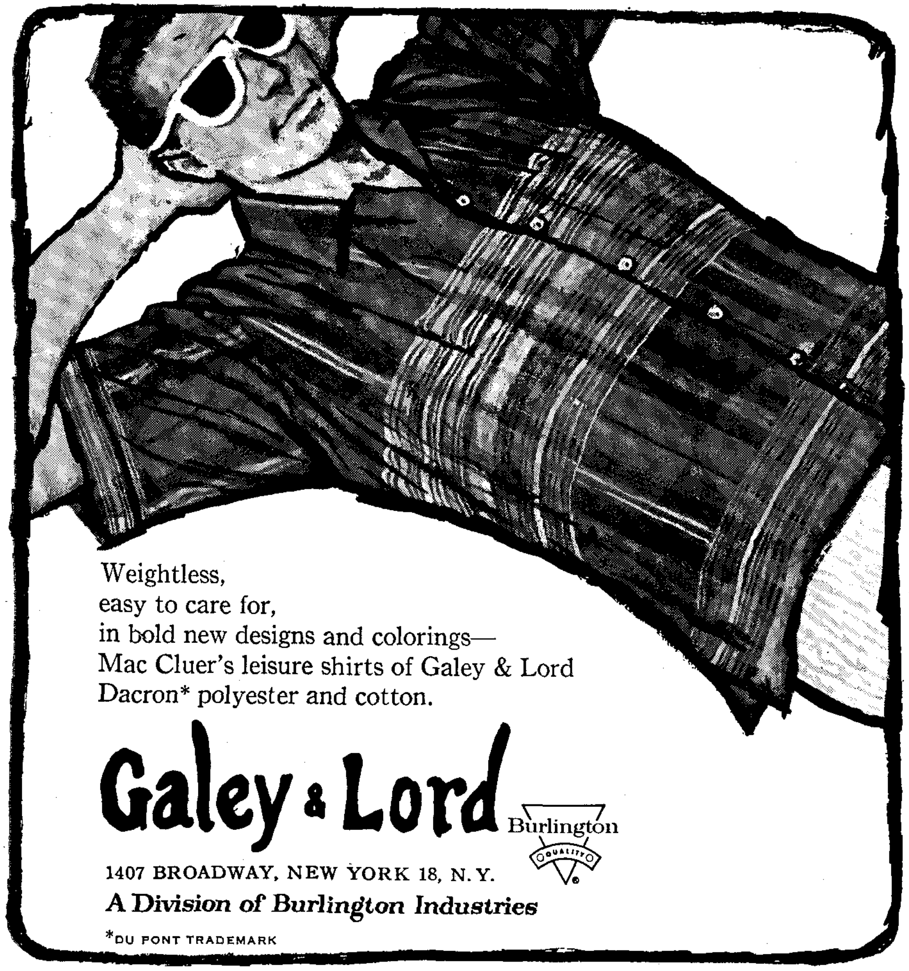

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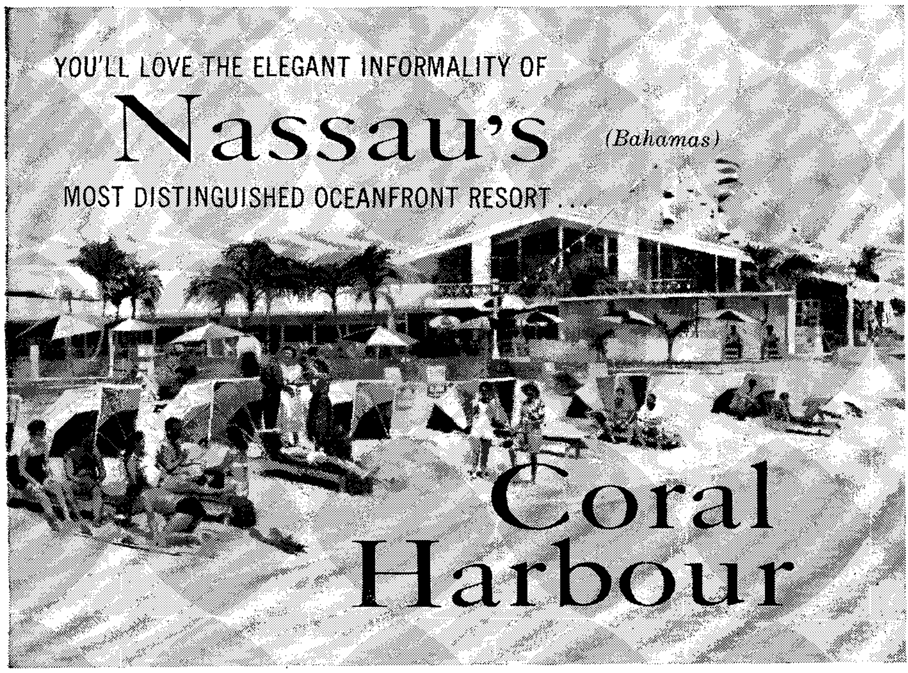

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point it kept hammering home was that *in no circumstances* should an American military man shake the hand of a German. (The ending of the finished product was somewhat tamer than the one Geisel had proposed, in which he had a War Department narrator saying, "Just be a good soldier. Leave all the bungling to the State Department.") One Army headquarters at which he paused with his can of anti-handshake film was in a captured German city, and he was invited to accompany some staff officers to a municipal reception. Geisel, by then a major, was under orders not to let the film out of his sight, and he dutifully carried it to the party, where he shortly found himself at the tail end of a line of officers being greeted, with ceremonious handshakes, by their German hosts. As he moved forward, he ruefully shifted his burden from his right hand to his left so that he could follow the leader.

Shortly before the first atomic bomb was exploded, Geisel returned to California, where he was ordered to come up with another film for postwar occupation troops—one that would keep them on the alert by reminding them that inattention could lead to a third world war. "Make that third war a real doozy, Geisel," he was told. Seeking inspiration, he leafed through the magazine section of a recent Sunday *Times*, where his eye was caught by an article suggesting that there was enough latent energy in a tumbler of water, if man could ever figure out a way of harnessing it, to blow up half the earth. Without further ado, or further research, Geisel knocked out the draft of a script suggesting the possibility of unimaginably devastating explosions, and passed it along to his superiors. Two days later, the Pentagon was on the phone, urgently asking where he'd got his facts.

"From the *Times*," he replied.

"Burn your source of information, Geisel," came the command.

"Burn the *Times*?" he asked.

"Yes, and report by phone as soon as you've carried out your orders," he was told.

"I had long since thrown away the copy of the paper in question," Geisel recalls, "but I wanted to be a good soldier, so I rushed my most reliable sergeant to an out-of-town news dealer, and he bought me a copy of the latest *Times*. We put it in a metal bucket and all marched out into a courtyard and stood in formation and gave the Boy Scout salute while a trusted lieutenant lit a match to it. Then I called Washington and said, 'Mission accomplished,

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Merry Christmas!
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WITH THE
3 REAL BLADES

Nothing shaves like a blade—

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THE NEW Sunbeam Shavemaster introduces a basic new design that gives you a closer, smoother, more comfortable shave than any electric ever could before. This new Sunbeam shaves you with real blades.

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Sunbeam Corporation, Chicago 50, Ill. Canada: Toronto 18. *Sunbeam, Shavemaster sir. We have burned the *Times*.' 'Well done, Geisel,' I was told, and then they went on with the war."

MUSTERED out, as a lieutenant colonel, early in 1946, Geisel proceeded to divide his time for several years between children's books and motion pictures. With his wife, he wrote a documentary film about Japan, "Design for Death," which won an Oscar in 1947, but which soured its authors on Hollywood values. The object of the picture was to show that the Japanese were at heart not much different from any other human beings ("A person's a person, no matter how small"), and that they had allowed themselves to be dominated by a gang of ruthless leaders. One sequence, of which both Geisels were particularly fond, as illustrative of the serenity of Japanese culture, was devoted to sixteenth-century Japan. No actors were involved—just fog and water, with a muted tone poem as the musical background. While looking at some rushes one evening, the Geisels were horrified to discover that one of the producers had livened up this tranquil stretch with shots of American tanks barrelling through a crowd of shrieking Japanese. The producer refused to delete the tanks, on the ground that, anachronism or no anachronism, they gave the dreary old century some vitality. Just before the picture was released, the Geisels sneaked into a cutting room and, abetted by a film editor, snipped out the lively footage. The producer had the last word, though. Weeks later, when the Geisels passed a theatre where the film was playing, they found it advertised with posters that showed terrified white women in ripped chemises being carted off in cages by transparently ill-intentioned Japanese soldiers.

On his own, Geisel invented the movie-cartoon character Gerald McBoing-Boing, whose adventures also won an Oscar, and he not only conceived but wrote the scenario and designed the sets and costumes for a full-length screen musical with live actors, called "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." This was a fantasy about a whipcrack-

Perfect way to pamper her at Christmas

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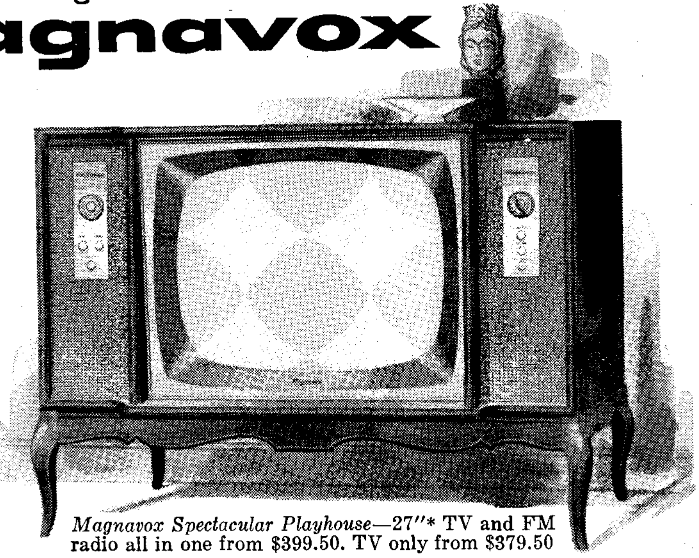

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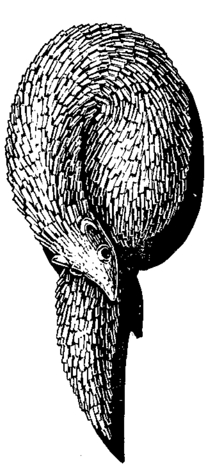
ing music teacher, Dr. Terwilliker, who made five hundred boys practice their scales simultaneously day in and out at the keyboard of an enormous piano. Geisel wrote the words of twenty songs for the picture, too. Most of them were never used. One that was, "Ten Happy Fingers," was supposed to be a satire on conventional piano exercises. The lyricist was bemused when a sheet-music publisher later brought it out as a conventional piano exercise. A hundred more or less piano-playing boys were hired for the movie, and Geisel has vivid memories of this group in action. "The kids were paid in cash," he says, "and one day, during a violent rainstorm that flooded the studio, they descended on the commissary en masse. They all rapidly got sick on candy. It was like a nightmarish Noah's Ark. Water was pouring in on the set, and the boys were moaning, and their mothers and their music teachers were all hopping up and down, and their ordinary teachers were running around trying to organize arithmetic classes, because the law said they should, and we had to call off work for three days and take the director to a hospital. It was the damnedest, nerve-rackingest, screamingest experience of my life." Upon learning that a movie theatre in San Diego was holding the West Coast première of the picture and, as a special honor to him, was featuring his name on its marquee, Geisel became so edgy that he grabbed his wife and fled to Japan, explaining over his shoulder that he had some blocked yen in royalties that he wanted to spend. (The royalties, unsurprisingly, amounted to twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents.) He hasn't seen the finished movie yet, he says, and he has never again worked for motion pictures.

The Geisels had become addicted to California, though, if not to the movies. In 1948, they settled in La Jolla, a town of twenty thousand that was put on the map by the late E. W. Scripps. Among various La Jolla landmarks that the publisher endowed is the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, on whose staff is a Ph.D. named Hans Suess. He sometimes receives requests from first-grade teachers that have been addressed simply "Dr. Seuss, La Jolla," and Geisel, in turn, receives requests from bathyorographically oriented professors. La Jolla is both a summer resort and a year-round haven for the retired, most of whom know their literary neighbor and are proud of him. La Jolla has four bookstores, and nearly every day one or another of them sends Geisel a batch of



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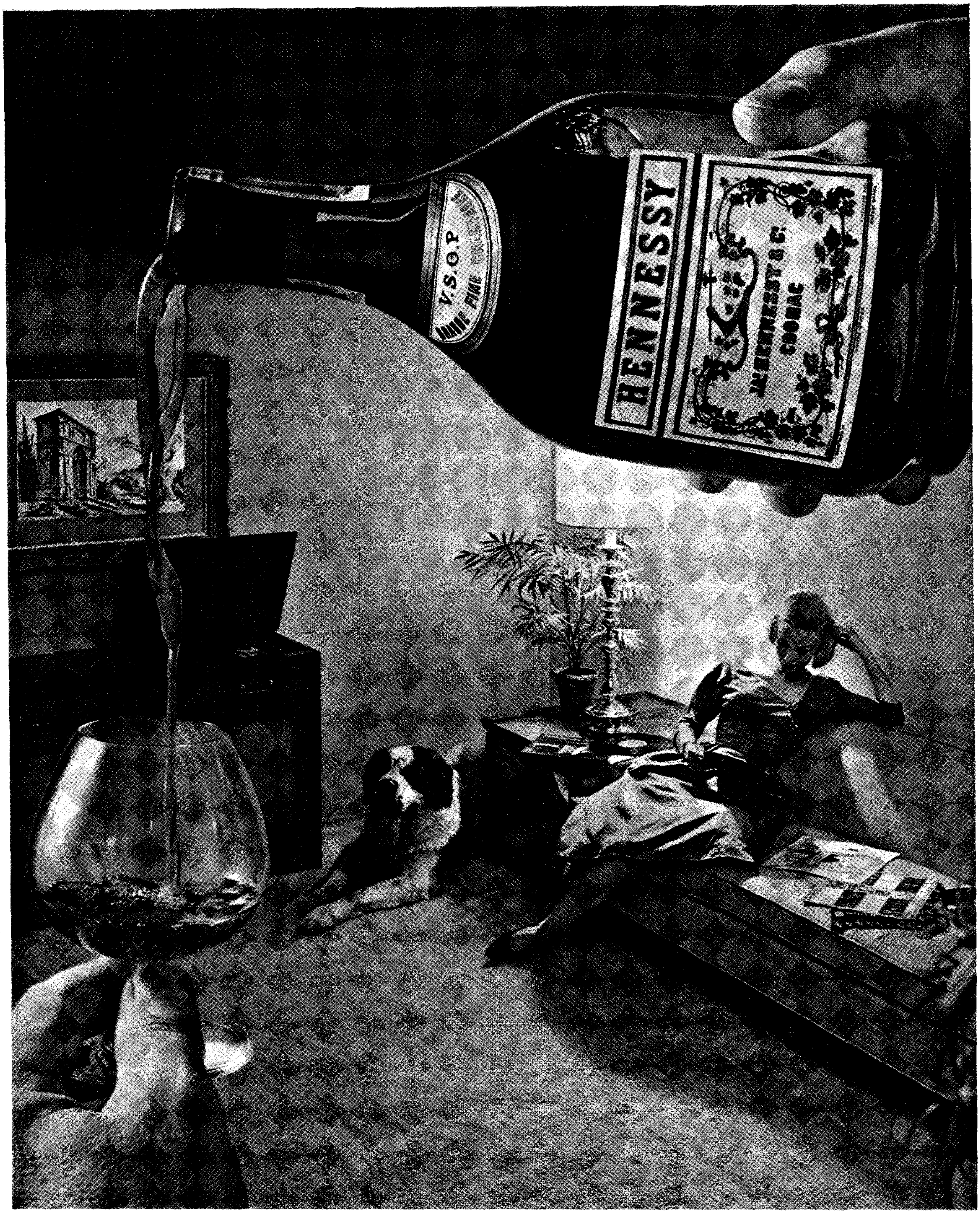
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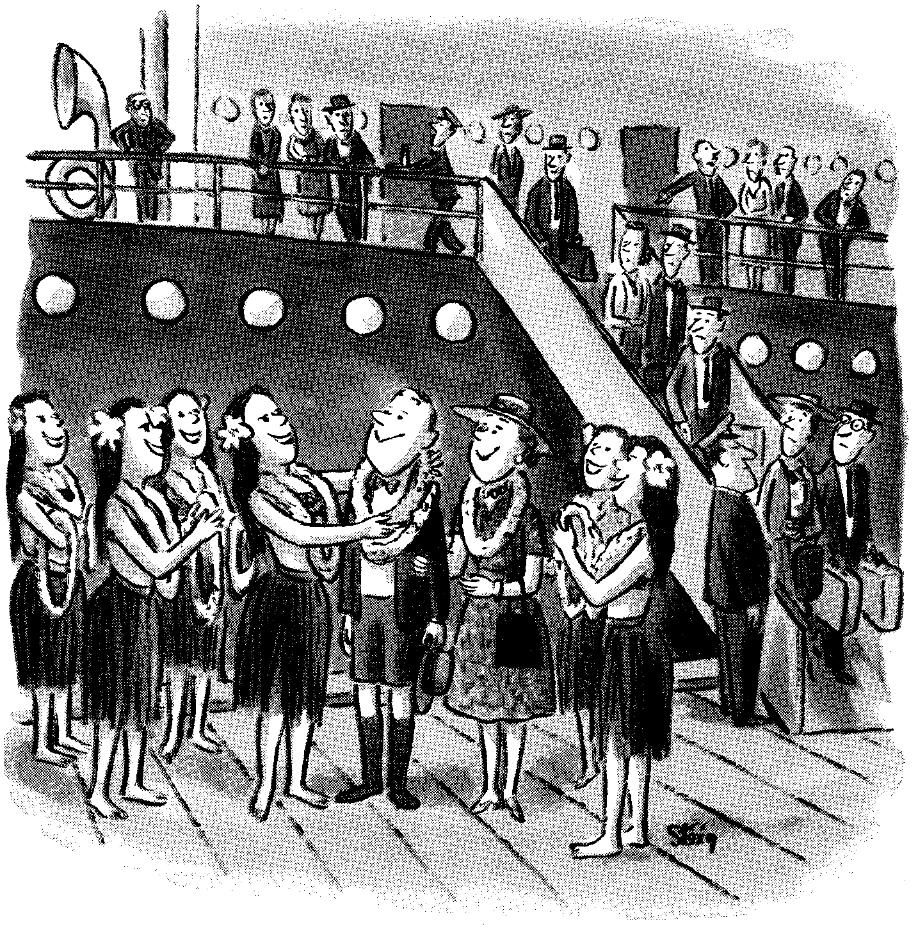
his books to be autographed for its customers. Many persons who spend vacations at La Jolla, moreover, order their Dr. Seuss books from La Jolla stores all the year round, to get them inscribed. During a couple of weeks last December, Geisel autographed a hundred and fifty Christmas-gift books a day.

The highest spot in La Jolla is Mount Soledad, and it is on its summit that the Geisels live, in a pink stucco house they built around an observation tower, from which they can look out across the Pacific or down into Mexico. The tower was erected many years ago by a real-estate man, who used it to point out low-lying sites to prospects. When the Geisels bought the place, a lot of La Jollans were surprised; they had always believed that the tower, a favorite aerie for young couples, was municipally owned. When the Geisels moved in, they found the walls and beams of its topmost room covered with heart-framed initials and other romantic graffiti, many of them scribbled in lipstick, and Geisel insists that he removed five thousand empty beer cans from one of the closets. During the first few months after the Geisels took possession, sailors from the San Diego naval base and their girls would roll up to the house and head happily for the tower stairs. Even today, an occasional married couple who became engaged at the summit stop by to ask if they may make an anniversary visit to their former trysting place.

The Geisels are also beleaguered by visitors who want to enjoy a view of Dr. Seuss. "It sometimes seems to me that half the teachers and librarians in America come to La Jolla for their holidays," Geisel said wearily one evening last summer. He likes to work at night and sleep late, but for a while he was aroused at seven o'clock every Sunday morning by an idolatrous neighboring pack of Cub Scouts, who would hike across a ravine or two and ring his doorbell. "I would stagger downstairs and let them in," Geisel says, "and the chief, or whatever he was, would announce cheerfully, 'Well, here we are!' Then they'd all march inside and sit down. I would be too groggy to say anything, and they would be too winded. One morning, we all sat and stared at each other for five minutes without exchanging a word, and finally one eight-year-old piped up, 'We saw a snake on the way over.' Then we all sat for another five minutes, until Helen rescued me by handing out cookies and easing them out. Eventually, I got them



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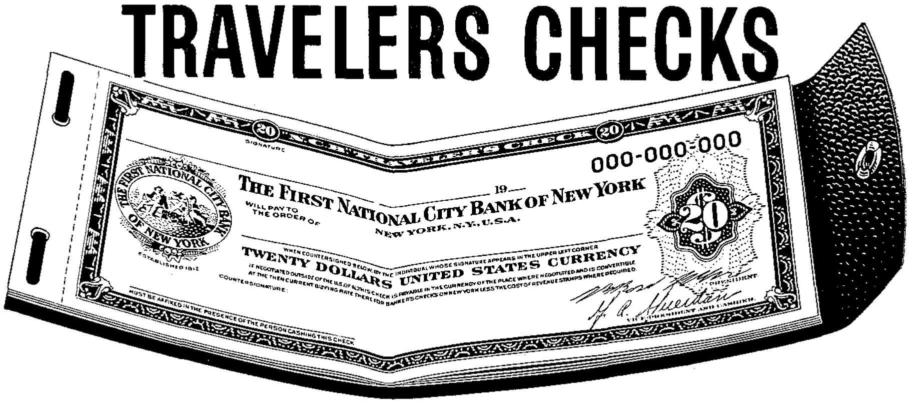
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to quit through a friend who knew a cousin of a Scoutmaster."

Notwithstanding such impressive demonstrations of popularity, Geisel still finds it hard to believe in his own renown. A few months ago, he tried unavailingly, through somebody else's cousin, to wangle an introduction to an eminent dowager he had admired from afar; he ultimately met her after she had stood in line for an hour at a bookstore autographing session, holding a copy of a book of his that she wanted inscribed for a grandchild. In 1956, some of the illustrations for his books were exhibited at the San Diego Fine Arts Gallery. Just before the opening night, Geisel expressed grave doubts about whether anyone would show up. When he himself did, he was instantly pounced on by a mob of three or four hundred children and parents, who pinned him against a wall and kept him at bay for more than an hour.

As a trustee of the gallery, Geisel is busy these days helping map plans for a children's wing to be added to it, which the museum hopes to call the Dr. Seuss Wing. Five years ago, he wrote and acted in an "Omnibus" television show devoted to an imaginary Seuss Museum. It differed from the general run of museums in that children going through it were not forbidden to touch the displays; on the contrary, the exhibits were all marked "Do Touch." Geisel, who dedicated "Happy Birthday to You!" to "my good friends, the Children of San Diego County," hopes that the new museum, toward which he has contributed substantially, will carry out this idea, at least to a degree. "I want a museum that will have a real, operable printing press alongside a shelf of books, and blocks of wood and chisels alongside woodcuts, so that children can watch and work at the same time," he says. "I want every kid in San Diego to be able to blow a glass bottle while looking at some Venetian glass, and to make a tapestry in front of a Gobelin."

Geisel used to do most of his writing and drawing in any corner of his house that happened to be reasonably uncluttered. A few years ago, Ray Freiman, the production manager at Random House, told him he really ought to provide himself with, and certainly could afford, a permanent and comfortable studio. Geisel obediently built a spacious atelier on the Pacific side of his tower. The room has cork walls, on which he can tack the illustrations for a work in progress. His desk, which is littered with cans and jars of brushes and pens, seems

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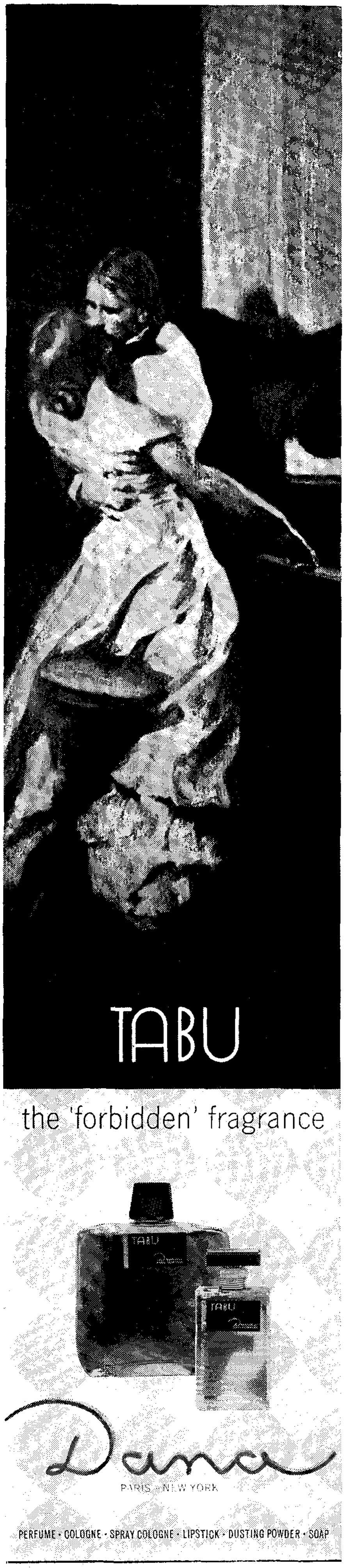
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to indicate that he regards himself as artist first and writer second, for it is a drafting table, with a sloping work surface; he keeps his typewriter on top of it, and types at a tilt. Ideas come hard to Geisel, and their implementation is a drawn-out, painful process. Once, he says, he chanced to sketch an elephant on an old pad of tracing paper. Afterward, he saw that he had superimposed the animal on a previously doodled tree in such a manner as to make the elephant seem perched in it. "I stopped, dumfounded," he says. "I said to myself, 'That's a hell of a situation. An elephant in a tree! What's he doing there?' I brooded over it for three or four weeks, and finally I said to myself, 'Of course! He's hatching an egg!' " This is his conscious recollection of the genesis of "Horton Hatches the Egg," but his subconscious might demur, since he had done a cartoon for *Judge*, years before, showing a whale in a tree.

Being harshly self-critical, Geisel at one point or another in the evolution of each of his books has hurled his accumulated words and pictures onto the floor or into a fireplace, whence they are customarily retrieved by his wife and restored to his hands when he is in a less fractious mood. Perfectionism is his creed. He insists on retyping a page of copy if one word has been crossed out, and he has spent up to three days worrying about the appositeness of a single adjective. It is his habit, once he has finished a book, to deliver it in person to Random House, and as the time for setting off cross country draws near, he becomes increasingly morose. The night before he heads East, he usually goes without sleep. He spreads the pages of his book out on the floor of his living room and crawls back and forth in anguish among them, hovering over the composite parts with the awkward concern of his brood elephant. Sometimes, for last-minute advice or plain bucking up, he summons his next-door neighbor, a seventy-five-year-old businessman named Bert L. Hupp—one of the few people around, aside from Mrs. Geisel, in whose judgment of Dr. Seuss's output Geisel has any faith. Hupp, who is the board chairman of the Sunshine Biscuit Company and was formerly a director of the Santa Fe Railroad, drops to his knees, too, and encourages Geisel with the kind of pep talk that a football coach might deliver in a locker room.

When Random House hears that Geisel is on the way with another pot of gold, excitement runs high, and when he arrives, all hands convene

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from left to right: Richard Burton, Frederick Loewe, Alan Jay Lerner and Julie Andrews

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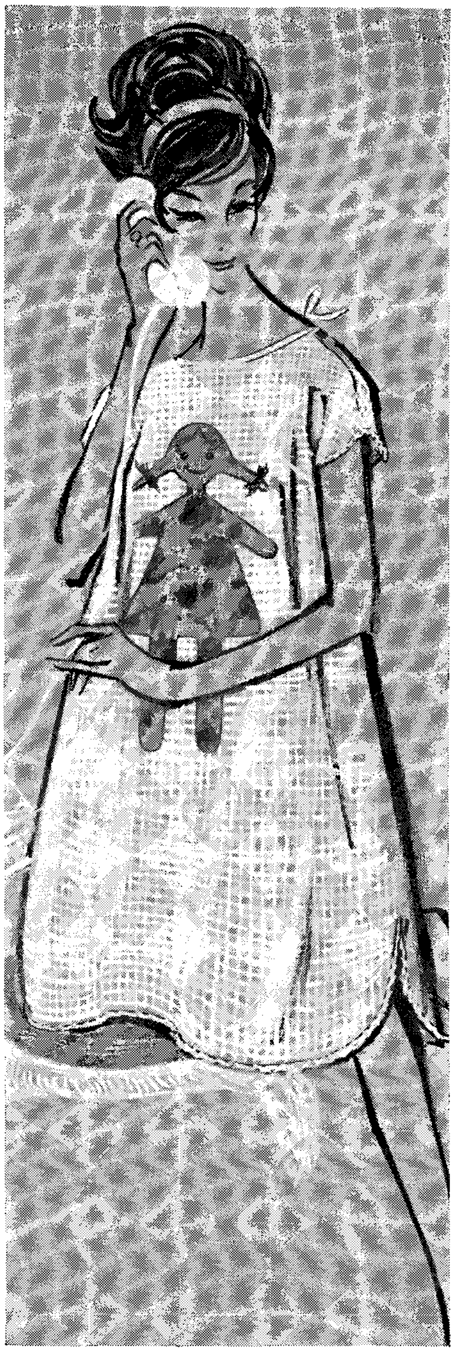

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in the office of Louise Bonino, the juvenile editor, for a reading and showing of the latest Dr. Seuss. Even the switchboard operators have been known to leave their post, to the consternation of television producers, lecture agents, Nobel Prize winners, and other outsiders vainly seeking the ear of Bennett Cerf. Geisel, always a high-strung man, is at his tensest during these performances. At the close of one of them, he retreated in dejection to the Madison Hotel, where he usually stays while in New York, and spent a week rewriting three pages, because he felt that nobody at Random House had laughed hard enough at them. Many authors who have turned in a manuscript and learned that it has been accepted are happy to leave the technicalities of its transformation into a book up to their publishers. Not Geisel. Invading the production department, he will dump three or four moldy bits of crayon, or some scraps torn from matchbooks, onto Ray Freiman's desk and say that they are precisely the shades of color he wants used in this or that illustration. That it is often extremely difficult to match up printing ink with crayon does not bother him. Random House has learned to ride with his punches. "From a genius you tolerate a little bit more," one editor there has observed. Just to keep Geisel pacified, his publisher spends twenty-five per cent more on the paper in his books than on that in any other author's, and two or three times as much as the norm on preparing his color plates for the press. Nevertheless, Geisel still complains loudly if, in the thirteenth or fourteenth printing of one of his works, he perceives one color to be a tiny bit off register. After more than a hundred thousand copies of "The Cat in the Hat Comes Back" had been sold, he decided that a single black line on the original jacket was too black, and a new jacket was made up. In this vigorous policing of his output he is encouraged by his neighbor Hupp, who keeps telling him, as they jointly prune a camellia or spray a lemon tree in La Jolla, "Be tough. Keep your standards up. It's your product, and don't you let anybody talk you into letting it slip."

DURING the last couple of years, the Geisels have visited New York with increasing frequency. In an office on the top floor of the Random House building, at 457 Madison Avenue, are the headquarters of Beginner Books, a publishing venture that they launched two years ago, emboldened by the sales of "The Cat in the Hat," to bring

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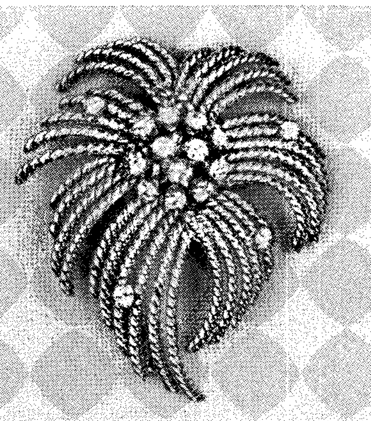

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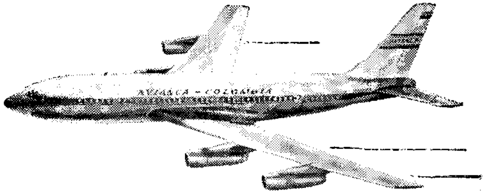

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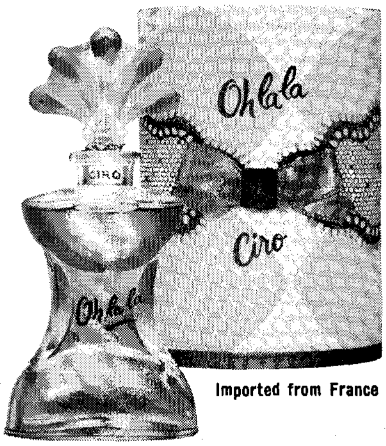

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out volumes for the very young. Geisel is president of the outfit; the day-in-and-day-out chief executive officer is Cerf's wife, Phyllis; and the two of them, along with Mrs. Geisel, make up the editorial board. (Among the animals on display in La Jolla is a portrait of Dr. Seuss's cat in the hat, done in needlepoint for Mrs. Geisel by Mrs. Cerf; an accompanying gold plaque bears the inscription "This cat started a publishing house and 'no other cat can make this claim.' ") When Beginner Books began, there was no standard, authoritative word list for first-graders, so Mrs. Cerf compiled her own, culling it from time-respected but verbally varied primers. Authors who are about to tackle a Beginner Book are given her list, but they are not immutably bound by it. If someone is writing a book about the moon, say, he is allowed to use the word "moon," although it is not a first-grade staple. There are some severely enforced rules of composition, however. The text of a Beginner Book may describe nothing that is not pictured, and each page must have no more than one illustration. Another strict rule, laid down by the president, is that no book shall be "cute"—an adjective that he applies to much contemporary literature for children. Geisel calls cute books "bunny-bunny books," or "the fuzzy, mysterious literature of the young," and he once delivered a lecture at a summer writing course entitled "Mrs. Mulvaney and the Billion-Dollar Bunny"—a satirical account of the origin and subsequent swift acclaim of a mythical children's book called "Bunny, Bunny, Bunny, Bunny, Bunny, Bunny, Bunny." He planned to illustrate his talk with a blackboard mural depicting the history of children's books. Since he is a shy lecturer and a slow limner, he went to the classroom well ahead of time and sketched on the blackboard the outlines of his illustrations—in faint strokes that could be seen only from close up, and that he planned to retrace in an apparently freehand performance. When he reëntered the room, however, a few minutes before he was scheduled to go on, the outlines were gone, and a janitor was walking out, carrying a sponge and mop bucket. "Some wise guy has been messing up your blackboard, Doctor," Geisel recalls the man's saying, "but fortunately there are people like me in the world to take care of people like him." Despite the haphazard art work, the lecture must have left a lasting impression on at least one of his listeners, for a few months later a real

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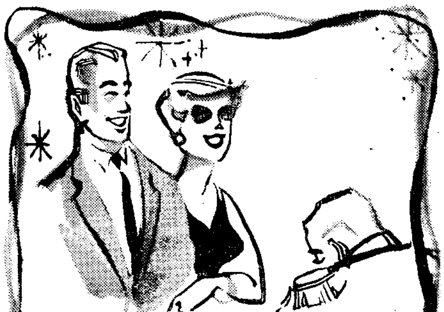

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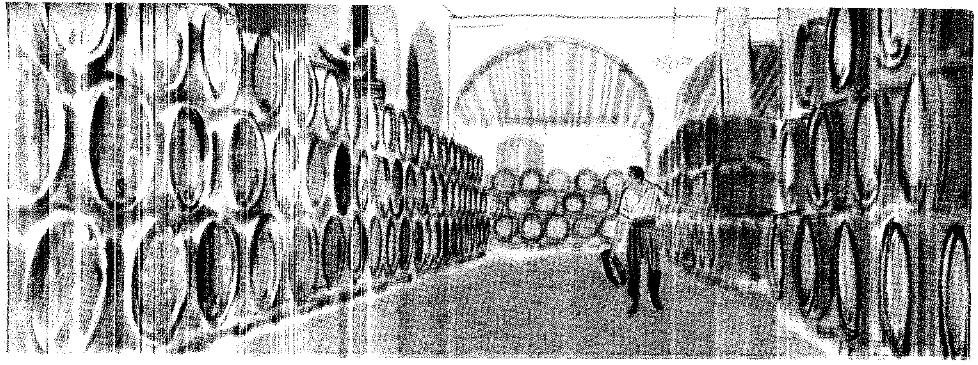

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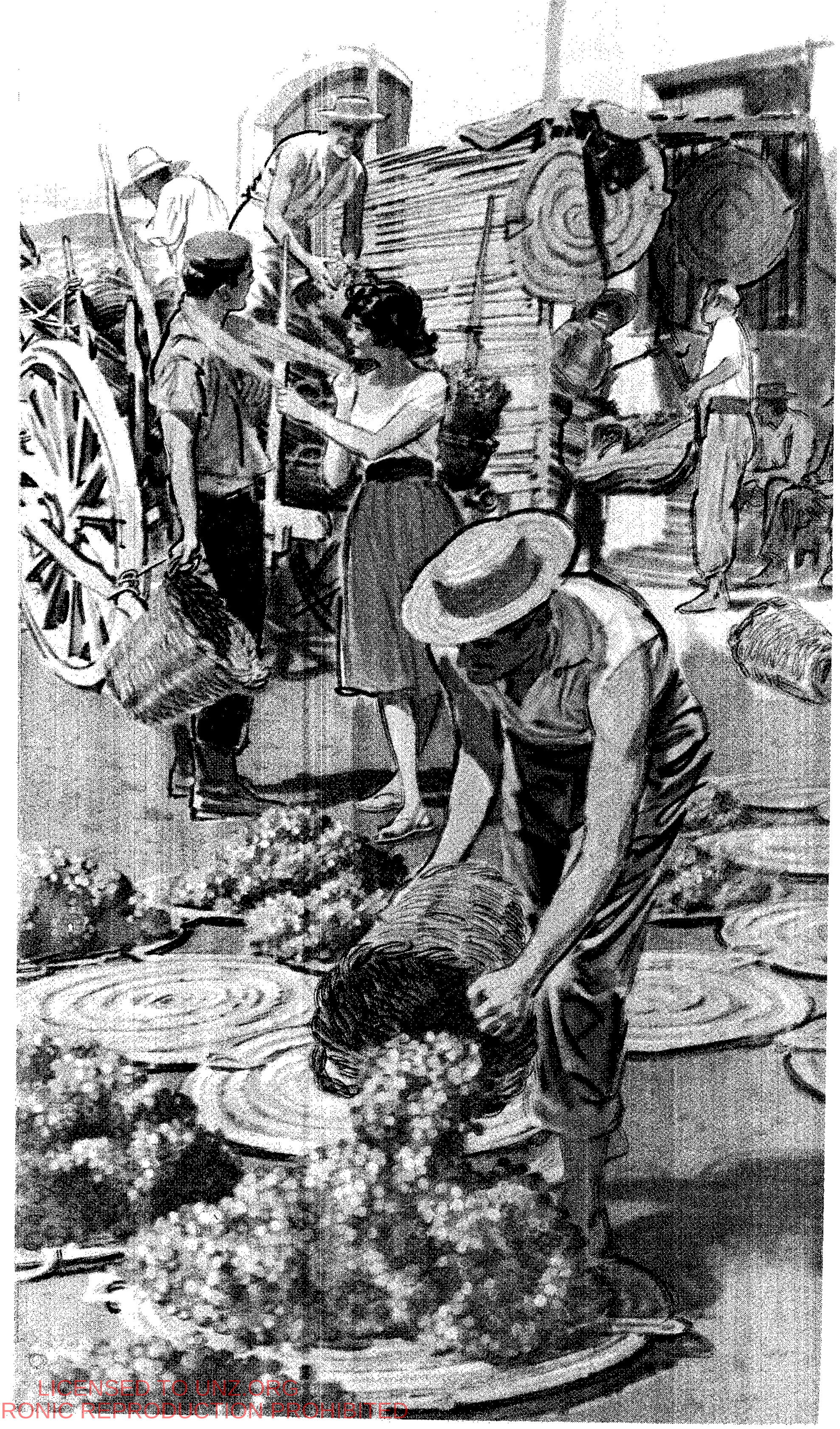

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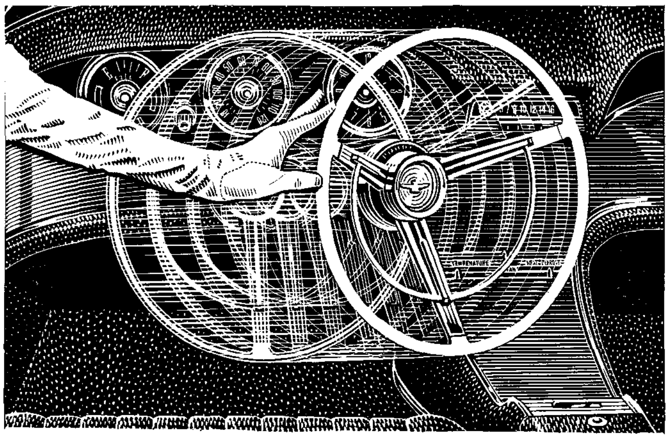

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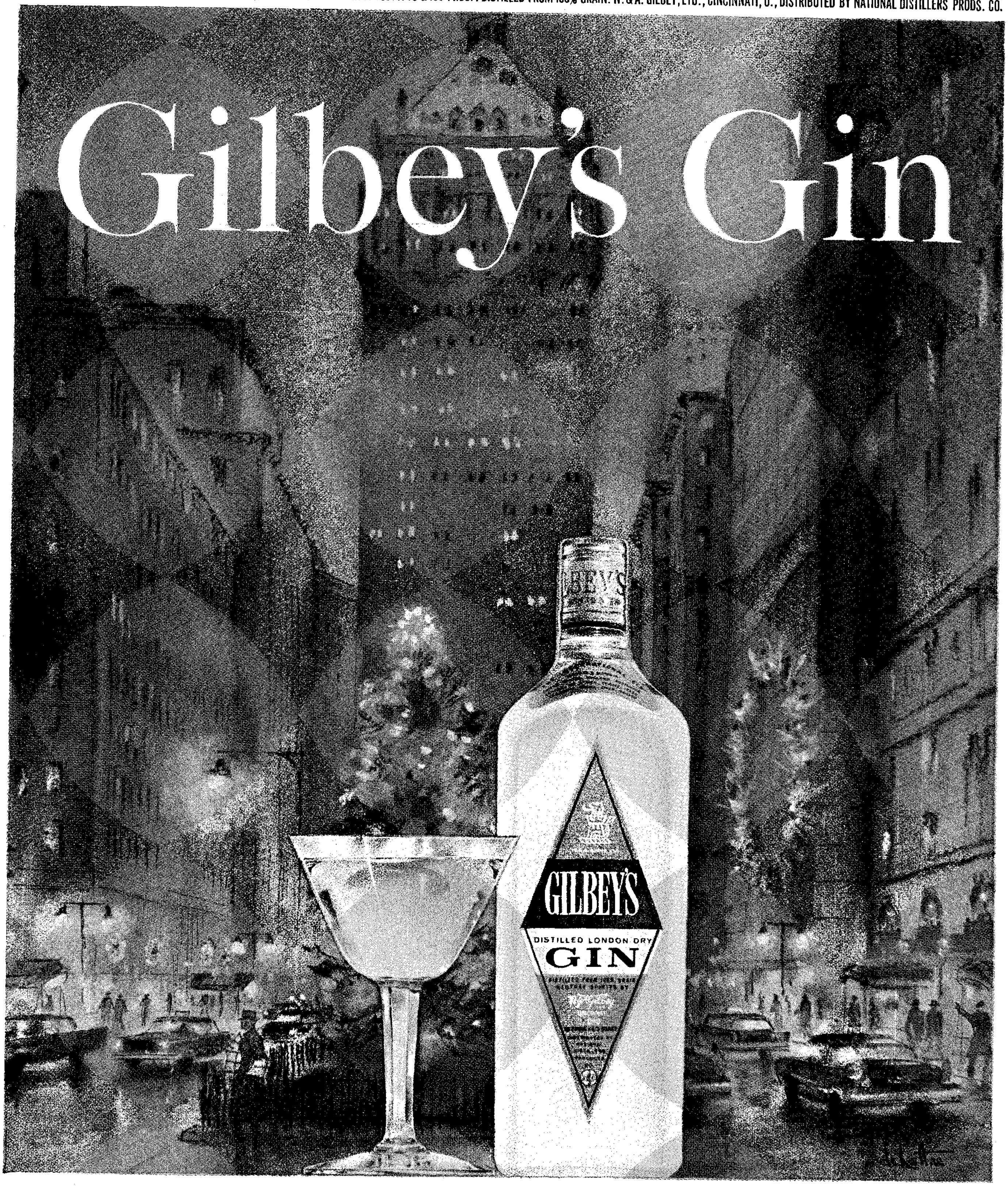

New York City's famous Park Avenue at the holiday season as interpreted by Georgette de Lattre

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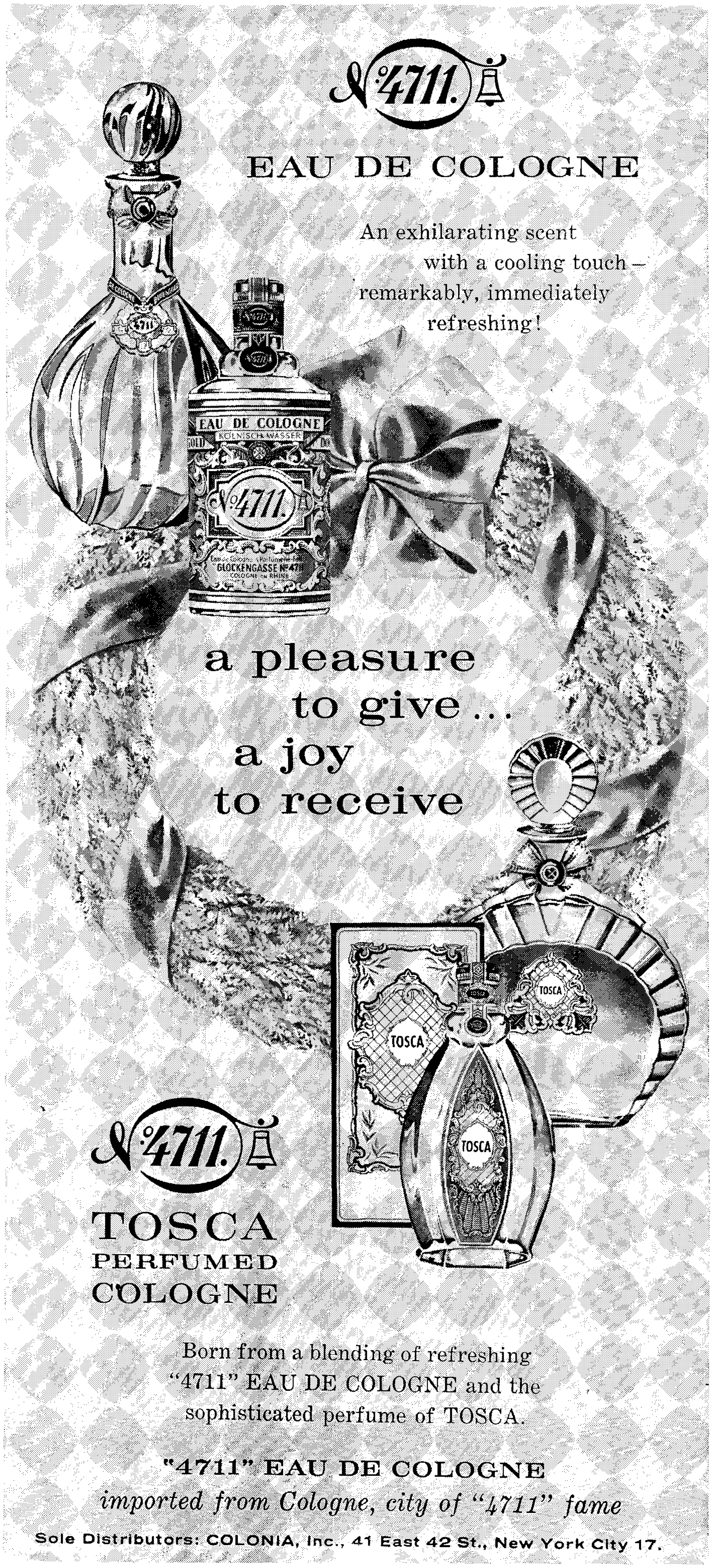
book with a title much like Geisel's "Bunny, Bunny, etc.," was published, and became an immediate success.

Last August, Beginner Books became a full-fledged division of Random House, but with the same officers and editorial board. According to the present arrangement, Random House proper will continue to publish Geisel's regular works, and Beginner Books will do his low-vocabulary ones. So far, eighteen Beginner Books have been published, four of them written by Dr. Seuss. As an editor, Geisel is no less of a driving perfectionist than he is when it comes to his own work. He cannot abide a book that he thinks could stand improvement, and some Beginner Books, at his demand, have been revised as many as eight times. Among his authors is a La Jolla neighbor named Fred Phleger, who is a professor of oceanography at the Scripps Institution and a world-famed expert on a kind of plankton called foraminifera. Phleger spent six years on a book, "Ecology and Distribution of Recent Foraminifera," which was published last summer by the Johns Hopkins University Press and which in ten years, if all goes well, should rack up a sale of perhaps three thousand copies. After hesitantly accepting Geisel's invitation to try his hand at a children's book about whales, the Professor was pleasantly dazed to hear that the result, "The Whales Go By," had attained a sale of nearly a hundred thousand copies in a little over a year. Still another specialist now published by Geisel is Cerf himself, who is represented by a Beginner Book called "Bennett Cerf's Book of Laughs." (Cerf ordinarily turns out joke books at an assembly-line clip, but in this instance Geisel's finicky insistence on alterations slowed him down almost to the pace of an author.) Nobody can say whether the spectacular success of Beginner Books is the result of the exacting demands that Geisel makes on his authors and illustrators or of the fact that there has long been a need for easy-to-read volumes—a need that other publishing houses, noting Geisel's surging progress, have been hurriedly doing their bit to fill by putting out low-word-count books of their own. In any event, Beginner Books has shown itself to be a booming business. Its capital in 1958 consisted of a hundred shares of stock, worth thirty dollars apiece. The Geisels owned twenty-two shares. Under the terms of last August's agreement with Random House, each share was traded in for two hundred and fifty shares of stock in the parent company, and



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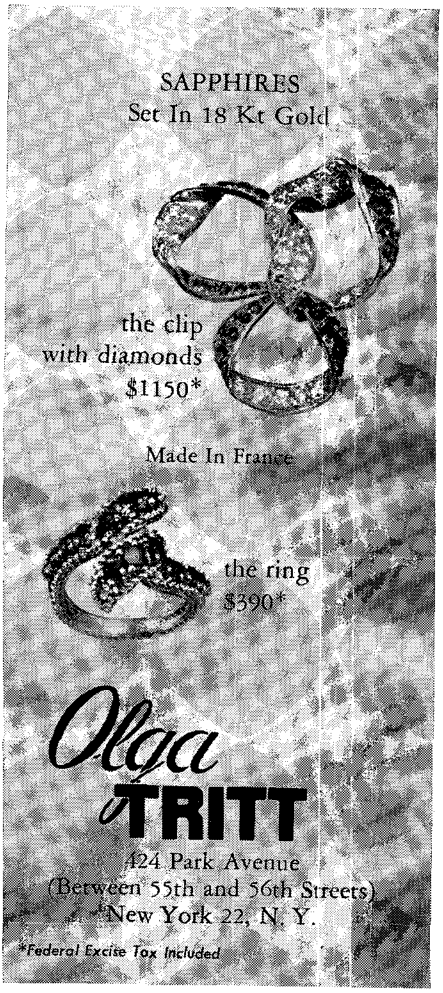
two hundred and fifty Random House shares are now worth eight thousand dollars.

Over the years, many companies have besought Geisel to let them manufacture Dr. Seuss products of one kind or another. He has permitted R.C.A. Victor to record some of his books, but in the main he has steered clear of by-products that he cannot personally create. Two years ago, though, he was persuaded by Revell, Inc., a toy company in Venice, California, to authorize, and help design, a series of Dr. Seuss toys and games. It has proved to be a challenging collaboration. Revell, which is run by Mr. and Mrs. Lew Glaser, a resourceful and articulate young couple, was geared to turning out small-scale models of ships, planes, and cars. To translate Dr. Seuss's animals into three dimensions was a different matter entirely. "None of my animals have joints and none of them balance," Geisel explained to the Glasers. "And when it comes to that, none of them are animals. They're all people, sort of." Whatever they were, not even he could clearly visualize them with flesh on their bones. Revell sent two sculptors to La Jolla, and for months, with Geisel working alongside them, they modelled Dr. Seuss creatures, shaping and reshaping hundreds of jointless legs and unbalanced heads before he was satisfied. By then, the Glasers had learned enough of Geisel's meticulous ways and second thoughts to stipulate that he give his assent in writing to each successive step of production as soon as agreement was reached on it. Mrs. Glaser, who calls herself Revell's Vice-President in Charge of Geisel, keeps a notebook containing reminders like "Test shots of eye decorations to T.G. for approval." The first Dr. Seuss toys went on the market in September, 1959, and before the year was out they had achieved retail sales of a million and a half dollars.

During the past year, two Dr. Seuss Beginner Books have come out—"One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish" and "Green Eggs and Ham." "One Fish" is actually a *pre*-beginner book, or, as the educators say, a reading-readiness book. "It's a book based on an educational theory I have, but one I unfortunately can't define," Geisel says. In essence, it is an attempt to initiate very young children into the mysteries of reading by seeing to it that almost every word in the text is neatly juxtaposed with an illustration of the object it describes. Children's memories being the marvellous things they are, a child who has once had the book read to him can go back to it and pick out the familiar



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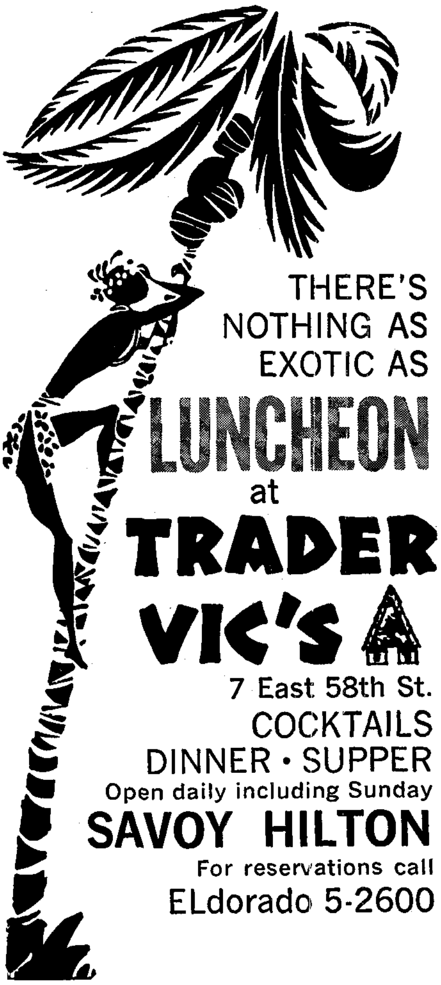

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words for himself, guided by the pictures. Not all educators are persuaded that this is necessarily a good idea. "One Fish" elicited from a Columbia professor the opinion that a bright four-year-old could learn from the book to read in a week—a conclusion that somewhat disturbed the professor, since many of his colleagues believe that four is a trifle young for a child to get mixed up in the reading business. Geisel's answer to such alarmists is that he may someday facilitate prenatal reading, by inventing a two-hundred-and-fifty-word pill that expectant mothers can swallow.

Geisel has produced only one book—"The Seven Lady Godivas"—that was aimed at an unequivocally grown-up audience. It was an unequivocal flop. An enhancement of the old legend, it dealt with seven Lady Godivas, all sisters, and seven brothers named Peeping (one, of course, was Tom), who courted them. It was published by Random House in 1939, and Geisel clearly had some misgivings about it beforehand; nailed to the Godiva family tree, which he drew for the end papers, was a small bucket of sap labelled "Bennett Cerf." One trouble was that all the Godivas were shown in the nude, a situation with which Geisel feels he did not cope adequately. "I tried to draw the sexiest-looking women I could," he explains, "and they came out just ridiculous." Although a review in the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* called the book "a particularly triumphant job," only twenty-five hundred copies of a first printing of ten thousand were sold. "I think maybe it all went to prove that I don't know anything about adults," Geisel says.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

> The 200 world-famed entertainers are already arriving.
>
> Ten geisha girls from Japan landed Tuesday night at O'Hare airport.
>
> Nine can-can dancers from Paris and 16 Belgian flag-twirlers also winged in at Midway.
>
> Wednesday was officially designated as Chicago Consular Corps Day at the Fair.
>
> Its purpose is to honor all D. H. Lawrence's "Women in Love."
>
> The old world record is held by a Japanese girl, Miss K. Kanetake, who looped the globe in 73 hours and 9 minutes during 1958.—*Chicago Daily News.*

She was so lovesick she thought she was standing still.

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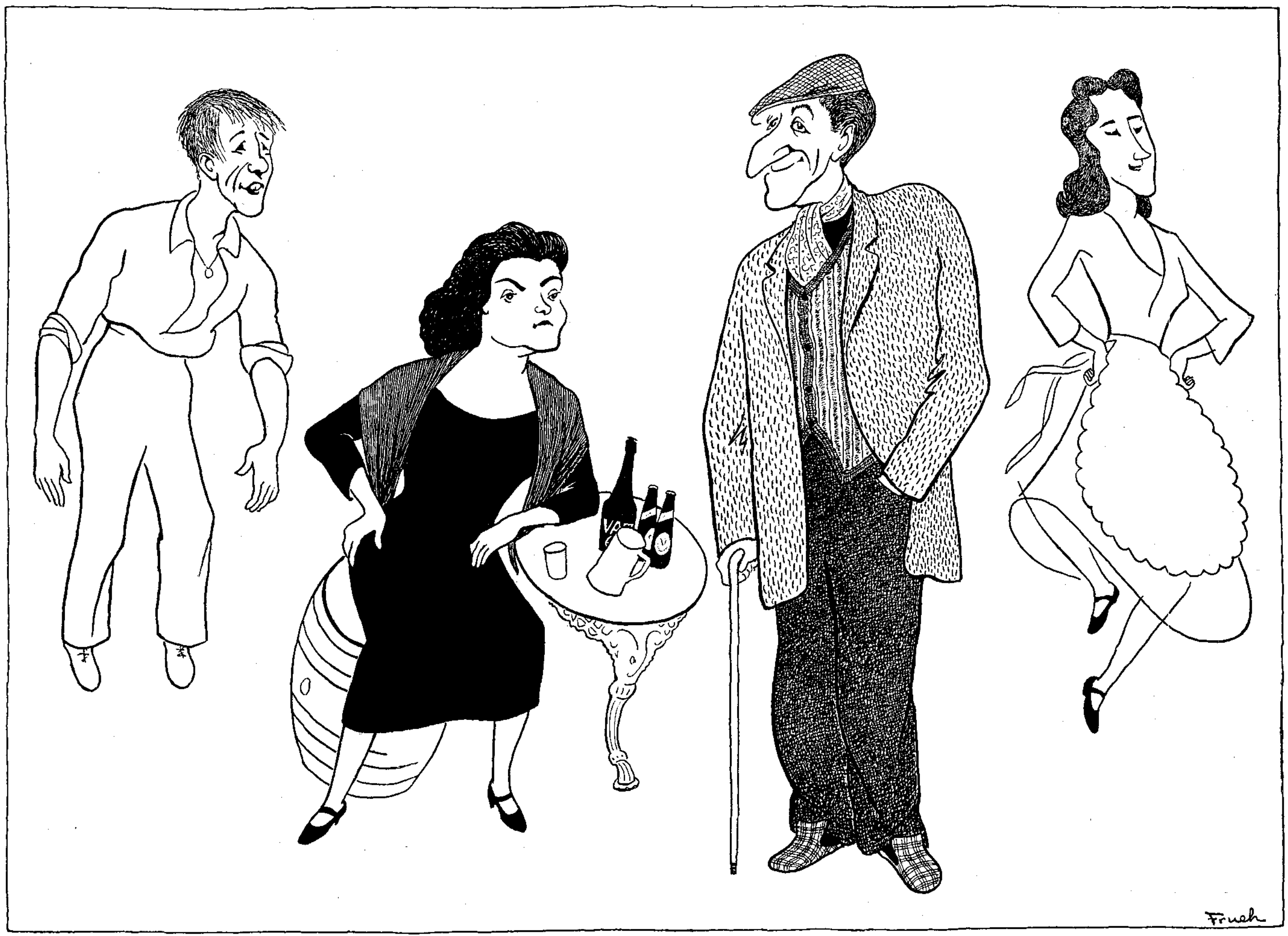
THE THEATRE

LABORED LEVITY

WITH the thermometer sinking below freezing last week, a couple of shows rather lightly equipped even for the charitable climate of the summer theatre were wafted into the frosty Broadway atmosphere. The first of these shivering arrivals was "Send Me No Flowers," by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, which is playing at the Brooks Atkinson, and which sets forth the innumerable dilemmas that confront a hypochondriac in suburban Connecticut when he overhears his doctor talking on the telephone to another physician about a hopeless cardiac case and immediately leaps to the erroneous conclusion that he is the patient in question. What our hypochondriac has is a slight attack of indigestion, but he proceeds to swoon all over the place and to arrange for the disposition of his effects, the remarriage of his wife, after his demise, to a rich school chum who happens to be his house guest at the time, and the purchase of a cemetery plot where he can rest in eternal peace—granted, that is, as the salesman of the plot points out, that a four-lane highway doesn't shove its way through the burial ground subsequent to his planting. All this may sound fairly macabre, but Mr. Barasch and Mr. Moore are a lighthearted team, and never let the grim possibilities of their subject get in the way of their jokes. On the other hand, their jokes are limited by the situation being explored, and while the authors succeed in demonstrating that hypochondria is dangerous if carried to excess, they vary their theme only to the extent of permitting the hypochondriac and his wife to indulge in reveries, enacted on the stage, that have to do with infidelity and other untidy developments. These dream sequences aren't especially funny in themselves, but they are nevertheless agreeable as rendered, principally by David Wayne and Nancy Olson, and so are the other scenes in which these engaging people figure. As for the rest of the cast, my hat is off to Frank Merlin, who makes a marvellously cynical and orbicular medico; to Peter Turgeon, who represents Mr. Wayne's flighty will-maker; and to Heywood Hale Broun, who portrays to the life the



"THE HOSTAGE"

The skeptical-looking woman at the table is Avis Bunnage, the man with the walking stick and the twinkle is Maxwell Shaw, the unravelled young fellow on the left is Alfred Lynch, and the girl doing a bit of a jig is Celia Salkeld. All four find themselves in the least predictable of Dublin lodging houses, in Brendan Behan's comedy at the Eugene O'Neill.

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sort of chirpy funeral-lot representative who is anxious to get the sod paid for before he puts you under it.

THE second item to dare the winter winds last week was a comedy from Canada called "Love and Libel," at the Martin Beck, which had, as an arch subtitle, "The Ogre of the Provincial World." In this account of some odd doings in a Canadian college town, we met all sorts of antic types, and the sets were also antic, being decorated with excerpts from the local newspaper, as was the main curtain. I'm a little too myopic to give you the news from the cutouts pasted on the sets, but on the curtain I spotted a California condor, a turkey buzzard, and a printed notice to the effect that Professor and Mrs. Walter Vambrace were pleased to announce the engagement of their daughter, Pearl Veronica, to Solomon Bridgetower, Esq., son of Mrs. Bridgetower, widow of the late Professor Solomon Bridgetower. I never did grasp the significance of the condor and the turkey buzzard, but it developed that the announcement of the Vambrace-Bridgetower betrothal was false, and that because the two families were having a kind of gentle Hatfield-McCoy feud, it was considered libellous by the father of the potential bride and scandalous by the mother of the potential groom. The young people involved didn't seem worth all the commotion, the girl being quite mousy and the boy even mousier, and, as set in motion by Robertson Davies, the author, and Tyrone Guthrie, the director, the rest of the people charging frantically about in "Love and Libel" never made any particular sense. But every now and then there was an amusing scene—for example, when Dennis King swam alcoholically into view as a church organist eager to befriend young Solomon, or when Gene Saks came onstage as a "human-relations engineer" and tried to change Professor Vambrace's mind about suing for libel with a lot of psychological double-talk about the Oedipus complex. All in all, though, "Love and Libel" was too frail a thing to survive that long trip from Canada, and it closed after six performances. —JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Groucho in Dublin

STUART VAUGHAN, the fine nineteenth-century-type director of the Phoenix repertory company, likes to put plenty of English on his actors. He believes, in short, that action speaks louder

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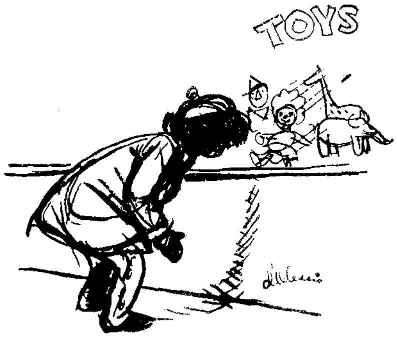
than words. Thus, his comic situations tend to brim with slapstick and verbal gags of his own invention, while his serious scenes are often a perpetual motion of opening and closing mouths, sagging knees, rolling eyes, whitening knuckles, and sudden collapses into overstuffed chairs. Entrances and exits are invariably made at a dead run. For all its energy, though, Vaughan's businessman's-bounce approach has strikingly limited results. It converted that venerable quack Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," which was the Phoenix's first repertory offering of the season, into vaudeville, and it is doing pretty much the same to the company's second effort, Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and The Stars." This O'Casey, you'll remember, deals melodramatically with the doleful experiences of a handful of poor Dubliners during the bloody fighting that took place in their city between the Irish and the English around Easter of 1916. Although most of the play's momentum depends on its prose, Vaughan relies on the physical. Simple drunk scenes become falling-down-drunk scenes. An everyday argument between two women turns into a hair-pulling contest. An orderly expulsion from a pub is handled as a bum's rush. The same women, having a disagreement over a baby carriage, nearly destroy it. The men all walk like Groucho Marx. The upshot of so much muscularity is that O'Casey's bonded Irish prose is repeatedly obliterated by faulty timing, incomprehensible shouts, or mumbling brought on by sheer lack of breath. This surefire exchange between a busybody, Mrs. Gogan, and a handyman, Fluther Good, passed like geese over the audience:

> MRS. GOGAN: Oh, you've got a cold on you, Fluther.
>
> FLUTHER: Ah, it's only a little one.
>
> MRS. GOGAN: You'd want to be careful, all th' same. I knew a woman, a big lump of a woman, red-faced an' round-bodied, a little awkward on her feet; you'd think, to look at her, she could put out her two arms an' lift a two-storied house on th' top of her head; got a ticklin' in her throat, an' a little cough, an' th' next mornin' she had a little catchin' in her



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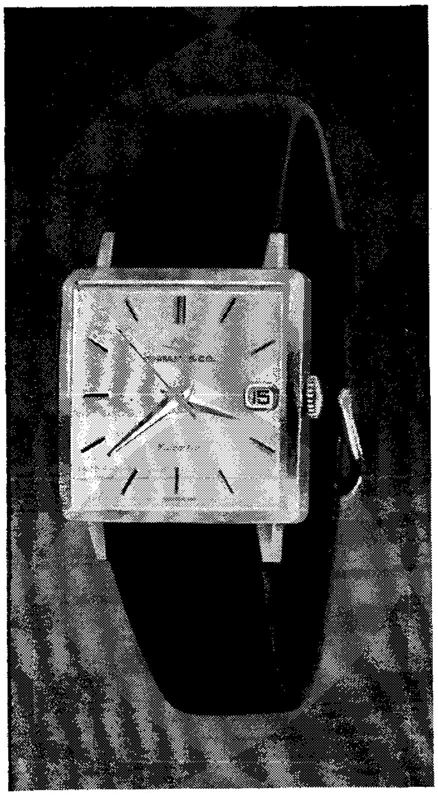

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TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

chest, an' they had just time to wet her lips with a little rum, an' off she went.

There's not much point in mentioning the players here; many of them demonstrated considerable talent in "She Stoops." But a word should be said about Peter Wingate's sets. Designed impressionistically, as rooms inside a tenement, as the street outside, and as a pub, they invariably and oddly suggest—and this includes the street scene—a rumpus room in a ranch house, with its linoleum floor, stained-beaverboard walls, and dark woodsy-folksy colors. Between Vaughan and Wingate, indeed, the cast never has a chance, to say nothing of O'Casey himself, who was just after blessin' all his American admirers in the *Times* not a week gone by.

ONE of the best-guarded mysteries of life is the urge that occasionally drives writers of every bore to retell some part of the Bible in their own words—an act similar to reproducing Mount Everest in papier-mâché. The newest Bible-improver in our midst is James Forsyth, a Scottish playwright who is responsible for "Emmanuel," a Nativity play and the third production of the Gate Theatre repertory company. "Emmanuel" is a forcible reminder that there are just two ways of approaching such material—in school plays, and in the oblique manner of Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors," a perfectly constructed tear jerker that tells us a good deal about how it felt That Night without showing us so much as a straw from the manger. Mr. Forsyth, however, virtually butts his subject. There, seemingly larger than life and stiffer than wood, are Mary and Joseph and Herod. There, got up in funny hats, smirks, and huge rings, are the three Wise Men. And there are the manger and the hills around Bethlehem and the sounds of Mary in labor, which, thank goodness, cannot be heard out on Second Avenue.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Creamed ham and chicken is delicious served over split squares of cornbread. If you need to stretch the sauce, add rooms to it.—*Minneapolis Star.*

If you need to stretch the rooms, spread the sauce.

•

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Topeka—Kansas ranks first in the United States in the production of volcanic ash although the state has no known volcanoes and never had any.—*Boston Globe.*

Ah, but it has the knack.

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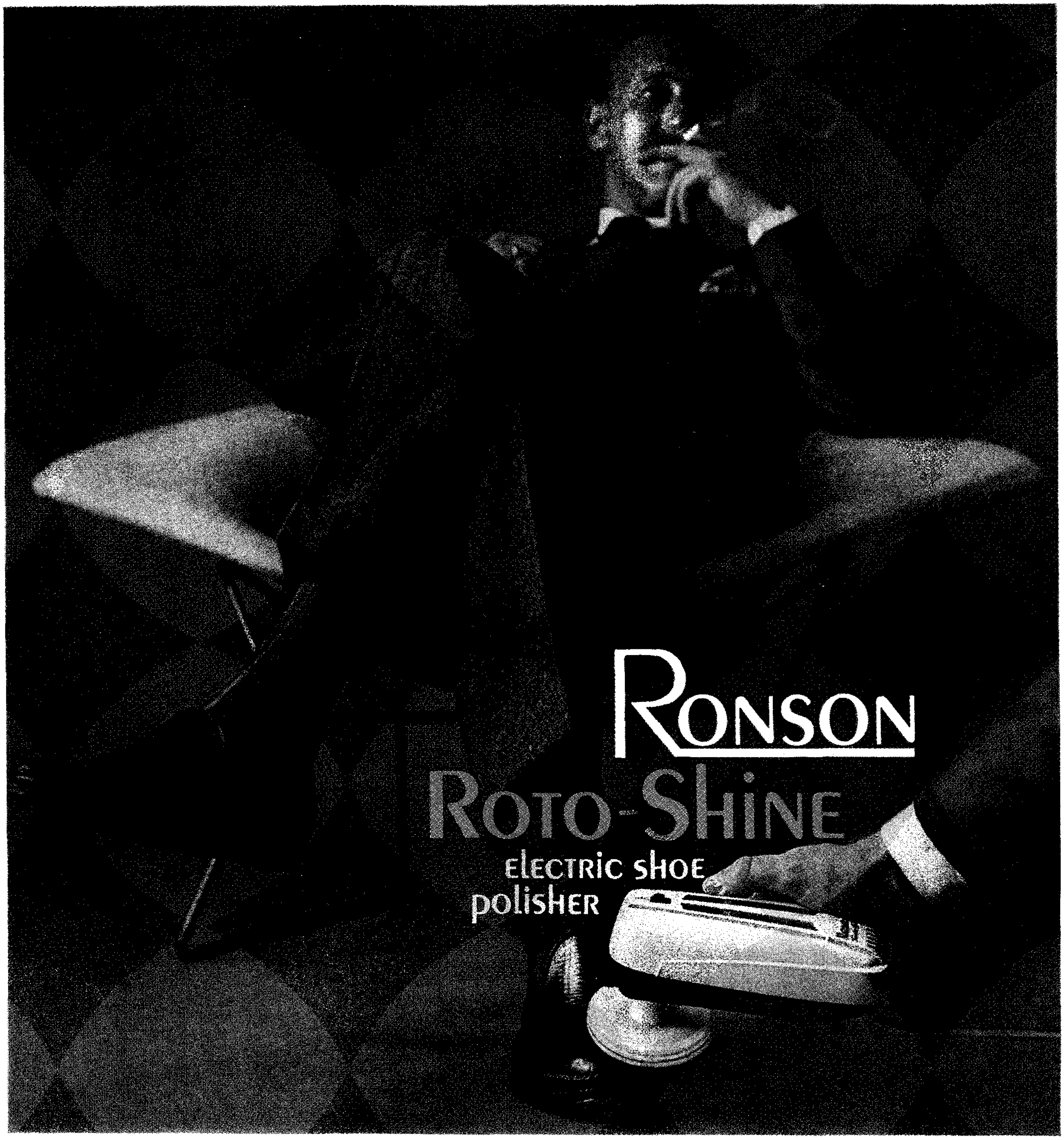

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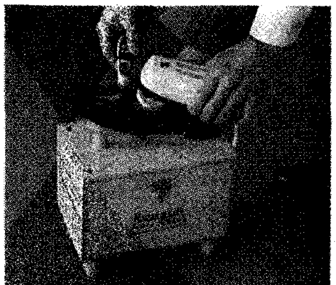
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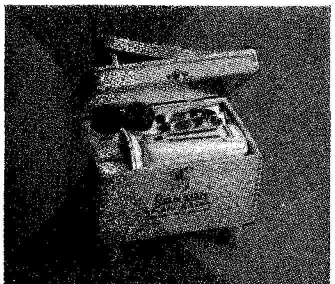
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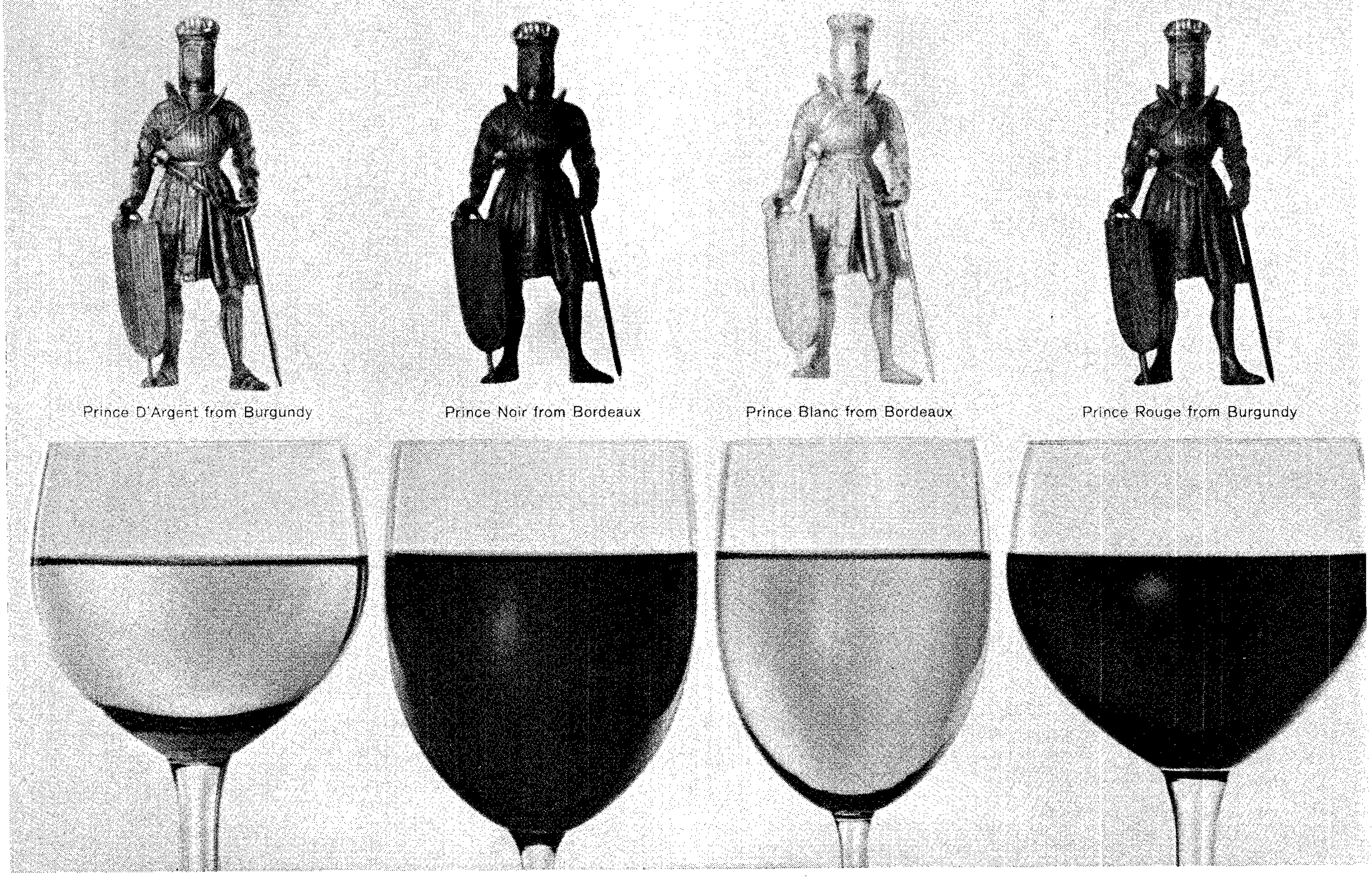

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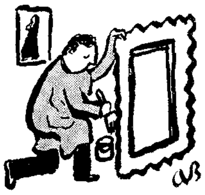
THE ART GALLERIES

Sculpture Annual



I CAN'T recall the precise composition of Gilbert Seldes' roster of the seven lively arts. But after seeing the Whitney's 1960 annual of contemporary American sculpture and drawings, now on at the Museum, I've a feeling that we ought to add sculpture to the list, for the sculpture section this year, in its inventiveness and variety, is as lively as anything Seldes could have mentioned. No particular "trends" are visible, or, rather, there are so many as to amount to a plethora. One of the most striking developments in recent years is the resurgence of sculpture as an art form. Just as everyone was preparing an obituary for it (it was too cumbersome and too rigid to fit in with our fast-moving, rapidly changing way of life nowadays, everyone was saying; people simply wouldn't *buy* sculpture any more), a fresh generation of artists arose who by their almost passionate interest in exploring untried possibilities of the medium succeeded in breathing new life into it.

Now, by virtue of their enthusiasm, it seems to be expanding in all directions, and the critic who tries doggedly to isolate and pursue one tendency or another in the current exhibition is likely to find himself caught in a game of artistic cross tag and to wind up thoroughly distracted. In my own case, I'd no sooner detected what I took to be a trend toward compositions arranged on a horizontal plane—as in Cosmo Campoli's cheerfully satiric "David and Goliath" (complete with slingshot), Lindsey Decker's slightly cryptic "Yerma V," Roger Prince's massed assemblage of knightly warriors called "The Battle of San Romano," and to a certain extent Robert Cook's reclining, reticulated "Morgentod"—than I was diverted from that trail by such other items as Harold Tovish's marvellously smooth, elegant "Head in Space," Richard O'Hanlon's abstract "Quartette," and Jack Squier's phantasmal "Emerging Figure II," in all of which the design is on a vertical plane. The first group, I suppose, derives in part from Giacometti, who was about the first among the moderns to experiment with arrangements in flat-plane patterns in sculpture—sculpture intended to be

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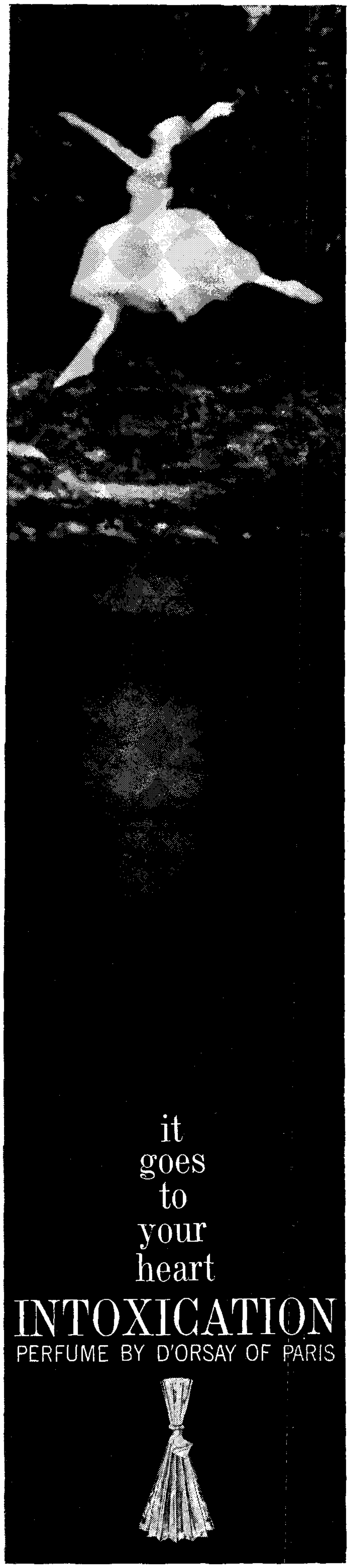
looked down upon, so to speak—though, if one wanted to go further back, it would be possible to find reminiscences of medieval funerary sculpture in such a piece as Cook's supine, shrouded figure. The second group, of course, belongs squarely in the tradition of sculpture in general.

In both, though, the approach is personal and imaginative, and the same sort of inventiveness, in composition and choice as well as use of materials, is evident throughout the collection. Wood alternates with bronze, and stone with such esoteric stuff as Fiberglas, polyester, and even canvas, while the possibilities of constructions in welded metals (that most flexible of methods and the one, perhaps, that contributed most to the modern sculptural renaissance) are exploited with more than the usual amount of daring and ingenuity. I'd cite particularly, in this connection, Seymour Lipton's thrusting "Mandrake," Bernard Rosenthal's abstract head called "Sargon the First," Edward Renouf's moon-faced construction "Chow," and Sidney Gordin's swift, graceful "19-59."

Styles vary, too, ranging broadly from such more or less traditional pieces as Leonard Baskin's Rodinesque standing "Lazarus" and Oronzio Maldarelli's neatly posed, if a bit run-of-the-mill, seated nude "Suzanne," through the abstract (see, for instance, James Rosati's "Head" and Isamu Noguchi's "Tiger"), to such semi-surrealist constructions as Gabriel Kohn's "Equatorial Trap" and Richard Stankiewicz's assemblage of bits of chain and other oddments called "1960-31."

There are also crosscurrents under the surface—and therefore more obvious ones. One of the healthiest manifestations in sculpture in recent years has been its tendency to break its traditional boundaries and reach out into the province of painting, and this is evident all through the show, perhaps in more aggressive fashion than usual. It is not always carried out to complete sculptural advantage. Gordin's "19-59," a mere tracery of connected arabesques in steel, has all the wiry elegance of a painting by Mathieu, and also its two-dimensionality. Herbert Ferber's "Calligraph" likewise lacks the true all-aroundness that is proper to sculpture, and so, to a lesser extent, does David Smith's chunkier "Albany." Lee Bontecou's untitled abstract composition, centripetal in movement and constructed of canvas stitched to a web of steel wire, is actually framed, which seems an effort to straddle both fields instead of plumping bold-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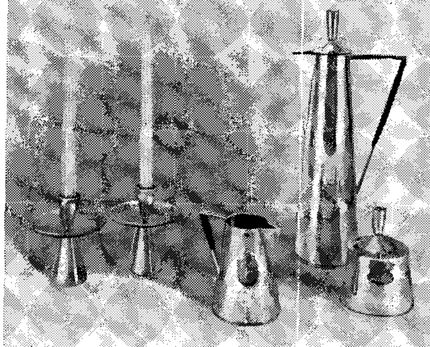
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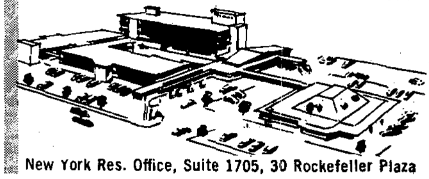
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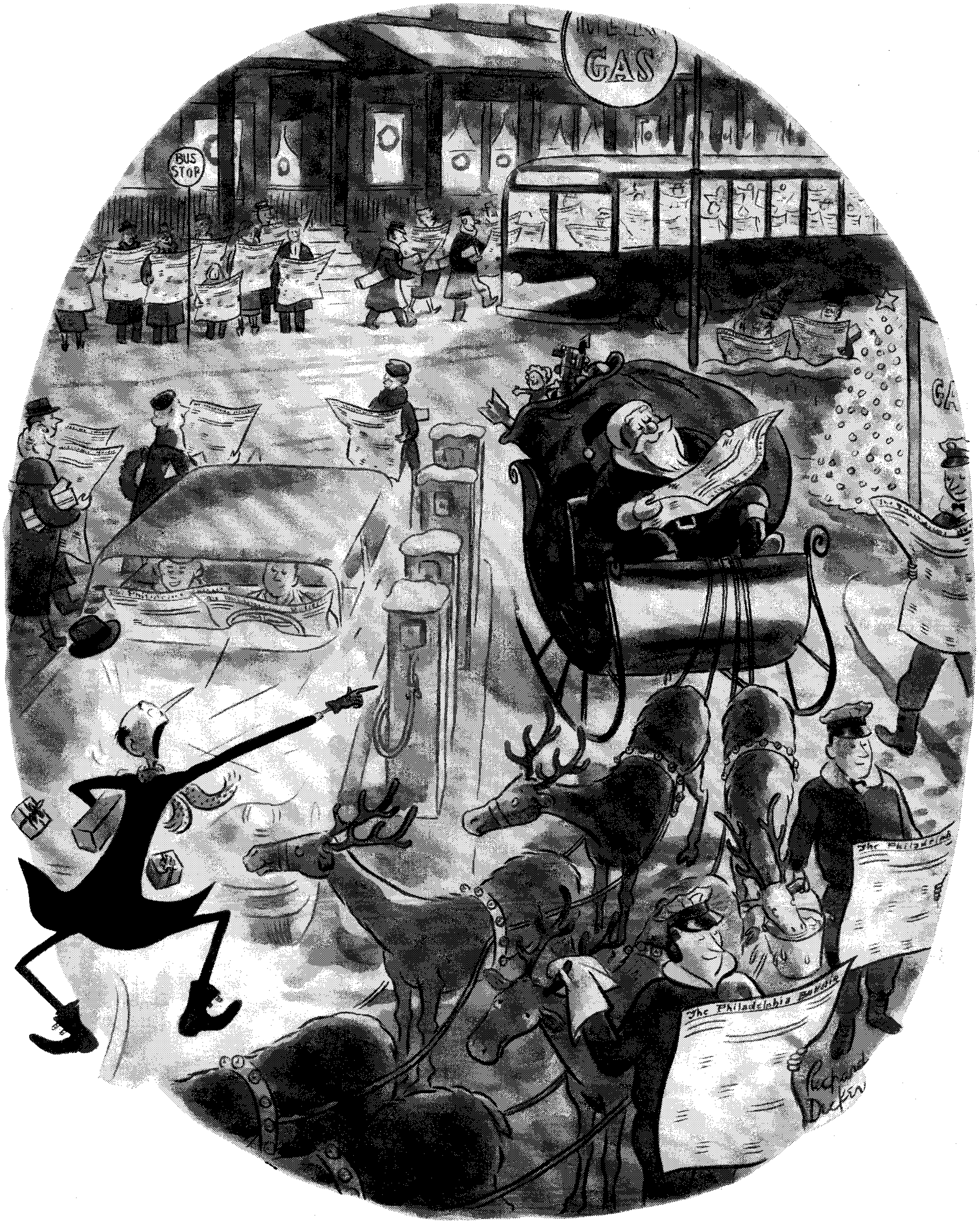
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ly for one of them. Claire Falkenstein's lacy "Screen No. 2, Interval as a Set," ingenious as it is, also lacks the three-dimensional feeling of sculpture, and on the whole, in this area, I liked best Prince's "Battle of San Romano," which I have already cited. Though he treads hard on Uccello's heels here (it is frankly a transposition of the latter's famous "Rout of San Romano," but in this case before the engagement instead of after it), he does so with taste and discretion, and the whole conception has a mixture of deliberate naïveté and medieval stylization that I found quite charming. In general, though, it might be that sculpture should stop and consolidate its gains before venturing further into the field of painting.

Humor, too, enters into the collection, successfully, and humor has always been a difficult genre for sculpture to handle. Perhaps the intrinsic monumentality of sculpture works against it, or the difficulty may be its stubborn three-dimensionality. (If you're going to have to walk all around a joke, it had better be a good joke.) At all events, most humor in sculpture, in my experience, tends toward the heavy-handed or the merely whimsical, and the fact that so many of the pieces in the current collection—William King's shatteringly well-groomed standing man in "At the Party," James Kearns' sardonic Valentine figure called "The Blind Girl," and Robert Cremean's big, bravura "Swinging Woman" among them—manage to avoid both these pitfalls is a welcome manifestation indeed.

The drawings this year, far from being only an adjunct, deserve their share of attention—in particular Albert Alcalay's harbor scene, Japanese in influence, called "The Little Fleet;" Robert Gwathmey's precisely drawn "Topping Tobacco;" Gray Foy's dense, mushroomy "Saprophytic Landscape;" and Jasper Johns' "Black Target." There are still a number of outstanding pieces in the sculpture section to be mentioned, if only glancingly. Eighty-four artists, with as many pieces, are included here, and of these thirty-nine are in the annual for the first time. To my mind, honors are about equally divided between newcomers and veterans. Lumping both categories, I'd say I enjoyed Alexander Calder's gently moving "The Snow Flake Tree," Abe Satoru's intricate and fastidious abstract "Wheel," George Sugarman's imposing laminated "Cornerstone," Louise Nevelson's big and golden assemblage of circles and sceptres called "Royal Tide Four," Theodore Roszak's minatory "Explorer" . . . but I could go on

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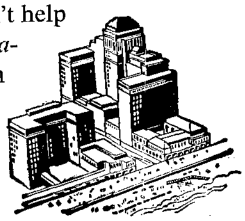

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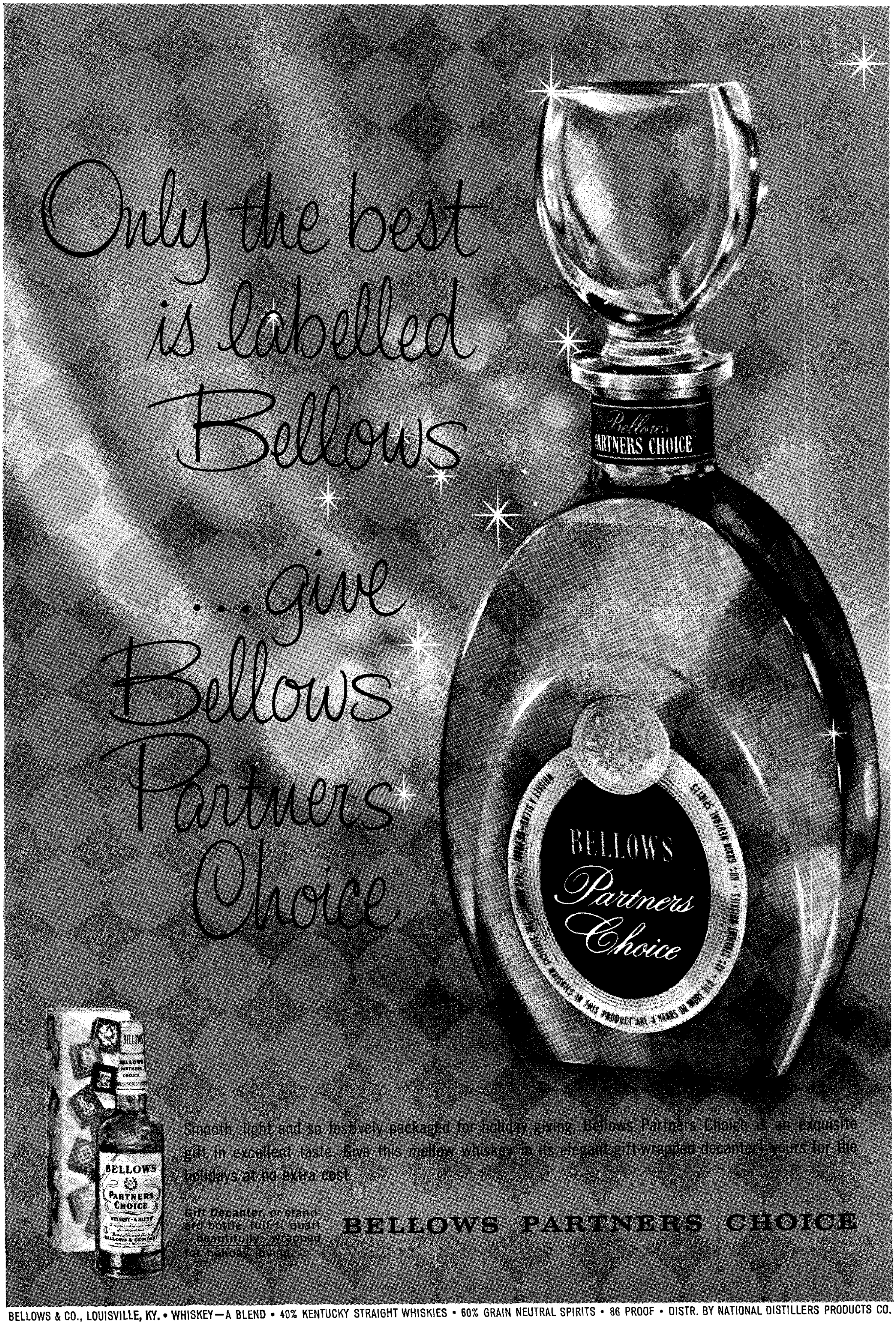
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and on. I don't know if people are *buying* sculpture these days. Still, they certainly should find it worth looking at.

AT the Janis is a skippingly arranged but illuminating survey of oils and other works by Fernand Léger. Twenty-nine items are included, and since the range is from 1918 to 1954, only one year before his death, lapses in his chronological progression are unavoidable. For all that, the show offers a remarkably coherent study of the man's career and reveals his steady growth in stature in the process.

Throughout his life, Léger was fond of developing his ideas in series—moving from the industrial subjects of his early Dynamiste days (see his "Factories" and the more tightly composed "In the Factory," both of 1918) on through the mechanizations of the human figure (as in "Three Women and Still Life") that culminated in his "Le Grand Déjeuner," and later turning from them to the experiments in "*couleur en dehors*" (in which the color is applied independently of the outlines of the subjects or figures), and then on to the late landscapes, and so forth.

As I've implied, there are gaps. There are no examples of those fine, almost heraldic farm abstractions he did in the nineteen-forties, for instance, but this is unimportant, and such truly handsome paintings as "Three Women and Still Life" and "Two Fishermen" (both early), together with the later "Le Campeur" and "Young Girl and Plant," easily make up for the lapses. I liked, too, the unusually warm, light-toned "Paysage Animé," the dark, dramatic "Chinese Juggler," and the airy and spacious "Construction: Mechanical Element, Yellow Ground," a study of steel-frame construction seen against the sky.—ROBERT M. COATES

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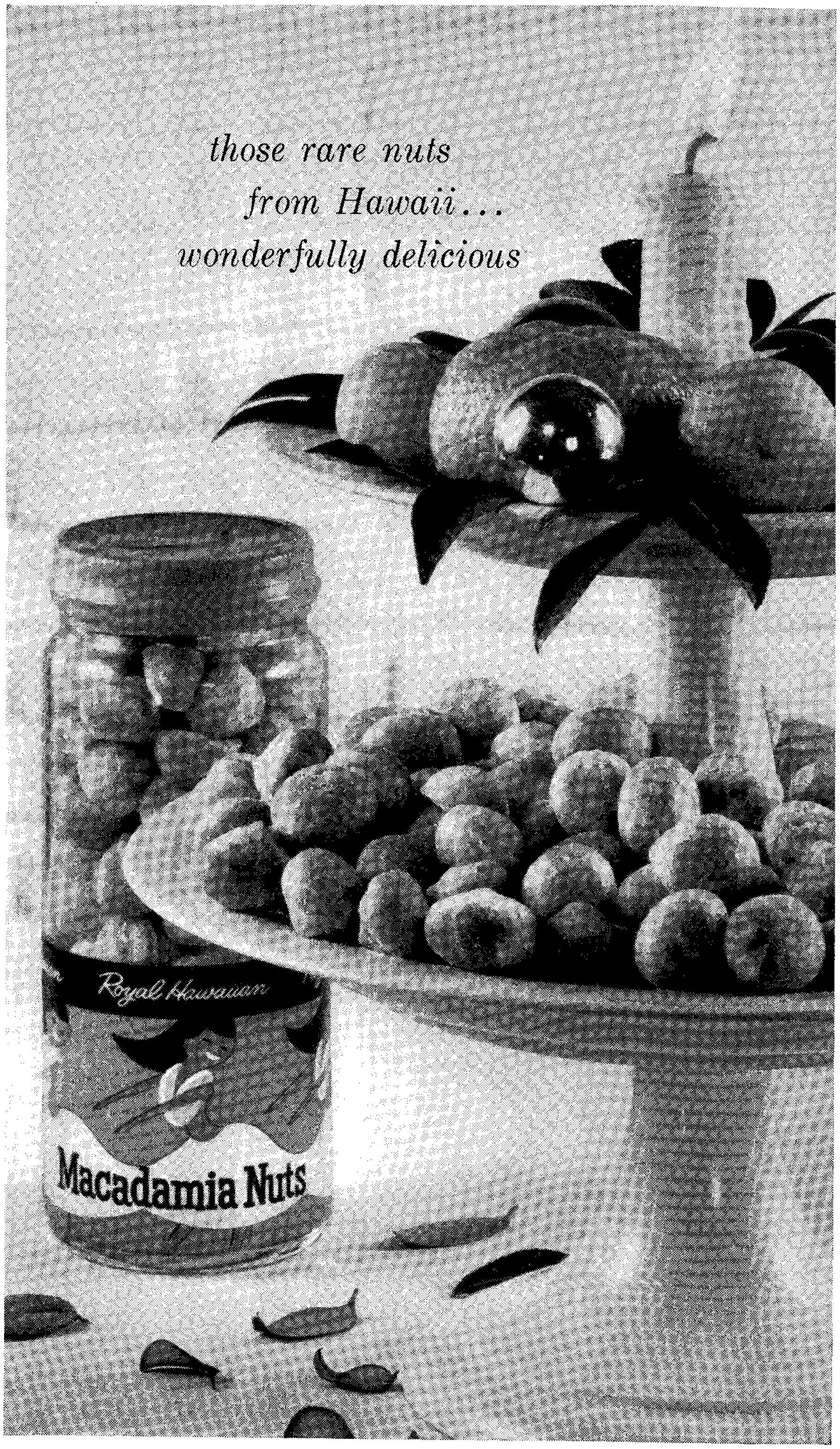

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

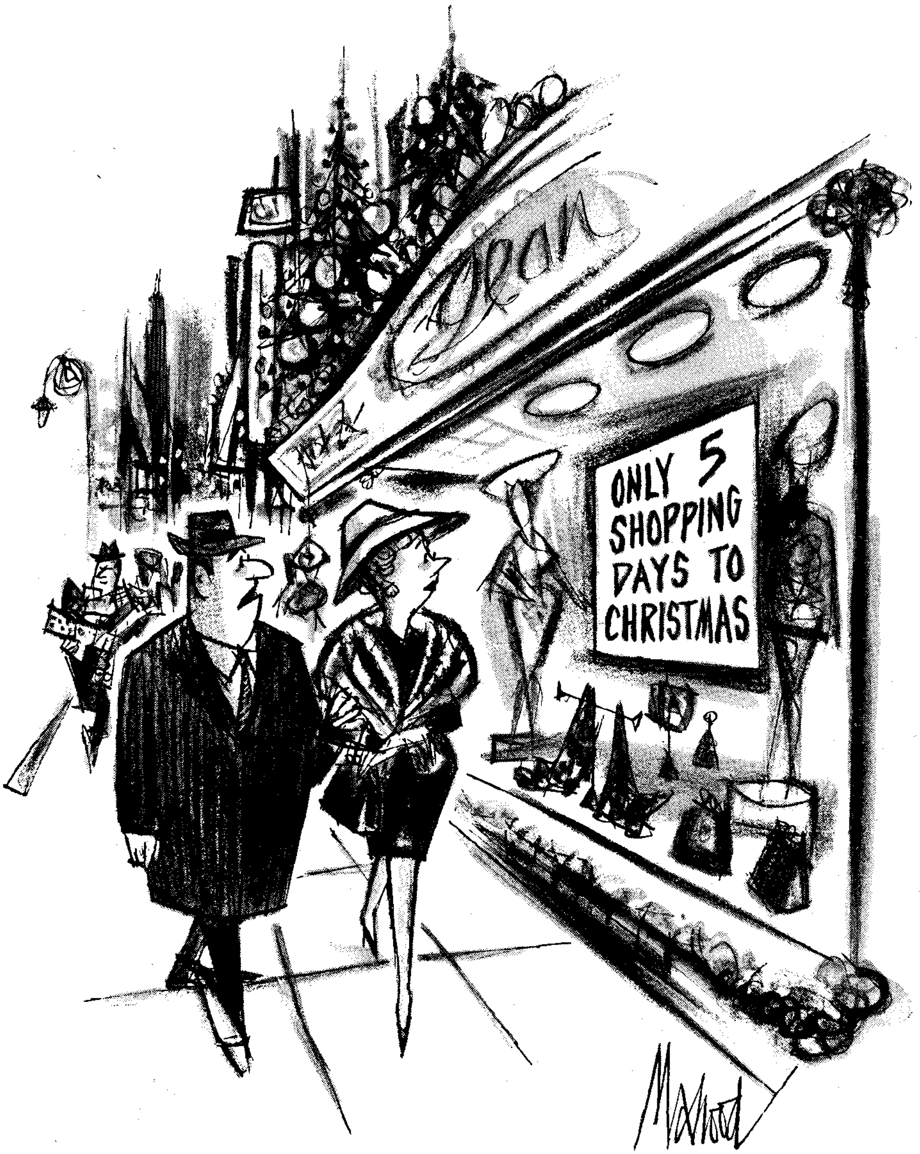
THE goal is in sight now, and after this week's treatises—on food and drink for the holiday board, and on wrappings for the presents and trimmings for the tree—all that should be left to do is to sprinkle some nutmeg on the eggnog and relax. Let's on with it!

The Christmas Table

What do people do with all those suggestions for food and drink that, with unparalleled industry, we have assembled in these columns year after year? If our readers have kept them as scrupulously as we like to think, then their Christmas refreshment problems are practically solved and their refrigerators and larders are probably at this minute bursting with the cheeses, the hams, and the pastries we've recommended at one time or another in the past—which are, perhaps, not very different from the cheeses, the hams, and the pastries we herewith put forward to get you through this year's Christmas commotion.

One piece of gastronomic intelligence that never gladdened previous Christmases, however, is the promise that Joseph Hyde, who conducts cooking classes at Palisades, New York, will, during the holidays, suspend his classes long enough to fill orders for the magnificent duck *au Chambertin* that is a specialty of the Restaurant de la Pyramide, at Vienne, where Mr. Hyde learned to make it under the tutelage of the late and illustrious Fernand Point. For radicals who hold that the Christmas turkey has outlived its usefulness, or for those who, on this high feast day, aspire to serve a pièce de résistance considerably beyond the powers of their own cook or just want a splendid dish without any effort on their part, the duck sent out from the Palisades kitchen comes as a solution that is almost too good to be true. In the manner of the masterpiece *chez* Point, Mr. Hyde's fowl is cut in two pieces, and the bones of the breast are removed and browned in the oven, along with suitable vegetables to make a proper *fond*. The pan is then swilled out (and we couldn't believe this if we hadn't seen it with our own eyes) with the very same 1953 Chambertin we recently enjoyed from M. Lehmann and commended to our readers. Following this, the duck is sautéed in its own fat, to which some more Chambertin and then the strained *fond* are added. At least, that's more or less how it's done; if we knew all the intricacies of its confection we would be making our own *canard au Chambertin* right now instead of paying Mr. Hyde the $12.50 that he asks for two portions (half a duck constitutes one portion) of this most elegant example of *la haute cuisine française*. Orders may be telephoned to Mr. Hyde at Lehigh 5-5440, and the duck will be delivered, to be picked up by the customer, at Le Gobelin tearoom, 26 East 66th Street—the pleasant little place where, as we have previously reported, those delicious Viennese cakes are to be had. (Suburban customers can pick up orders at the Market Fair, 152 Main Street, in Nyack.) We should perhaps warn you that you had better not acquire a permanent taste for the duck, since after January 1st, when Mr. Hyde goes back to his classes, he will take no more orders.

AMERICANS have such a strong prejudice against mutton—and in view of the quality of that meat as it is generally found, the prejudice is by no means baseless—that we have little hope of persuading anybody that when it is really good (well raised and well aged), it is greatly superior in flavor and general succulence to lamb. Because of this public indifference, not to say suspicion, few of our outstanding butchers bother to carry mutton, and in the less reliable stores it had better be avoided. One irreproachable shop that does sometimes have it, though, is the Maryland Market, 412 Amsterdam Avenue (79th), and for the benefit of hostesses who may like to serve such a robust Christmas roast, we pass along the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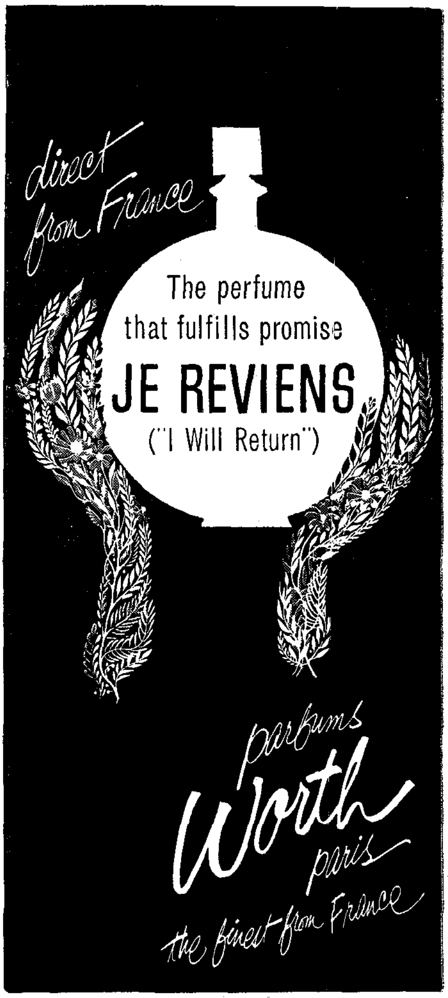
cheering news that a leg of mutton we recently had from there made a magnificent pièce de résistance when poached to a just-pink perfection (a wonderful improvement on England's traditional boiled leg of mutton) and served with a highly seasoned sauce béarnaise. Since the Maryland Market doesn't always have mutton on hand, it is well to place an order several days in advance. The price of top-grade legs of mutton at the moment is sixty-nine cents a pound, and it is not likely to vary much in the next few weeks. What we have been assured is mutton of good quality is expected any day at the Waverly Meat Market, 49 West 8th Street, but it comes too late for us to sample and report on.

IF all you know about wine jelly is the rubbery article listed in practical cooking guides under the head of "Invalid Cookery," then the ethereal dish made at Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, and labelled Madeira jelly will come as the most extravagant surprise. In parts of the Deep South, a jelly of this kind is traditionally offered as an alternative dessert on Christmas Day to those who find plum pudding too overpowering at the conclusion of a rich dinner—though, for that matter, the jelly, charged with Madeira, is a bit overpowering itself. Whatever the origin of the Soupçon dish, it appears here as a happy combination of Bual Madeira and orange and lemon juices (a cupful of the wine to two cups of the juices), delicately spiced with clove and cinnamon bark, and given a zesty fillip by lemon and orange peel. And not only the exquisite flavor but the consistency—shimmering and only barely congealed—distinguishes the Soupçon jelly from all others and makes it, when eaten with plain heavy cream, the right subtle ending to an elaborate meal. We hope it won't give the dish a bad name if we suggest that a pint of the jelly (it costs $4.50), plus a small jar of cream, would almost certainly be welcomed by a hospitalized friend.

HAVING an utterly delicious melon available for Christmas is luck enough, Heaven knows, and when that utterly delicious melon turns out to be something entirely new—never before seen in this world, let alone in this town—any hostess who serves it must feel considerable satisfaction at being able to *épater* family and guests so brilliantly. This luscious fruit (*mellone invernale*) has for some years been under experimental cultivation in Sicily, from which it now comes to us in its full



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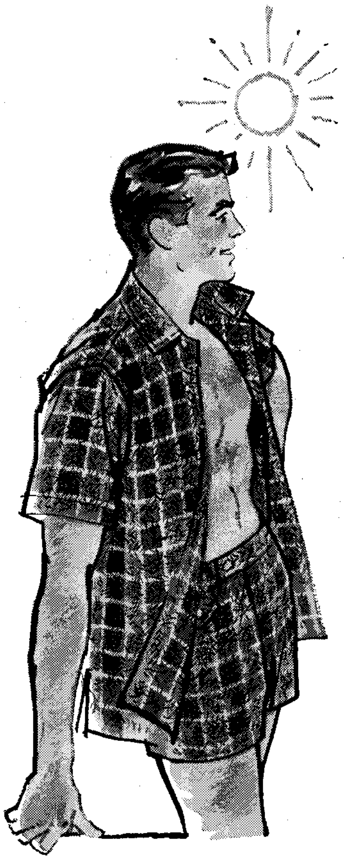

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glory. It has a rough, deep-green rind and a pale-greenish inside, something like that of the honeydew, but its flavor and sweetness are entirely and irresistibly its own. By giving us this melon, the Gaetano Calarco Importing Company, already responsible for bringing us such blessings as the Gloria melon from Spain and the incredibly delicious Albert grapes from Belgium, has once again earned the reverent gratitude of every well-heeled fruit lover. The melon, which is identified by the trade name Nativity, costs from $2 to $3.50, depending on size, at Martin's Fruit Shop, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th); Hughes Brothers, 766 Madison Avenue (66th); Hicks & Son, 16 East 49th Street; the Madison Grocery and Fruit Shop, 18 East 58th Street; and Charles & Co., 340 Madison Avenue (43rd). The same stores also carry the firm's Belgian grapes.

IT probably proves us a sad snob that when a correspondent wrote bringing to our attention an enterprise called the Heart Chocolate Company, at 822 Amsterdam Avenue (100th), we had little hope of finding chocolates that would justify the long trek to that particularly dreary and down-at-the-heel neighborhood. Even when we had tasted the sweets, which are made by Mrs. Thomas Kriegman, we couldn't quite credit our own taste buds and were moved to call in a serious chocolate fancier who corroborated our judgment that here is a very good chocolate indeed. The Heart Company has been at the same spot for thirty years, and it sees no point in moving its quarters just because the neighborhood has grown shabbier and shabbier. It doesn't matter where the shop is anyway, the owner thinks, since it is not the neighbors who buy the chocolates but people from Long Island and Westchester and midtown Manhattan. Having thus, we hope, reassured you about the social position of the Heart Company, we shall try to give some idea of the quality of the chocolates, which are produced by the owner and a staff of two girls. There isn't a piece of machinery in the place—the cutting, dipping, and all the rest being done by their six hands—and the heady smell of pure chocolate that rises from the big boiler is a reassuring guarantee of quality. The shop, which employs the Swiss method of candymaking, offers both bitter chocolate and the milk variety, and you've only to state your preference to have the chocolate of your choice made to order. (The telephone number is Academy 2-0780.) We found partic-

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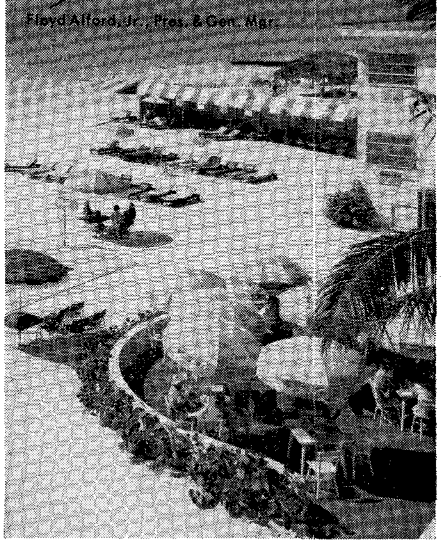

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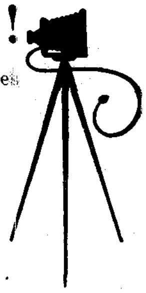

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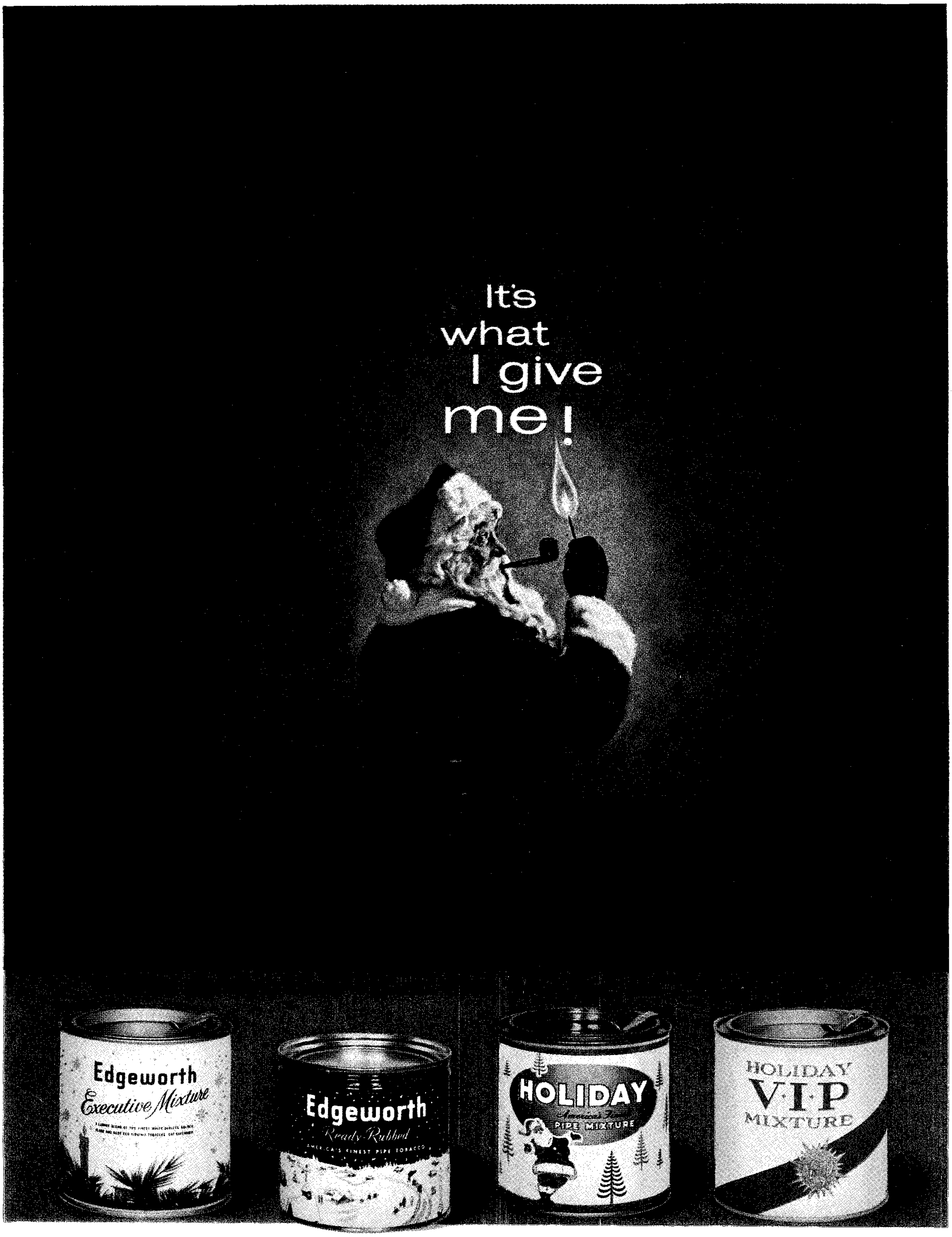
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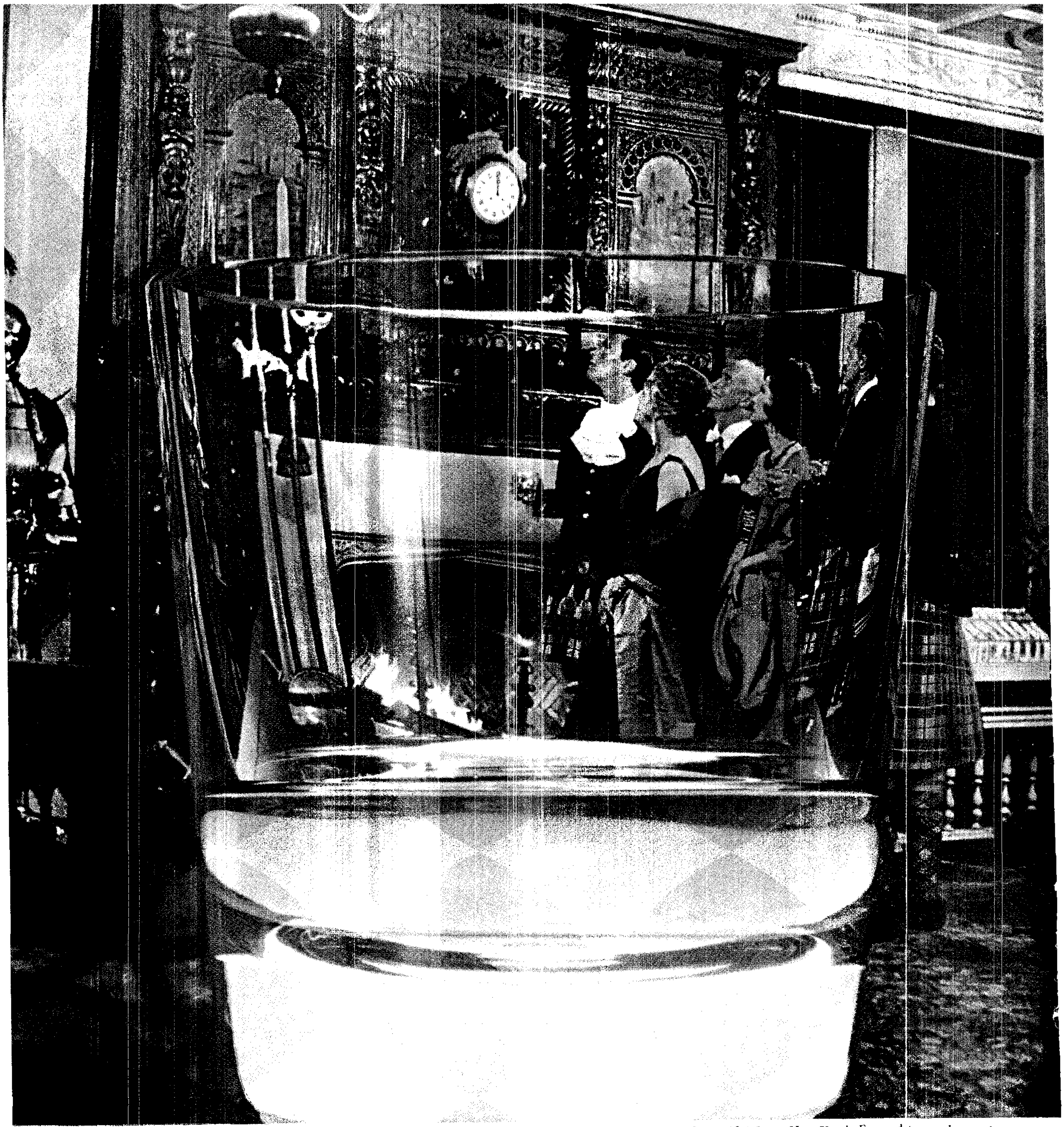

Hogmanay—when the clan gathers around the clock at midnight on New Year's Eve and toasts the coming year.

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ularly good several varieties of truffles and something the owner calls nougat (it is made of crushed filberts, milk chocolate, and dark chocolate, and hasn't the least similarity to the American sweet of that name), and, for those who like them, there are liqueur-flavored bonbons. A standard assortment of candies costs $1.65 a pound in a plain box and $1.90 in a fancy package. Chocolate-covered nuts are $1.90 a pound in a plain box and $2.25 in a fancy one. Delivery anywhere in Manhattan is fifty cents.

IT was not entirely our innate love of animals that made us rejoice to learn that during this past summer the cows everywhere in Europe were enjoying a perfectly lovely time in the deepest of lush pasturage. Yet even with this cheering advance information from the dairy countries, which in 1959 suffered a drought that raised Cain with our supply of European cheeses, we had not dared hope for the quality and abundance of the cheeses that are now reaching our shores. The old classic greats seem just a bit greater this year, and several newcomers appear to be headed for a fame and glory of their own. One of the most distinguished of the new arrivals is a soft cow's-milk cheese called Quatre Saisons, which is fairly new even in the Département du Maine-et-Loire, where it is made. Its color is a rich cream, its consistency is very like that of Brie, and its flavor is indescribably *sui generis*. The cheese is sold in an eight-ounce box for $1.19 at Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd); Bloomingdale; Fraser Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st); Altman; the Maryland Gourmet Mart, 414 Amsterdam Avenue (79th); Phil Alpert, 235 Fulton Street; and S. Milstein, 1375 Madison Avenue (96th). Another new and delicious soft cheese, imported from Denmark, has the thinnest possible rind, enclosing a center decidedly less *coulant* than that of the Quatre Saisons, and of an irresistible, slightly nutty flavor. It is called Castello, and is sold exclusively by Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street, at $2.75 for a package containing two six-ounce rolls. Also at Old Denmark are two semi-hard Danish cheeses, which, while not new in name—they are Kommenost and Christian IX, both of which have been with us for some years—are of a higher quality than we have ever before associated with these respectable Danish imports. The Old Denmark people explain the unusual excellence of the Kommenost by

The men in my life...(sigh) there are so many wonderful ones...where do I begin? When I'm torn between dreaming of faraway tropic isles and yet longing for the glitter of New York, I just (sigh) let myself go—with Martin Denny. Mmmmm, that man and his music make me shiver with pleasure...the beat of Love For Sale, Hernando's Hideaway and many others are in Martin Denny's new Liberty Album "Exotic Sounds Visit Broadway." Of course, you'll also want to have his "Silver Screen" and "Quiet Village" albums in your collection. Then when I'm in a mad, gay mood—and what red-blooded American girl isn't—there's that Jones boy—Spike. He's so uninhibited, so full of surprises! And doesn't every girl just love surprises! You'll love the Hut-Sut Song, Mairzy Doats and others fliply satirized by Spike Jones in his latest Liberty album "60 Years of Music America Hates Best." Crazy, man. And if I feel blue and almost anti-social, I slip into a party mood when I spin Dave Barry's new Liberty release, "Laughs for Losers"... ten hilarious monologues recorded live in Las Vegas with such intriguing titles as Dishonesty is the Best Policy and The Unfair Sex—sound like fun? —Honey, they are, *they are* ...P.S. Dear—one more thing—if the day's been hectic and you want to forget, try me "Around Midnight"—that's my newest Liberty album...we'll roam romantically through twelve tantalizing love ballads such as Misty, Black Coffee and Lush Life—all guaranteed to make your life so much lovelier.

The Many Men In My Life

Julie London

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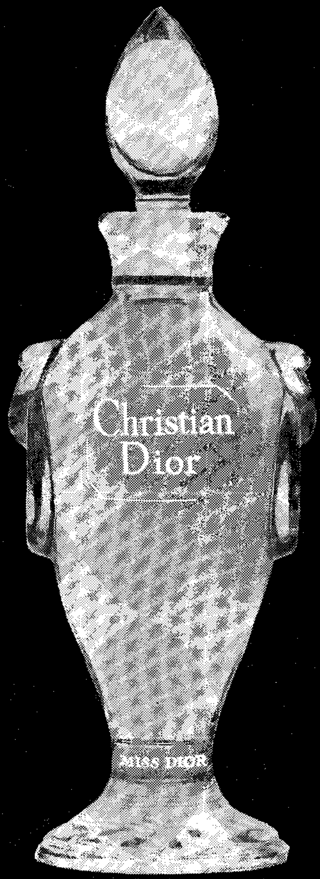

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the fact that it has aged in the store's cellars for the past three years; we forget what excuse they give for the remarkable virtues of the Christian IX.

To get back to the soft cheeses, Coulommiers, which is usually spoken of as Brie de Coulommiers, is not, strictly speaking, *le véritable* Brie (certainly it is not the equal of the Brie of the Île-de-France), but when it is in peak condition it is a very fine cheese—not much larger than a Camembert and with a soft cream-colored center. As far as we know, the reason it hasn't appeared in this country before may be that it dries out and coarsens very quickly in any but the most careful hands—yet isn't that true of all the more delicate soft cheeses? The Coulommiers that we recently sampled was excellent, and it is to be had at the same shops that carry the Quatre Saisons; the price is about a dollar for an eight-ounce package. A couple of other new arrivals are a soft cheese called Closcrème, from the Département de l'Aisne, and a French Tilsiter that was last with us a couple of years ago under the name of Dynham. The Closcrème has more or less the consistency of a Camembert, with a considerably less subtle flavor; it sells for $1.05 the seven-ounce box at Bloomingdale. The French Tilsiter is, we think, on the whole slightly more agreeable than the various other Tilsiters (German, Danish, and Swiss); that is to say, it is rather more like a somewhat coarser, somewhat stronger Port du Salut. It is around $1.75 a pound at Bloomingdale.

THE news that Mrs. Ferenc Kormendi, that extraordinarily gifted pastrymaker at 56 East 89th Street (Endicott 9-1040), has added two new items to her repertoire of cakes must take a load off the minds of those hostesses who are determined to have something new as well as delicious for each holiday season. For our part, we think so highly of Mrs. Kormendi's past performances that we would just as soon start at the beginning and work our way through the whole delicate roster again. To get on to the newcomers, though, they are a hazelnut loaf (in which ground hazelnuts are used instead of flour), put together with a mocha-chocolate cream that is an inspired invention of this inspired baker, and a more elegant, partified chocolate cake, with rum-flavored whipped cream between the two layers. The price of a ten-inch hazelnut loaf that will serve twelve is $4, and a square hazelnut cake, serving sixteen, is $6. The chocolate cake costs $6.50 in a nine-inch

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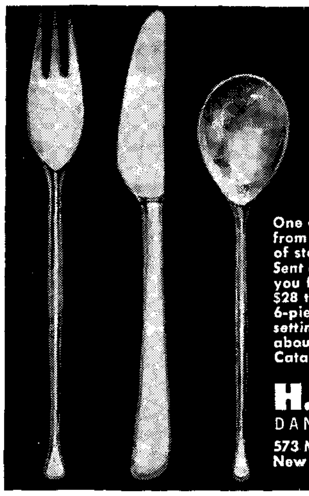

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size, enough to serve eighteen, and $8 in a ten-inch size, enough for twenty-four. The same cake put together with apricot jam instead of the whipped cream and rum is $3 and $4.50.

Several years ago, we reported in these columns on the Carlsbad *Oblaten*—delicate sweet wafers invented in eighteenth-century Austria and now being manufactured according to the original recipe in St. Paul, Minnesota, by a woman who is a descendant of the original maker. The story of her romantic flight from the Russians, with the family wafer irons strapped to her back, is hardly more heroic than her dedicated determination since coming to this country not to allow the commercial success of her wafers to lower long-established standards. The fact that the *Oblaten* are now being produced (and it's this we are getting around to) in a sugarless form for diabetics is, the owner believes, a humanitarian gesture rather than a business concession. We have tried the new diabetic variation, and, except for a slight loss of flavor caused by the use of artificial sweetening, the wafers are exactly the same as the original delicate confection, which, of course, is still being manufactured. A single tin containing fifty-four artificially sweetened wafers costs $2.95, and two or more tins are $2.80 each, including postage. The address is the Carlsbad Oblaten Company, 1360 Selby Avenue, St. Paul 4.

THERE is no doubt in our mind that the finest ham in the world is—as we have reported in these columns before—the ham smoked by the Trappist monks in Trappist, Kentucky. What we were looking for recently, though, wasn't this kind of ham at all but a good country product of the sort that, before ham fell on evil days in this country, one could order from any reputable butcher in the reasonable expectation of getting a well-flavored piece of meat. Although the country product laid no claim to having undergone the long curing of the Virginia and Kentucky smokehouses, it once had its respectable place on the family table. We not long ago sampled such a ham from the Jones Dairy Farm, at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, which sells a limited number of its so-called long-cured variety by mail. What the Jones people mean by "long-cured" is not at all what the Trappists understand by the term, and yet the Wisconsin article makes a very welcome change from the ordinary tasteless product sold as tenderized ham. Jones' long-cured hams cost $1.02 per pound direct

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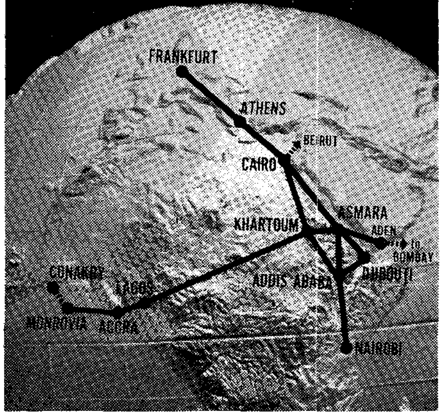

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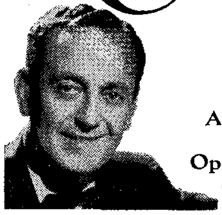

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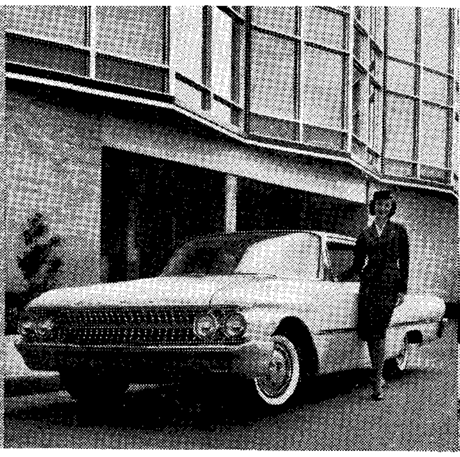

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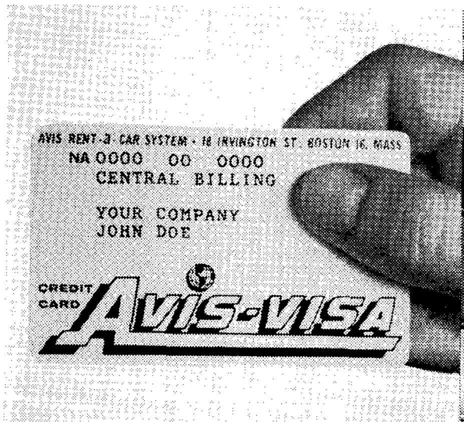

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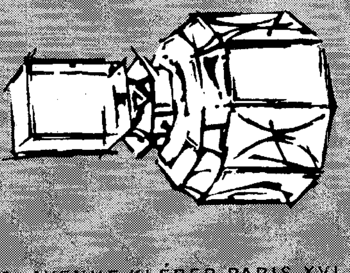
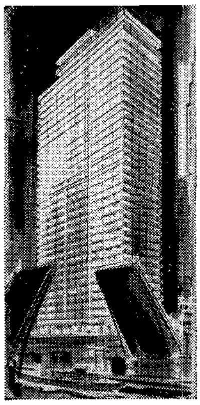


20, AVENUE KLEBER PARIS XVI

from Fort Atkinson, or they can be ordered through Manhattan stores carrying the Jones short-cured product. There is a transportation charge of fifty cents on hams weighing less than twelve pounds.

ADMITTEDLY, we don't keep up with changing gastronomic fashions, but even we know that vichyssoise isn't as stylish as it used to be, and perhaps we wouldn't risk speaking of it now if the vichyssoise made by John W. Clancy, 473 Sixth Avenue (12th), weren't extremely good and couldn't be served hot under the name of leek-and-potato soup. It is made of strong chicken broth, leeks, potatoes, and rich cream, with a sprinkling of chives (if fresh chives are to be had), and the result is a pottage that is delicate and yet satisfying—just the thing for the night the cook does *her* Christmas shopping. The price is $4 a quart. A much grander and more ambitious creation of Mr. Clancy's is a chocolate cake that is very pretty to look at and utterly delicious. This elegant confection, which has a center filling of light chocolate mousse, is iced with a bitter-chocolate frosting and then beguilingly wreathed with crystallized violets. It is no ordinary cake to accompany an ice or a cup of coffee but a dessert in itself, and a very fine one, at that; Mr. Clancy asks $7.50 for a cake seven inches in diameter—enough for eight or ten servings. Still another Clancy accomplishment is the sort of orange sauce that goes with a duck bigarade—the assumption evidently being that your own cook is smart enough to cope with the duck part of the combination. The sauce is made of orange juice, cognac, orange rind, sugar, and a dash of wine vinegar, and costs $2.50 a pint.

WE have put off to the last any suggestions about bottles to go with all this holiday fare, but not because we think that the choice of your wine is a bit less important than the choice of your turkey. Heaven forbid! It is, rather, that while the virtues of the turkey are ordinarily left to look out for themselves, so much solemn advice about wine is being offered on every hand that it seems entirely inappropriate for us to add our strictly amateur say-so to all the pompous wisdom. And we are further embarrassed in any discussion of wine by the almost unavoidable risk of falling into the banal exaggerations of the experts, which have, in turn, been borrowed from the banal exaggerations of the spirit merchants' catalogues. This is by way of warning that if any dog-



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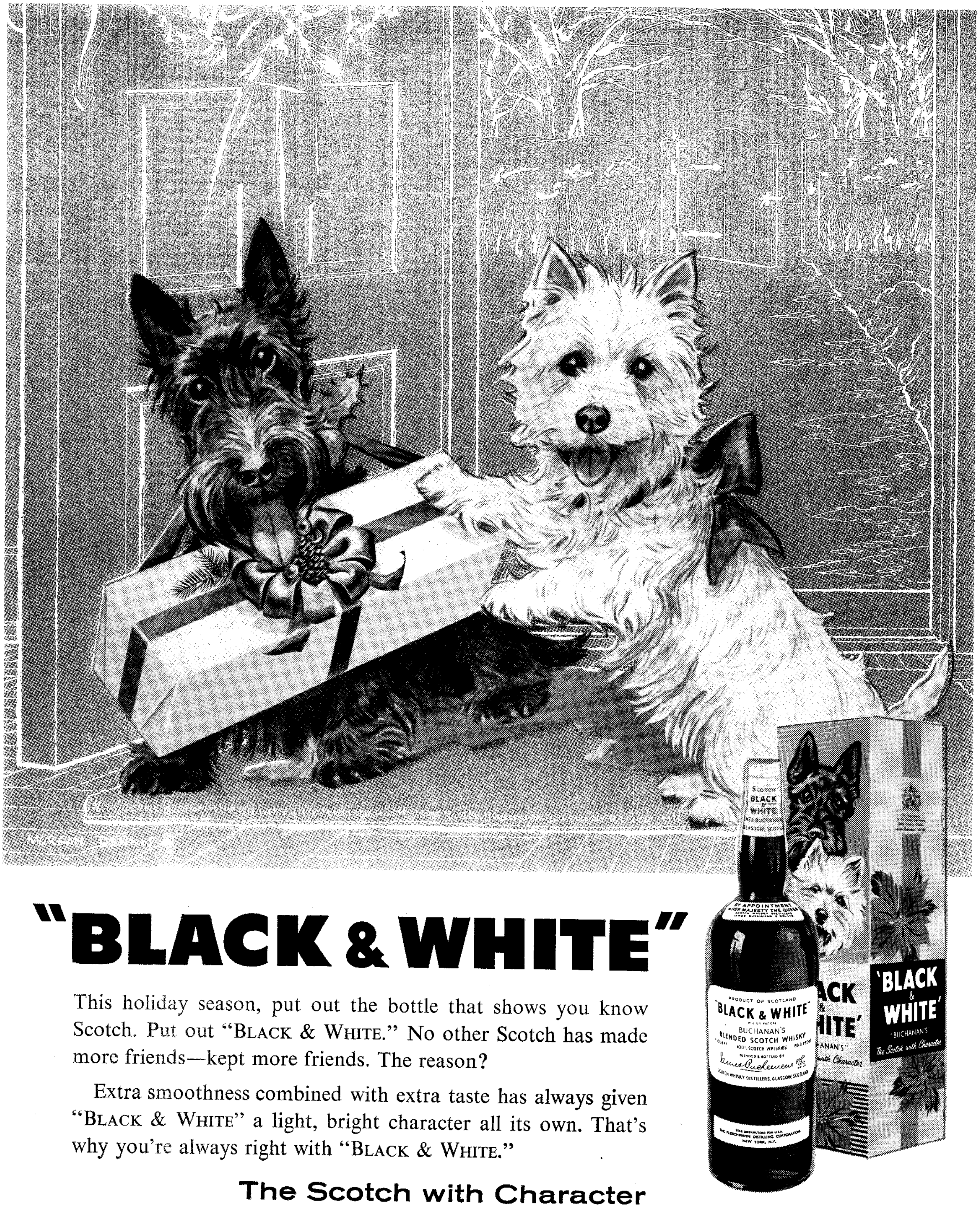
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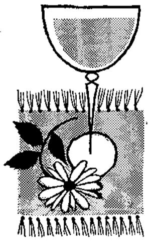

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matic pronouncements creep into the ensuing brief report on bottles we have recently enjoyed, the note of authority relates only to our enjoyment, about which we certainly have every right to speak with finality.

For the benefit of those who find, as we do, that a reasonable price gives an extra-pleasurable fillip to a good wine, we put at the head of our list a claret that we have lately drunk with the most lively satisfaction. This is a Château Lafleur St. Georges '55—a quite remarkable St. Émilion, whose price of $1.29 bears no relation to the quality of the wine. This is sold at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (62nd). Another claret that we have drunk with appreciation is a Château Ducru-Beaucaillou '53—a lovely, soft St. Julien that A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th), sells for $2.99. (You can't expect windfalls like the St. Émilion very often.)

On the reasonable assumption that anybody who means to treat himself to a great wine knows his way around among the famous vintages without any advice from us, we shall here confine ourselves, as far as possible, to pointing out bottles that, while calculated to give pleasure to the connoisseur, are not too ruinously costly for happy family drinking. Exactly such a wine is the Morey-St. Denis '52—a red Burgundy of the Côte de Nuits that costs $2.79 and isn't nearly as well known as it should be, probably because it is overshadowed by its grand neighbors of the Chambolle. It would be a pity to miss a wine with so admirable a balance of warm sturdiness and soft delicacy, which give it an unusual character of its own. This, too, is at Luria, where you will also find a much lighter 1953 Mercury of the Côte Chalonnaise. The latter has a brilliant color and is fresh, clean, and extremely pleasant; $2.39.

Our weakness for the lusty wines of the Rhône Valley emboldens us to offer a judgment of our own (at odds with that of some experts) on the splendid Hermitage of 1955, which we find far superior to any of the '53 wines of the area. In this vintage, which goes on getting better and better, the red Hermitage has something of the authority, as well as the velvety quality, of a fine Burgundy, along with an extra-heady bouquet. It is to be had in both red and white at Luria; Sherry; and Forty-ninth Street Wine & Spirits, 145 East 49th Street. Perhaps we should mention that some connoisseurs would place the laurel wreath on the Châteauneuf-du-Pape of the same year, which is to

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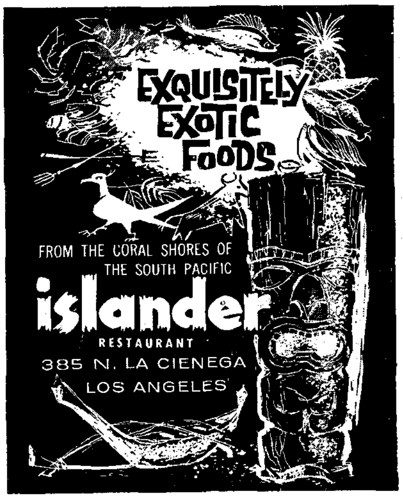

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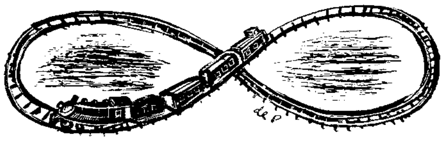
be had at the same shops. The red Hermitage is priced at $2.78, the white at $2.87, and the Châteauneuf-du-Pape at around $2.25.

The most enjoyable Loire wine we have had in some time is a 1959 Champigny Rouge from the Château Pas de Loup. This somewhat resembles a good Beaujolais—only fresher, fruitier, and, to our taste, altogether more engaging. It is to be had at Sherry, where there is also a Saumur, of the same year and from the same château, that is extremely pleasant, though not, we think, the equal of the red. Both bottles are priced at $1.59.

We shan't bother about whether we are right or wrong in calling the Scharzhofberger '59, as we do, the perfect Moselle. Maybe it is and maybe it isn't; all we can be sure of is that its combination of elegance and fragrant delicacy gave us an intense pleasure that no Moselle has given us in a long time. It costs $3.89 at Sherry; Ambassador Liquors, 144 East 86th Street; and Luria. A very different Moselle—a light, fresh little Berncasteler '59, which would make a most enjoyable luncheon wine—is at Sherry for $1.99.

A brand-new apéritif, called Positano for no apparent reason (it is made not in that picturesque Italian village but at Chambéry, in the Savoie), has lately been imported here by Frederick Wildman & Sons, and we predict that it will attract a lot of friends, among whom we hasten to count ourselves. It is aimed at that large group of more or less moderate drinkers who find the already well-known apéritif wines too sweet and heavily aromatic to give any real lift to the appetite, and it exactly hits the bull's-eye. With an alcoholic content of only twenty per cent, and a third less sugar than any other apéritif wine we know, it is, when well chilled and served with a twist of lemon peel, a wonderfully refreshing prelude to the serious wines of Christmas dinner—or to the frivolous ones. Our one perhaps captious complaint is that the bottle has an elaborately fancy stopper that would, we think, stump sommeliers a lot more expert than we are. Wildman has also imported two very pleasant vermouths that are new to this country: a half-sweet—it is called Beauvin, and is considerably drier than the so-called Italian-type vermouths—and an extra-dry,



1961
HOLIDAY
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Travel
Europe

Come taste the wines, tour the lands and touch the hearts of Europe with Holiday. The entire January issue is devoted to dazzling pictures and reports that take you to unfamiliar parts of familiar cities, to fascinating places virtually untouched by tourism. You'll visit:

INNSBRUCK—Frederic Morton takes a close look at its age-old manners, moods, and strange combination of city life and Alpine addiction.

NAPLES—Aubrey Menen paints the beautiful people, the place, and describes Pasqualino, famous hero of Naples.

ESTORIL—J. Bryan, III, describes this Portuguese resort, telling what calls, captivates and keeps exiled royalty here, and why you should visit it—soon.

AMSTERDAM—Geoffrey Cotterell finds a peculiar magic in Europe's "most splendidly bourgeois of capital cities."

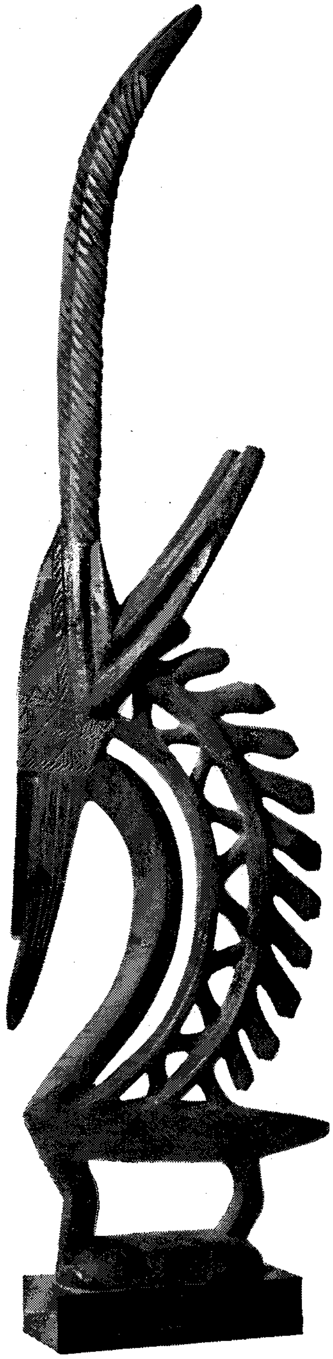
HAMBURG—Kenneth Tynan examines this seaport city of robust pleasures, magnificent works of art, and discovers that its reputation is a great hoax.

GENEVA—Lawrence Durrell, investigating its vast influence, discovers the mysterious secret of this lovely city.

SEVILLE—V. S. Pritchett learns the several traits that protect the colorful character of this city of pageantry and its unique Sevillanos.

MOSCOW—George Nelson, designer for the '59 Exhibition, describes the fascinating discoveries he made.

Also: Rhodes...Sweden's Uppsala...Holiday Handbook of Italian and German Wines...Selected Guide to Europe's Fine Restaurants...Keys to Europe 1961. Don't miss this special issue. On sale now. A Curtis Magazine.



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labelled Bellesec. A thirty-ounce bottle of Positano costs $2.35, and the two vermouths are $2.15 a thirty-ounce bottle, at most liquor stores.

And now, without leaving the subject of wine, we are about to introduce to you what must certainly be the most revolutionary contribution to the enjoyment of wine since the invention of the bottle. When we first heard of a little gadget, very like a hypodermic syringe, that, by introducing a tiny amount of carbon dioxide into the neck of a bottle, could force the cork out without the slightest effort, we were, to put it mildly, profoundly shocked. But since we have seen the thing perform over and over again, and have observed that the procedure produces no change in the flavor of the wine, we have joined the chorus of our betters in calling this the blessing of the age to everybody who has ever drawn a cork—an operation that will, of course, soon become as obsolete as candle-dipping. The manner in which the new opener (it is called Cork-Ace) works is simplicity itself. The syringe contains a cartridge of CO_2, which, as you probably know, is the harmless, tasteless gas in champagne and in all carbonated beverages. After pushing the needle through the cork, you touch a button that releases, between the cork and the wine, an infinitesimal amount of carbon dioxide, which is in contact with the wine for no more than two seconds, and the pressure of which at once pushes the cork gently out of the bottle. Before we could make up our mind that the whole thing wasn't some preposterous, magical hoax, we talked with any number of serious oenophilists, among them the distinguished authorities Mr. Frank Schoonmaker and Mr. Tom Marvel, and all of them agreed that the gas has absolutely no effect on the flavor or bouquet of the wine. One needs no reassurance about the valuable service that the Cork-Ace performs, not just in easing the job of ordinary cork-pulling but in removing old and crumbly corks that would almost certainly come to grief if they were tackled with an old-fashioned corkscrew. Actually, there seems to us but one disadvantage to the new contrivance: we were so carried away by the ease and fascination of operating it that we invariably opened a lot more bottles than we had meant to. (One cartridge will open twenty or thirty bottles, but we didn't go quite *that* far.) Alanberry, Inc., a new firm at 654 Madison Avenue (60th), appears to have dedicated itself wholeheartedly to seeing to it that everybody in the world gets a Cork-Ace

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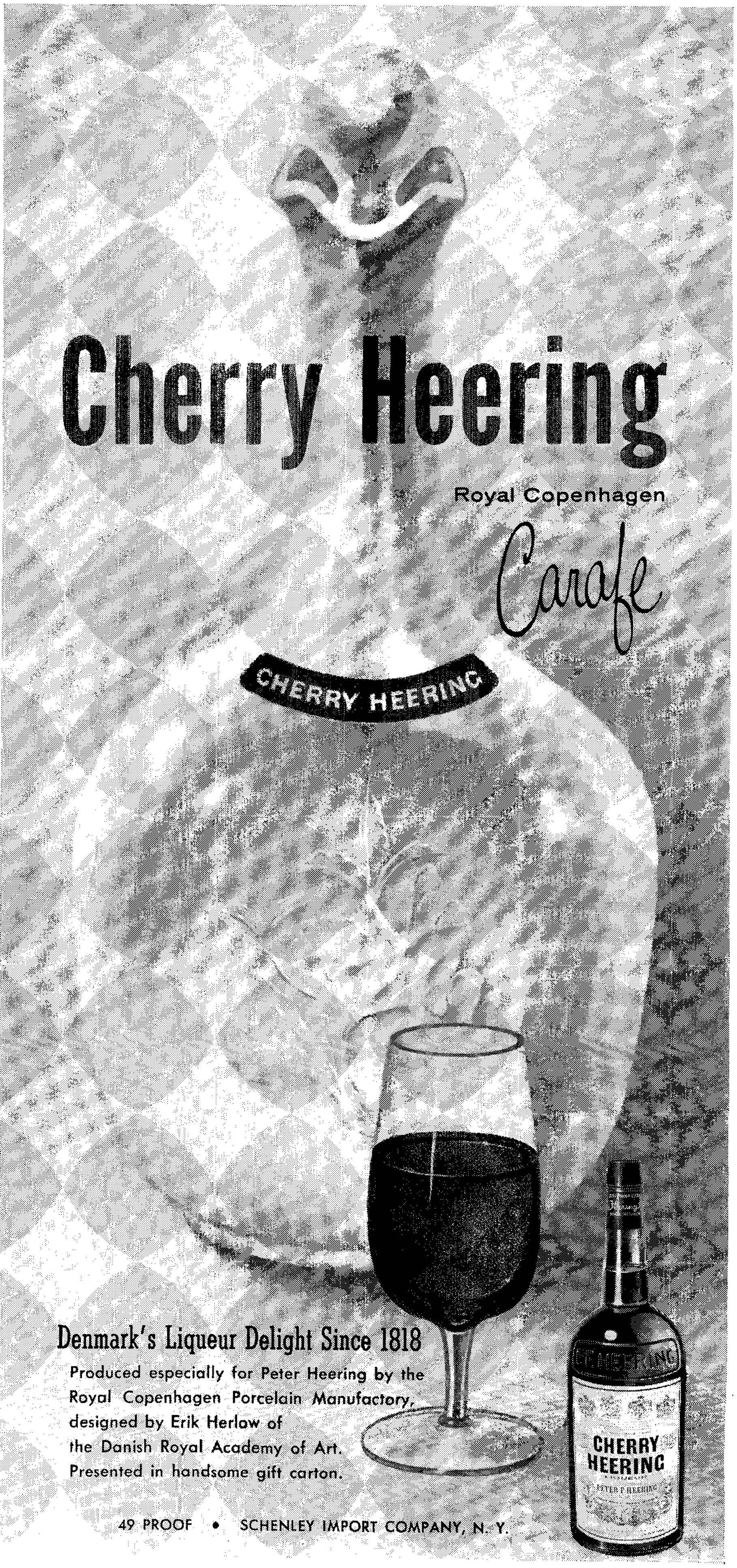
in time for Christmas, and in order to accommodate New Yorkers who want the thing to reach distant friends before the twenty-fifth, the firm will make delivery by airmail at no extra cost. The price is $10, and a box of ten extra cartridges costs $1.19. For such customers who may find the supply temporarily out (Cork-Aces are coming in at the rate of five hundred a week by air freight from England, where they are made, but even that isn't taking care of the demand), Alanberry will send, in their behalf, a gift certificate by airmail, which will be followed in due time by the Cork-Ace itself, postpaid. Both Bloomingdale and Hammacher Schlemmer carry the Cork-Ace, but without the extra frills of free airmail delivery or gift certificates.

Wrappings and Trimmings

IT wouldn't surprise us to learn that, with one thing and another, you haven't had time to think up a glorious centerpiece for your Christmas table. Well, luckily, a number of the city's florists, decorators, and department stores are all set to furnish you with one of their inspirations—finished, complete, and ready to be put in place—and marvels of beauty, ingenuity, and festivity some of them are. Imagine a centerpiece inspired by one of those fashionable eighteenth-century balloon prints. Doesn't that sound charming? We can tell you that it is, and Gilbert-Whitbeck, interior decorators, whose shop is at 1103 Third Avenue (65th), will prove it. They will provide you with a spectacular openwork balloon, four and a half inches in diameter and made of strips of tin painted alternately red and white outside and uniformly blue with white stars inside. Or you can have any other color scheme you ask for. The whole concoction is ready to ascend—or so it appears, at least—from a circular brass base that supports six curving candleholders, and the price is $75. Before you decide that this is too expensive, we must tell you that after Christmas this wonder can be converted into a chandelier—the candleholders will take seven-watt candle-flame bulbs—and Gilbert-Whitbeck will do the wiring gratis.

If there are going to be children at your table, their eyes will shine at the spectacle of a splendid centerpiece that is, among other things, a music box. It looks like a big green cake, and once it has been wound up, it revolves and plays "Jingle Bells." And that's only the beginning. Atop the cake is a four-inch Christmas tree bedecked with metal

...a very cheering holiday gift



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Good Morning Coat

We can't think of a prettier way to greet the day and take the chill out of wintry mornings than this! It is as deliciously warm as that first cup of coffee—and just as needed. And here it is in mauve or coral or pink washable Vocama cloth, embroidered with pink roses at collar and cuffs. Give a Good Morning Coat to your friends and give one to yourself. Petite, Small, Medium, Large. 22.95

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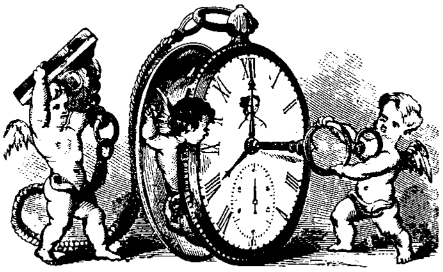
posies and surrounded by tiny reindeer, daisies, holly, and foil-wrapped packages, not to mention a boy and girl (dolls) who, apparently oblivious to the music and the onlookers, stand beside a Rural Free Delivery mailbox and kiss each other while their world turns; $17.50 at Irene Hayes-Wadley & Smythe, 273 Park Avenue (47th) and 420 Park Avenue (55th). And here's a perfect beauty, which seems to demonstrate that if money doesn't grow on trees, at least peppermints do: George Cothran, 1027 Third Avenue (61st), suggests as a centerpiece a lovely green velvet Christmas tree, eighteen inches tall and a foot wide at its widest, that stands in a white pottery compote and is trimmed with genuine red-and-white peppermint candies and red-and-white striped plastic apples; $60. MacDonald Forbes, a new florist, at 135 East 56th Street, has also created a partly edible centerpiece. His Christmas tree is real boxwood, growing in a glass tub. It's about thirteen inches tall, with five small red wax candles topping it off, and it's liberally decorated with enormous fruits (enormous, that is, for so small a tree), among them strawberries, pears, apples, bananas, peaches, and melons, all of marzipan; $30. Mr. Forbes has another handsome conceit: a large white pottery salad bowl filled with green and red plastic tomatoes garnished with bits and pieces of fake mistletoe, holly, and pine cones. It looks like a salad too glorious to be true, which, indeed, it is; $30. Helen Cole, 963 Lexington Avenue (70th), has taken a four-tiered antiqued green tôle flower holder from her neighbor, Soupçon (147 East 70th Street), and filled its tiers with fake holly and cherries and saucy red beaded birds to make a lovely tower of seasonable color—and a candelabrum into the bargain, for there are four candleholders built in. It's sixteen and a half inches high and $72.50. In case you'd like to do the tier-filling yourself, Soupçon sells the flower holder empty for $45. Or would a straw centerpiece suit your table better than green tôle? If so, Bonniers has a handsome three-tiered fruit holder, empty, but ready to be filled with fruits and nuts. There's a holder for a single candle at the tip of its central stem, and its over-all height, with candle in place, is thirty inches; its price is $9.50.

There are flowers, called skyrockets, that can be stacked, when dried, like miniature shocks of wheat, and Pleasance Flowers, at 29 East 73rd Street, has so stacked some, tying each fat bundle with a velvet ribbon. A tawny shock

JACK PAAR
appears nightly at the
SOMERSET INN



Anyone who has ever stayed up after 11:15 PM must know that Jack Paar spent some time in Cleveland. Thanks to us, he's really appearing in Cleveland now. Shaker Heights, to be precise. At the Somerset Inn, to be exact. Jack appears in 130 magnificent guest rooms simultaneously on 130 television sets. Because each room at the Somerset has marvelously large television screens. Also studio beds, colored tile baths, private patios.

SOMERSET INN
Shaker Heights, Ohio

P.S. If you prefer, old movies appear nightly at the Somerset Inn.

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stands by itself in the middle of the table, topped by a mass of dried, artificially colored skyrocket blossoms, and Pleasance has added all sorts of additional décor—feather birds, wood roses, and a lot more. (Wood roses, by the way, are the dried seed pods of a Hawaiian tree, and they look exactly like roses made of wood—a stylish example of nature imitating art imitating nature.) Prices vary with the size and complexity of the centerpiece, but for $25, which is about the middle of the range, you can have a shock fifteen inches tall and almost as wide, tied with a moss-green ribbon. The flowers are pale pink, the bird is brown, and there are a number of artificial pink roses and real wood roses. Since the Gazebo, at 113 East 62nd Street, is a florist's shop, whenever it ventures into the realm of artificial flowers nothing less than super-reality will do. Its miraculous French silk roses are a case in point, and three varieties of these wonderful fakes—a pair of cabbage roses, a moss rose, and some garnet roses—are the main ingredients of a lovely centerpiece that goes like this: A foot-long wicker basket (it looks like an English gardening basket) is filled with real holly, real blue juniper, and real cedar boughs. Next come the roses, nestling among the greens. Finally, on the handle of the basket there is a huge red velvet bow with long streamers suitable for trailing across your white damask; $40. Another Gazebo centerpiece, at least equally handsome, is a two-tiered white pottery compote, thirteen inches tall, so tightly packed with real red carnations and real sprigs of holly that it appears to be a fantastic little tree from some miniature formal garden; $32. If, by the way, you're thinking that either of these centerpieces might make a gift—and they might—we should inform you that the shop wraps its packages with éclat. The Green Thumb, at 22 East 65th Street, loads a gondola-shaped wicker basket with a heavy cargo of Christmas greens, pine cones that have been given a silvery glitter, and fresh red and red-and-white carnations, and installs a long, slender red candle at the ship's bow to serve as a riding light; $15.

The precise line between the centerpiece and the candelabrum is not always easily drawn. George Cothran has a candleholder that illustrates the categorist's problem perfectly, for it is gala enough to dominate the center of any table all by itself. It's a regal construction of gold pottery that holds four towering bayberry candles, and in its center there is an imposing mass of assorted nuts, among them hazelnuts, almonds,

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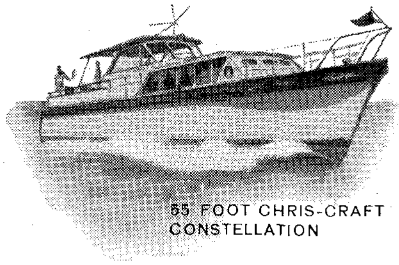

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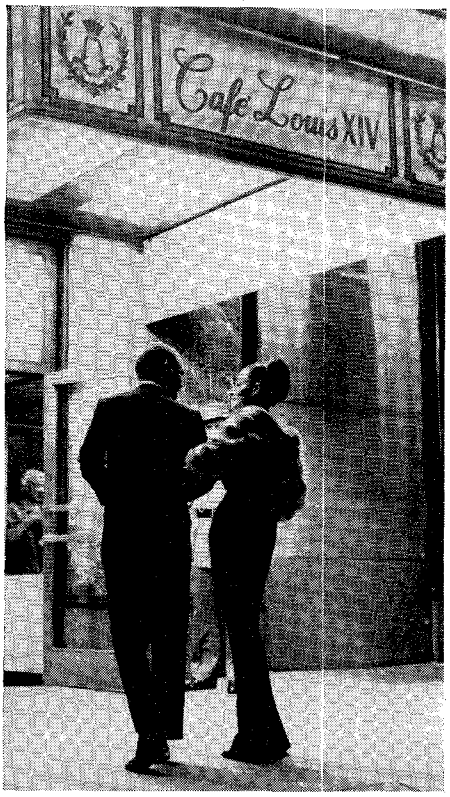
All prices plus tax

chestnuts, English walnuts, and Brazil nuts. (They're adroitly wired in place, to prevent nibblers from ruining this tempting display before the guests arrive.) It's $37.50. Another beautiful candelabrum—tall, slender, and absolutely dazzling—is at Flowers Unlimited, 1140 Third Avenue (66th). It's a flowerlike affair, made of green metal leaves, with seven candle-bearing flowers branching off the central stalk and numbers of bright-red imitation crab apples attached to their stems by green velvet bowknots. The price, which includes seven slim red tapers, is $20. Altman's Trim-the-Tree Shop, which does not restrict itself to the trimming of trees, has a handsome white, wrought-iron candelabrum, two feet tall, that holds five red wax candles, all entwined with red holly leaves (artificial, naturally), red berries, and a red felt bow; $7.95. At George Kovacs, 888 Madison Avenue (72nd), the featured candleholders are sprightly enamelled-copper angels, imported from Austria, where they were enamelled with enthusiasm—carrot-colored hair, rosy-red cheeks, golden wings, and pink robes studded with gold stars. They hold the candles in their heads—a regular angelic duty at this time of year—and they cost $4 apiece. At the Gazebo, on the other hand, you'll find a blue-eyed brown pottery squirrel, five and a half inches tall, whose jacket is spotted in pink and turquoise, hugging a globular wax candle in his front paws. He's seated quite comfortably in a wooden saucer, surrounded by fresh cedar, pine cones, and little Christmas balls; $15. Antonino Ajello & Brothers, 100 East 50th Street, have put red and green scented votive-type candles into tiny milk-glass kettles, a couple of inches high. The red ones smell of pine, the green of bayberry, and they glow dimly, with a pleasant red or green light, through the translucent glass; $2.50. At Georg Jensen, there's a candle that is itself a candleholder; a white whopper, twelve inches tall and four inches thick, which not only is hollow, with its walls perforated by angular holes, but has a little red (or green or lavender) candle in its interior. When both are burning—and what a pretty sight it is!—the insider shines through the outsider; $6.

If you possess a magnificent candlestick and can't bear to put it away for the holidays, Bonwit Teller has a big, glamorous holiday *bobèche* to dress it up in. It's two concentric rings—gold Styrofoam surrounded by a wreath of star-shaped crystal flowers and gold and silver berries—and it's five inches in



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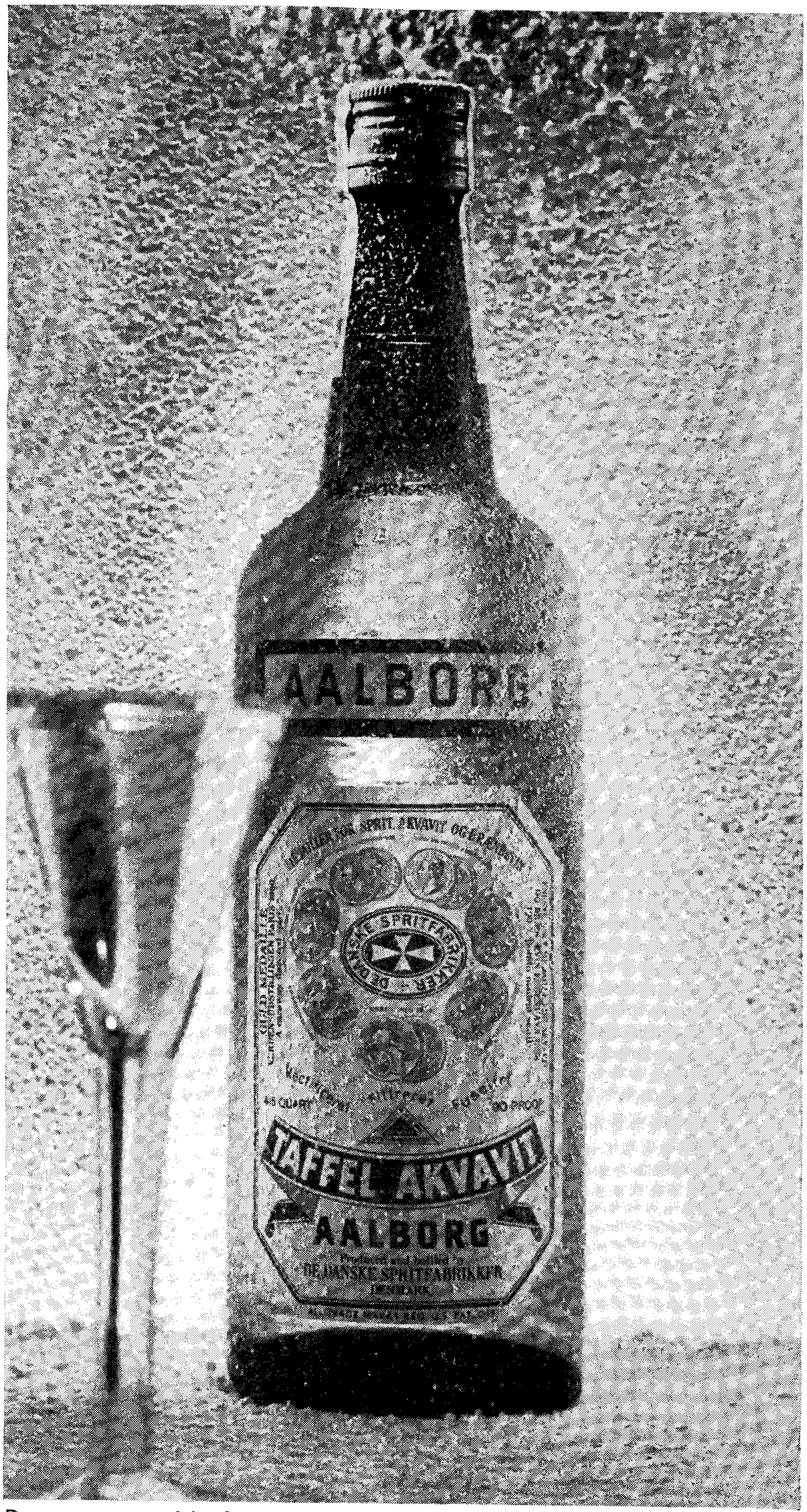
diameter and $5 in price. A handsome, smaller white glass *bobèche* painted with gold snowflakes costs fifty cents at Bloomingdale.

Before we proceed to the subject of Christmas-tree trimmings, we'd like to mention, though cautiously, three candlelit fancies. They worry us slightly, because we have a strong neurotic fear of fire and we like to put all our candles on the table, where we can keep an eye on them. But if you're braver, Soupçon's candlelit wreath-chandelier is undeniably beautiful—a circular garland, about twenty inches in diameter, of acorns, leaves, nuts, berries, pine cones, and flowers constructed of these materials, all painted white and gold. Four white tin candleholders, with candles, are sunk into this wreath, which is meant to be suspended, halo fashion, from the ceiling or from your dining-room chandelier on wide gold velvet ribbons. Nine wooden angels and doves, also painted white and gold, dangle from the wreath on gold velvet ribbons of their own; $135. The second item, at George Cothran, is an arrestingly original wall sconce—a strip of dried eucalyptus leaves, horse chestnuts, sweet-gum pods, pine cones, and cotton bolls, laced with coffee-colored velvet, that hangs flat against a wall, like an oval wreath fifteen inches long and nine inches wide. Extending from its center is a gold-metal candleholder containing a bayberry candle. It's $50. Finally, Gilbert-Whitbeck also has a lovely wall sconce—this one two and a half feet long and made of gold tôle, decorated with tôle leaves and berries, and shaped like a violin. It supports three candles and costs $65. And, we're happy to say, it can be wired to take electric candles instead of the real thing for $15.

IN company with the Fire Department, we believe that burning candles on the Christmas tree is a thing of the past—though it has an undeniable attraction for the present. Mixing memory with desire, otherwise billed as Nostalgia and the Services of Con Edison, Altman's Trim-the-Tree Shop has a five-foot string of thirty white plastic lights that are almost exactly like old-fashioned wax candles—birthday-cake size. The price is $3.95. A ten-foot string of tree lights at Lord & Taylor's Christmas Bazaar tries for verisimilitude of quite another kind; though it's an Italian import, it was evidently inspired by the California citrus-fruit growers, for it bears perfect, lifelike, and monumental lemons, oranges, and



90 PROOF AALBORG AKVAVIT
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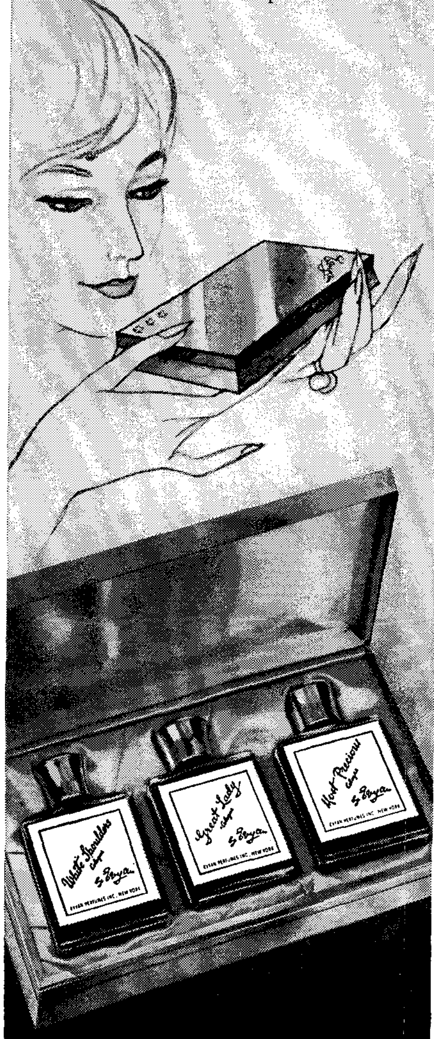

☆GREAT LADY
☆MOST PRECIOUS
☆WHITE SHOULDERS

Colognes in three of the world's most elegant fragrances, in a keep-forever box of golden metal!

limes. Plastic is what they are. The bulbs inside these fruits are guaranteed to burn for a thousand hours; $20. Another string at this shop disguises its lights as big bunches of plastic grapes, which seldom grow on Christmas trees, but the colors, at least, are regular grape colors—green and red. The cord is twelve feet long and the price is $20. And Lord & Taylor has many, many more. Ten white plastic butterflies perch on ten miniature pink bulbs strung along a ten-foot cord; $5. Ten fat white plastic snowbirds, with lights inside them, roost on a sixteen-foot cord just as happily as if they were sitting on a telegraph wire; $15.

IN one of those fast-moving history-of-the-world college courses, we learned that medieval Europeans did important things with spices, which is why they had to conquer India, Africa, the New World, and other spicy locales. Whatever they did, we doubt whether it could compare with Pleasance Flowers' achievement in preserving real oranges, apples, and pears in spices—not for eating but for hanging on Christmas trees. They're not only beautiful but wonderfully aromatic, and each is strung with a golden cord for suspension purposes; they're $12.50 apiece and meant, of course, to shed their fragrance in a closet after the tree is taken down. McCutcheon, 16 East 52nd Street, also offers fruits for the tree—artificial apples, oranges, limes, and pears that never were anything but artificial. These are unbreakable, light in weight, and painted to look real, if only real fruit shone with a slight iridescence; $4 for a box of six. Bonniers sells flat cut-out wooden fruits—brilliantly painted oranges, lemons, and strawberries—as tree ornaments, at forty-five cents apiece. At the same price, Bonniers also provides a tree to hang on the tree—a flat green wooden pear tree with its own flat blue wooden partridge.

Christmas-tree balls? Piazza Montici, 19 East 55th Street, has a vast assortment, including one three and a half inches in diameter that is garlanded with lilac blossoms, a velveteen bow, and a gold ceramic angel head with matching wings. This particular model comes in every color we've ever seen a Christmas-tree ball come in, but we are willing to suppose that you've planned a pioneering color scheme for your tree. If you have, and if you act immediately, Piazza Montici can produce these balls to order in any color combination you'd like; $4.50 each.

We found a delightful small angel dressed in pink tarlatan *couchant* on a

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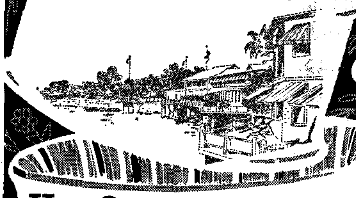

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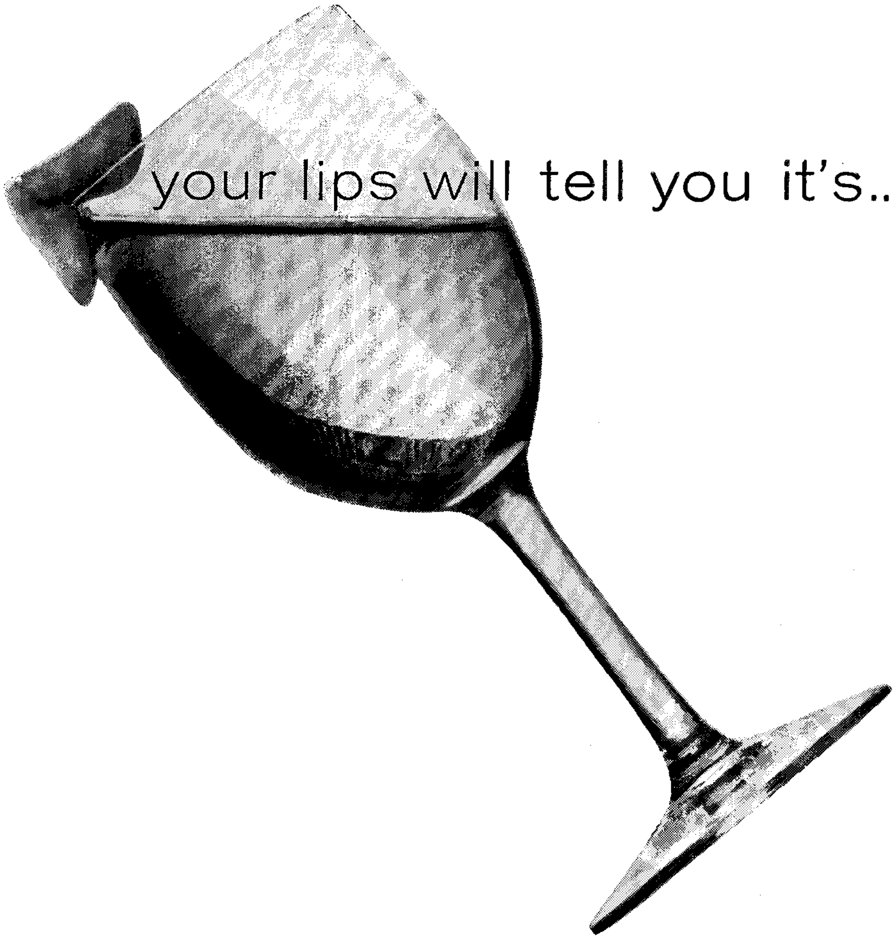
fleecy white Dacron cloud and fishing with a gold-star-tipped rod. That struck us as an improbable occupation for a tree ornament until we realized that the angel is supposed to be angling for one of the presents under the tree; $2.50, at the Elder Craftsmen Shop, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th).

A Christmas tree should be topped off with a star, no matter what this wild younger generation thinks, and we recommend the star at the Virginia Frankel Gallery, 235 East 58th Street, made of gorgeously multicolored stained glass and five and a half inches wide at its widest. Like a stained-glass window, it's edged and segmented with strips of lead, and it looks thrilling when light strikes it; $12. The idea is to hang it from the ceiling directly over the tree, for it has no provisions for being perched on the ultimate tree-top spike. A somewhat lesser but by no means pitiful star is at Hanlan, 51 Greenwich Avenue (near Sixth Avenue)—a quartet of four-pointed brass stars so arranged as to form one impressive three-dimensional star. This is six inches across, but it is light in weight; $1.95.

WE'LL assume that you've had lots of advice about buying your Christmas tree; the chances are that your local man has already decided the size and shape of tree you're going to have and has told you, as he tells us, that he is "saving" it for you. That, of course, is that. But finding a secondary, and perhaps artificial, table tree to perk up a sideboard may give you a chance to express your own taste, so we are listing here a few such artifacts that we saw and liked. If you're interested in the Christmas tree refined to its Platonic Idea—the essence of a Christmas tree being something to hang things on—Max Schling, 765 Fifth Avenue (58th), has it. Forgoing greenery, Schling offers polished bare manzanita branches planted in white sand in a black pottery chalice. The over-all height of this elegant decoration is about two feet, and it's perfect for hanging diamonds on; $10. One would suppose that jewellers were busy enough at Christmas without taking on extra, non-jewelling jobs, but the indefatigable Black, Starr & Gorham has found time to fabricate a couple of fine table



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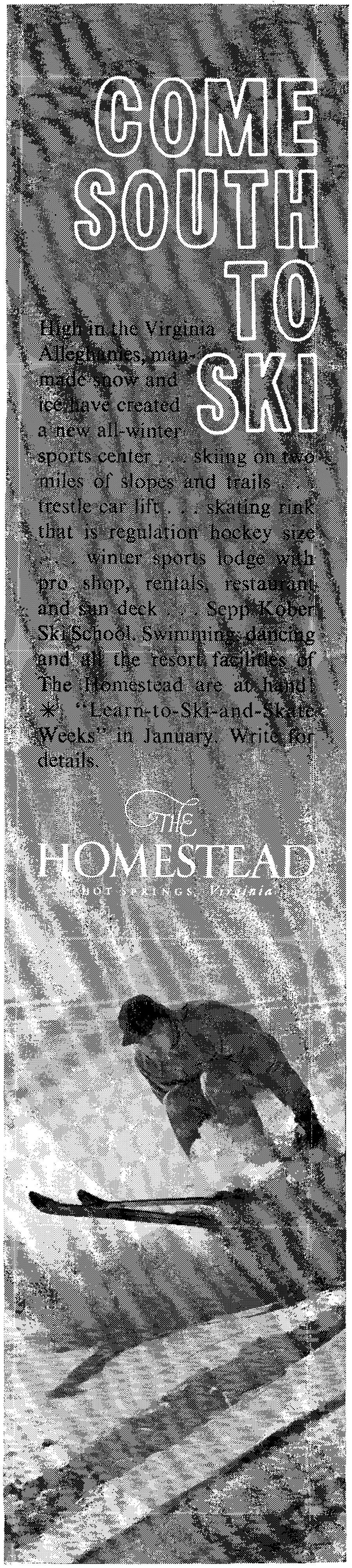
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THE HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, Virginia

trees. The first is made of tiered and looped pink, cerise, and white velvet ribbons. It's topped with a single pearly star and set in a white pottery base tied with a cerise ribbon. A foot and a half high, it costs $27. The second is made of flowers—blue and green sateen forget-me-nots sprayed with silver and hung with clusters of gold and silver beads. This romantic tree grows in a flowerpot that has been painted blue and sprayed with gold and silver glitter. It's two feet high, and it costs $25. In the last few years, old-fashioned, intricately curled rattan furniture has won many hearts; now the rattan Christmas tree abounds—a chic concept, and a nice reconciliation of palm, which is what rattan is, and pine, which is what . . . Well, anyhow, Anne Davis, 220 East 58th Street, has a whole grove of two-dimensional woven-rattan Christmas trees, ranging in height from a foot ($1.50) to six feet ($19.95). Their branches all end in lively, swirly loops, and they stand in two-dimensional woven-rattan tubs. Japan Folk Craft, 167 West 4th Street, also sells a rattan tree, but this one is in the round. Its curlicue rattan branches—forty-four in all—stick into, or, for easy trimming, pull out of, its four-foot rattan trunk. Its pedestal is a wooden disc, and its price is $28.95.

NOW we intend to wander around the house putting up Christmas trimmings wherever they seem to be needed. Pleated silver-foil garlands, five inches wide, that pull out like accordions—all the way to nine feet—might look good trailed, draped, or swagged around a mirror. They're ninety-eight cents a garland at Altman's Trim-the-Tree Shop. And the Little Shop Around the Corner, 21 East 91st Street, has a garland, the same length, that could go anywhere except on the Christmas tree itself, since it's a bushy length of mostly green plastic pine needles, and if it weren't for a few gold needles here and there, you could never tell it from country-grown evergreen; $4.95. For the apartment door, in place of a wreath, what about one of Helen Cole's three-foot tulip trees of scarlet fabric, trimmed with Christmas balls and planted in a green felt pot banded with a scarlet velvet ribbon? It would brighten the whole floor, and the heart of every elevator man—and all for $25.

Here's an engaging chandelier dangle: Bonwit Teller's bell-shaped hanging (made of basketwoven straw), thirteen inches long and decorated with gold and silver editions of imitation mis-

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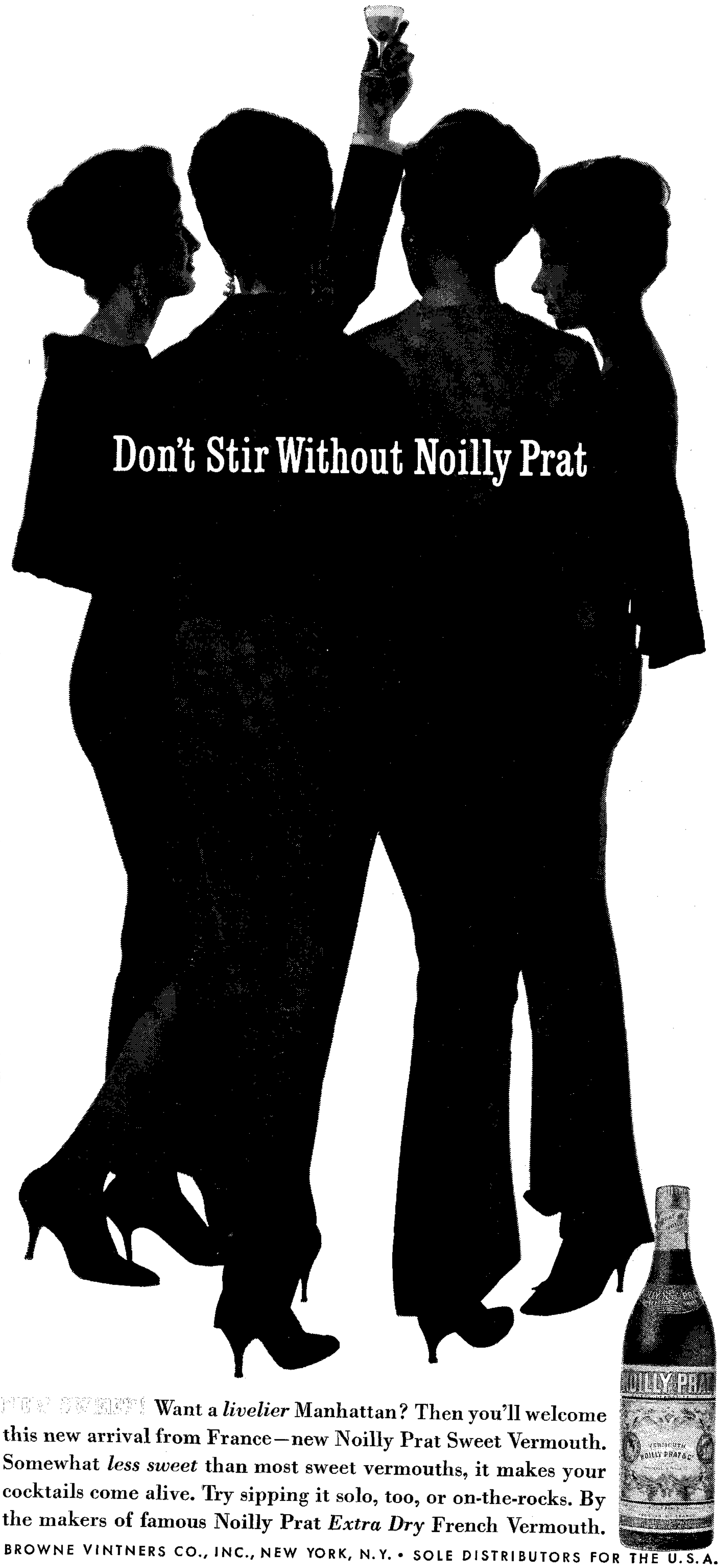
tletoe. It trails a gold cord streamer and it costs $14. And now where shall we put the mistletoe? It belongs wherever it will be most effective, certainly—whether hanging from a chandelier, in a doorway, or, perhaps, from a large, active, attention-getting mobile. In any case, we're confident that Max Schling's six-inch mistletoe ball—made of a durable plastic that looks slightly more genuine than the stuff cut by a conscientious Druid—will bring excellent results. It attaches by its own red velvet bow and costs $7.50.

Down from the stepladder now, let's deploy a few seasonable figurines on mantels and coffee tables. Bonniers sells a good-looking, well-built Christmas goat (sixteen inches tall and twenty-one inches long) made of wood entirely covered with natural-colored straw. He has all the assurance in the world, because he remembers—if nobody else does—that Christmas occurs beneath the sign of Capricorn; $9.50. And Helen Cole's cheerful whimsey is a huge Christmas-red velveteen mouse dressed, like Little Lord Fauntleroy, in a white lace collar threaded with black baby ribbon. He's nearly a foot tall, and sits on his haunches holding a nosegay in his front paws; a smaller nosegay has unaccountably attached itself to his tail. Unflowered, he costs $7.50; you may decide what the nosegays, real or artificial, will be made of, and pay for them. Mrs. Cole suggests that the big one, anyhow, might be a generous pawful of fresh white carnations for the gentlemen to pluck out and wear as boutonnières. In case that should make the ladies envious, the Gazebo offers a perfect corsage to wear pinned to a simple satin evening bag. It's a big silk cabbage rose in several shades of pink, and its long stem is intertwined with real holly and a red velvet ribbon; $15.

BEFORE we close this seminar, a word about wrappings for gifts that haven't been wrapped by a store and are going to be done up by their donors. Wrapping techniques have been simplified in several ways, and at Stuart Becker, 1053 Third Avenue (62nd), they've been completely done away with, by the combined box-and-wrapping on sale there. To wit, a nest of five bright-colored cardboard hatboxes—round, oval, and square, and from eight to twelve inches long—each with its own gold cotton carrying cord; $5.50. Of almost equal appeal for no-talent wrappers is the series of glazed-paper bags, seventeen inches tall, or big enough to hold a



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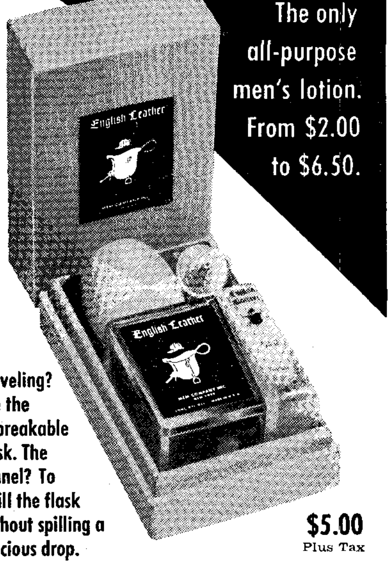

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bottle (and it isn't perfume we're thinking of), at East House, 1075 First Avenue (59th). These come in sets of eight assorted luscious colors, for $1. Smaller glazed-paper bags—ten inches tall—come in a set of seven (in Shocking pink or bright blue only), for seventy cents. For more ambitious souls, the same shop sells glazed paper in twenty-six-by-thirty-inch sheets. The colors in these are ombré—shading from blue to green, yellow to orange, or red to magenta. Six such sheets cost $1.50, and three dozen slightly smaller sheets of matching tissue paper cost $2.

Bloomingdale has a considerable anthology of papers, one of the best being a dressily sedate allover Persian medallion design. There is a choice of blue medallions on green or red ones on dark olive, and the price is $1 for three twenty-by-twenty-six-inch sheets. Bloomingdale also carries rolls of Reynold's famously malleable aluminum foil, whose kitchenly virtues practically every housewife has long been familiar with. For Christmas, the foil has been purged of utilitarian associations and decorated with either black and white stars or red, green, blue, and yellow bells. An eight-foot roll twenty-six inches wide costs $1. Brentano sells some Christmas wrapping paper—*the* paper for wrapping heirlooms—that resembles the handsome wallpapers one used to see decorating the drawing rooms of New York brownstones: it's crimson, and it's flocked in a delicate scroll pattern. A pair of twenty-by-thirty-inch sheets costs fifty cents. Brentano also has a shiny white wrapping paper printed all over with sparkling golden cherubim playing assorted musical instruments; it costs $1 for two twenty-by-twenty-six-inch sheets.

The United States Committee for Refugees, an organization that helps the displaced everywhere, has sponsored a Christmas wrapping paper using the Committee's own symbol, the tree of life; it's an allover design of black and gold trees on red or green paper. The sheets measure twenty by thirty inches and are sold in packets of ten—five red and five green—for $1.50; four packets for $5. The profits will further the Committee's work, and the paper is on sale at the World Affairs Center Book Shop, 345 East 46th Street; at the Spence-Chapin Corner Shop, 1065 Lexington Avenue (75th); and at the Committee's own offices, 11 West 42nd Street.

Mexican cactus-fibre cord dyed in dramatic colors is what Fred Leighton

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recommends for tying up Christmas packages. The cord is slightly prickly, which may discourage some wrappers, but, by the same token, will also discourage pre-Christmas closet rummagers. An eleven-yard hank of it costs fifteen cents, and Mr. Leighton's shop is at 15 East 8th Street. And the Little Shop Around the Corner sells, for eight cents, an exceptionally happy three-inch cardboard gingerbread man as a Christmas-package tie-on. He has two tiny black paper circles for eyes and two more for buttons. His eyebrows are of ink, and so is his smile.

Our smile, being editorial, is of ink, too, but it's heartfelt, as we wish you a very merry Christmas.

*

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

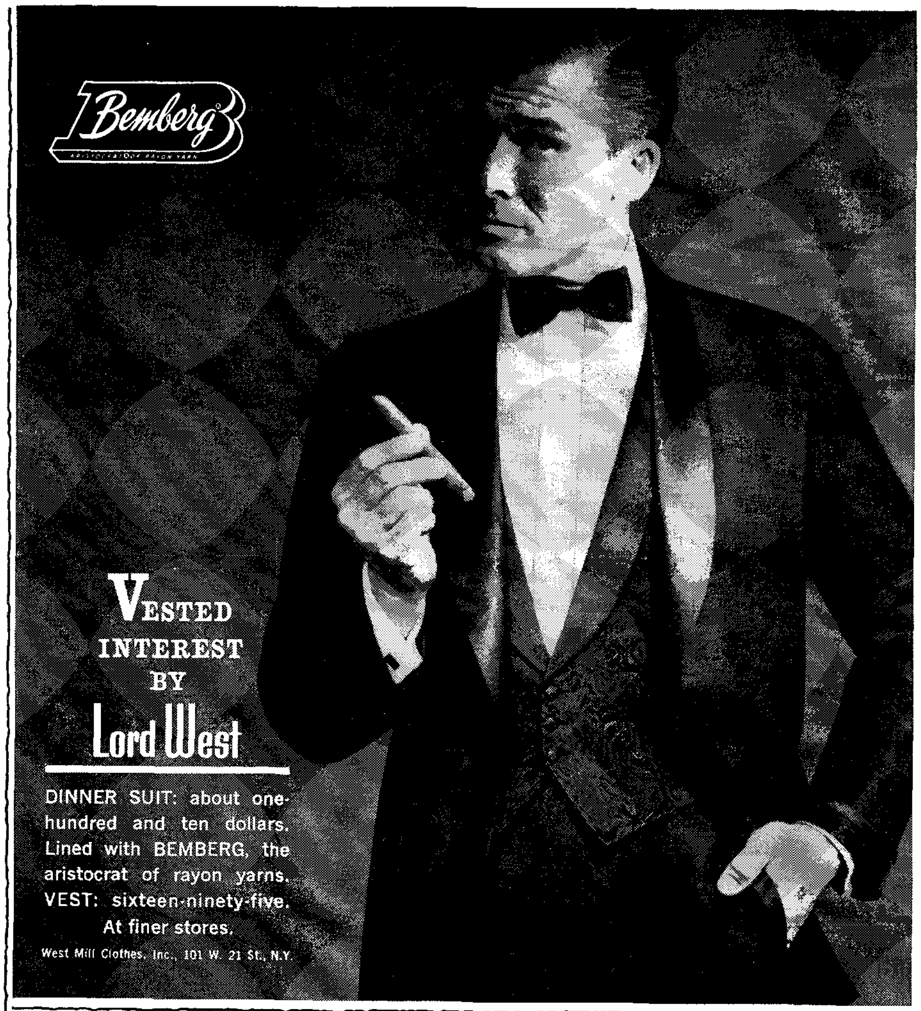
New York City,
November 30, 1960

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

I'M told that I constantly strain at gnats and swallow camels, and maybe I demonstrate that failing when I write in to ask whether Mollie Panter-Downes, in her charming account of the "Lady Chatterley" case at the Old Bailey, didn't put things wrong-end-to in identifying the principals as "Penguin Books, Ltd., v. Regina." I'd have expected it to be "Regina v. Penguin Books, Ltd." That's the system not only in Great Britain but in this country, and I've always been fascinated by the disproportion of strength it seems to indicate. "U.S. v. John Smith" sounds so formidable and unfair! Fifty great big states picking on one poor little man! Sometimes, though, the usage strikes me as plain silly; in seizure proceedings, for example, I've come on such peculiar contestants as "U.S. v. One Buick Automobile."

Once, in the Virgin Islands, while attending a session of a United States District Court, I encountered the case of "U.S. v. Casanova." Casanova was accused of having stolen two fowl. It was established that they were fighting cocks worth twenty-five dollars apiece, which turned the offense into grand larceny. To make matters worse, Casanova had eaten the cocks. Not in order to destroy incriminating evidence, though; the poor fellow was hungry. Case won by U.S.

Yours,
Mary Stewart Gilbertson



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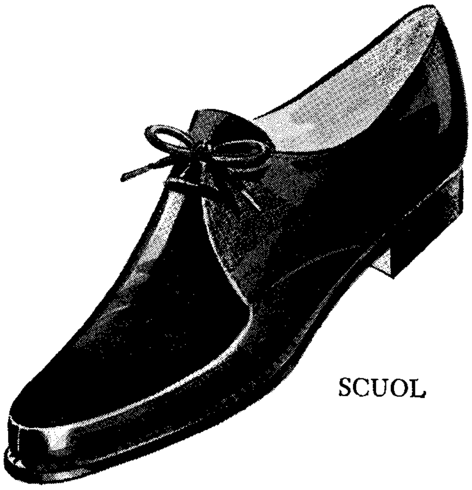

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

3:45 Flat

THE four-hour movie, that shining record toward which so many superbly conditioned producers have been straining recently, will be achieved any day now, and there is evidence this week that Otto Preminger may turn out to be its Roger Bannister. Mr. Preminger's new effort, "Exodus," has been officially timed at 3:45 (not counting the popcorn break), which is three full minutes better than "Gone with the Wind" and furlongs up the track ahead of such recent clockings as "Ben-Hur" (3:32), "The Alamo" (3:10), and "Spartacus" (3:08). Any producer-director who can make "The Alamo" seem succinct is a distance runner who will bear watching every time he toes the starting line, and the powerful wind, the low pulse rate, and the box-turtle pace that Mr. Preminger displays in the middle reaches of "Exodus" indicate to me that he has not yet approached the peak of his powers.

"Exodus" is based, of course, on Leon Uris's practically permanent best-seller about the harsh struggles among resident Arabs, Zionist Jews, and British caretakers that accompanied the birth of Israel in 1948. Such a bubbling pot of intrigue, violence, and hatred would almost seem to guarantee a lively film, but Mr. Preminger has approached his task with a painstaking reverence that would have been more suitable if he had been filming the original work of this title. He permits nearly everyone in his large cast to state his ideological and political convictions before and after each new turn of events, and the result is an awesome talkfest that is all too rarely interrupted by the popping of rifles. The camera in "Exodus" is unfailingly pretentious. It picks up a group of actors descending a stairway, trails them across a courtyard or around a corner, and follows them as they mount other stairs, penetrate a corridor, and arrive at a door; there are more doors in "Exodus" than in the Waldorf-Astoria. The door opens, a hand beckons, and the visitors file in silently. Oh, boy! *Something* is about to happen! But no; the talkers have gathered only to indulge again in their favorite pastime.

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After I had watched almost two hours of such false starts, an unexpected dynamite explosion—the first quick, loud noise in the movie—nearly scared me out of my exhausted wits.

One reason that "Exodus" gets stuck in these marshy *longueurs* is the evident determination of Dalton Trumbo, who wrote the screenplay, to be wholly tolerant toward all the power factions and ethnic groups that found themselves at each other's throats in the Holy Land at the time of the story. This is admirable, but scarcely wise for a dramatist, since it permits little action or believable passion on the screen. Ralph Richardson apologetically plays a British general who is sympathetic to the Jews he must intern on Cyprus; Paul Newman is a strong-jawed Haganah leader whose best friend is an Arab, who, in turn, warns the members of a *kibbutz* of an impending raid by his co-religionists; and Lee J. Cobb and David Opatoshu, representing peaceful negotiation and Irgun violence, respectively, are brothers whose affection softens their differences. After listening to the various protestations of palship, one begins to wonder why all the problems of the Middle East could not have been settled over a glass of tea. Mr. Trumbo, having written himself into this box, is forced into the last-minute insertion of a ridiculous villain, an ex-gauleiter in the employ of the Grand Mufti, in order to bring about the necessary bangs and skirmishings that wrap up this epic.

There is little that the above-mentioned actors can do with such watery material, and Hugh Griffith, Gregory Ratoff, Felix Aylmer, and other similarly accomplished worthies are equally helpless. I must also add, ungallantly, that Eva Marie Saint simply doesn't have the weight for her role. She plays an American nurse who signs on a steamer in order to succor a band of refugees engaged in a hunger strike, but all the strikers appear to be plump and vigorous, while Miss Saint looks like a dieter in the last throes of Metrecal exaltation. We are also asked to believe that Sal Mineo is a terrorist capable of blowing up half the King David Hotel; to me, he doesn't look old enough to have mastered a zip gun.

IN these days, when overseas Technicolor crews seem to outnumber technical-assistance teams, it is rare for a film to come along with a truly fresh and interesting background. This is the happy case with "The Sundowners," which was largely filmed in the handsome green hills of New South

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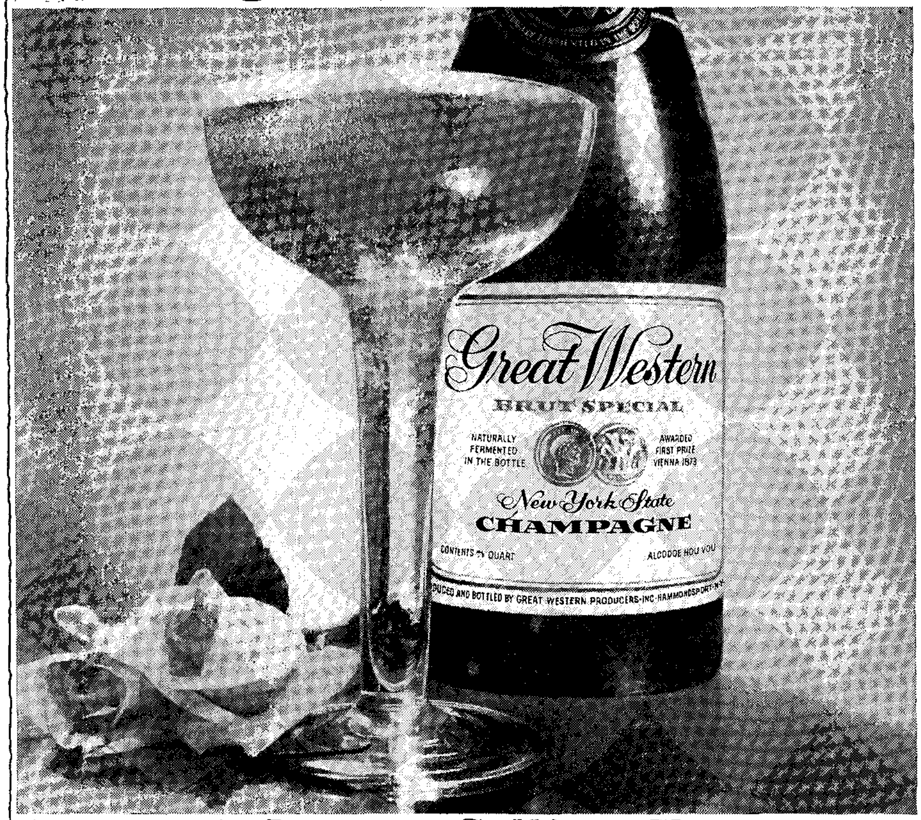

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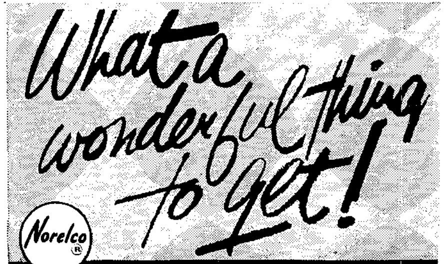

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Wales and the dusty deserts of the South Australian outback. It's all stunning country, and Fred Zinnemann, who directed, was fortunate enough to find hundreds of attractive extras waiting for him on location, and perceptive enough to hire them at once. These are the kangaroos and wallabies, kookaburra birds, dingoes, emus, koalas, and working sheepdogs that hop or flap or lope into view whenever the plot seems in need of adrenalin. The two-legged players are winning, too. Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and young Michael Anderson, Jr., make a convincing family of itinerant sheep drovers, and Peter Ustinov is on hand, almost too fortuitously, to interject a few clipped British aphorisms among the yokel cries of "Stone the crows!" Mr. Mitchum, by the way, manages the down-under nasal patois with considerable consistency.

It is regrettable that the story of "The Sundowners" isn't nearly up to its incidentals. The only suspense hangs on the question of whether Pop can restrain his taste for gambling, barroom brawling, and the loose foot long enough to make a down payment on a little gray home in the west—a dilemma perhaps more suitable for a half-hour "Lassie" episode. Still, Mr. Zinnemann does not dwell too long or too seriously on this sort of Wheatena, preferring to devote his best efforts to the countryside and to individual scenes, such as a sheep-shearing contest. Parents may not find all this quite as absorbing as their offspring will, but since it is not in me to take serious exception to a movie that—well, abounds in kangaroos, I can only say, in my best outback accent, "Good *on* you, Fred Zinnemann!"

—ROGER ANGELL

•

He said members from both groups have long been active enemies of mental-health workers here.

A past regent of the D.A.R. here, Mrs. R. N. Grammer, of 4240 Norwich, said, "We have been consistently opposed to mental health for years, on a national level."—*Fort Worth Press.*

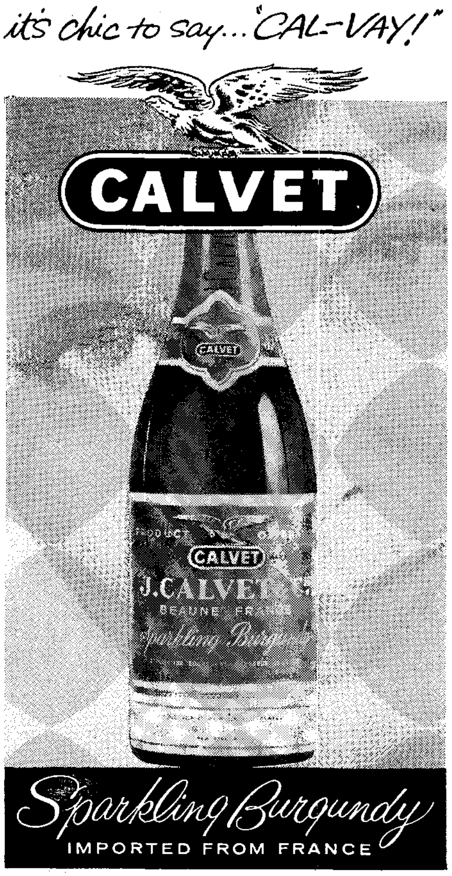
One thing about the Daughters, they don't weasel.

•

MOST FASCINATING HIGHER EDUCATION STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Tucson Daily Citizen*]

ITHACA, N.Y.—(UP)—Cornell University researchers recently conducted a survey in which people chosen at random were asked to taste two kinds of applesauce.



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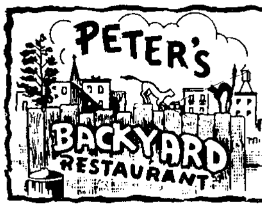

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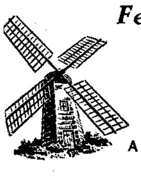

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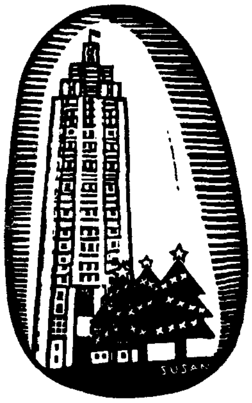
ALL THE NICE GIRLS LOVE A SCHOLAR

ONE fine day in late August, a little more than a year ago, I put on some clean socks, pressed my trousers, and made my way across the downs to Southampton, where I was to take ship for America. After governmental minions had knotted my suits together and counted the contents of my wallet, under the pretext of facilitating my embarkation, I went out onto the dock, and there she was, the R.M.S. Grand Cham, a huge wedding cake of a ship, sturdy yet pleasantly worn after yeoman service on the transatlantic run. I paused and scratched my ear, touched by the moment; I was going to America, safe in this titan of the deep—and what leisurely, playful, and even possibly lascivious hours lay before me! I gathered up my hand baggage, which consisted of a portable typewriter and a briefcase containing a full-size X-ray photograph of my chest and a crisp mint copy of my Master's thesis, on the Influence of Dryden on Anybody, which I had just completed.



I came fresh from two years of research, spent among the high stone pillars and solemnly dedicated atmosphere of the British Museum. I am essentially a provincial lad, lost in the vast, unwieldy city of London, and the British Museum was the only place I knew. I used to take the small red trains of the London Underground as far as Tottenham Court Road Station and emerge into the gray heady airs of Bloomsbury. Then I would wend my way between the bookshops, publishers' offices, and *espresso* bars, taking care not to go off course into the void, until I reached the British Museum. I would go into the Reading Room, where solid silence was packed hard and green up as far as the bowl of the dome, and walk over, always, to desk D-4. (After a few months, people knew that D-4 and Bradbury went together; I was a member of a very exclusive club.) I would settle down there amid the smell of leather bindings and leather desks and the strange aromas of unguents worn by Middle European émigrés, who notoriously used to repair to the British Museum to write seditious pamphlets. Sometimes I would go down into the basement lavatory, where small men could be seen from time to time washing their hats. Such eccentricities were commonplace in this high world of scholarship which I now frequented, and my urbanity grew daily. So this, then, was *living*.

At eleven, I would go out for coffee; at twelve-thirty for lunch; and at three-fifteen for tea. In these interstices, I conducted a love affair with a large, flamboyant, and rather rich girl from Sheffield, who was also writing a thesis. I never saw her save during the daytime, and our relationship was conducted largely by correspondence within the museum. Notes would arrive saying "I'm mad at you. You said you'd have lunch with me yesterday." Notes would leave saying "Sorry, my tutor came. [My tutor would often pop in, and we would retire to a nearby teashop, eat buns, and discuss my thesis, at the same time feeding crumbs to the mice that kept appearing out of the wainscoting.] But how about today? I'm your friend."

When I accepted a fellowship in America, the notes came thick and fast; she was very mad at me. I had that day taken my thesis to a little bookbinder up Gower Street, who had hit the edges with a hammer and put a binding on it. I felt very proud. So I took her out to dinner in Soho, then to a theatre, and finally I took her home on the Underground. We sat on a bench in some gardens near the river. A sign saying "HOVIS" kept flashing at us from across the river, but we didn't look at it. The seat was wet, and ants kept taking things back and forth along it, but we didn't mind. At last, I ushered her to her door and promised never to forget her.

NOW I was off to America to face a more rigorous regime. I was going to the Middle West to teach a course on gross illiteracies to freshmen. The gross illiteracies didn't sound very interesting. They included such deviations as the Unjustifiable Dangling Modifier ("If thoroughly stewed, the patients will enjoy our prunes") and the Fused Sentence ("His bus was late he missed his train"). I realized that I was now finished with the cosmopolitan, gentlemanly days of English research; no more men washing their hats in the lavatory, no more eccentrics talking on economic theory to the stone lions in

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front of the British Museum. Now, if I wanted to do research work, I had to take courses and acquire credits for a degree. But first, I told myself, forget scholarship and the academic life for a while; revel in the joys of a cruise.

Flunkies ushered me aboard the Grand Cham, and eventually I found my cabin. It was a tiny cabin, no bigger than a good-sized coffin, and it contained four berths, a communal set of drawers, and a hand basin about the size of the bowl of my pipe. My three cabin mates had arrived already; they were long-faced, dark-haired English youths who looked exactly like me. One of them pointed out to me a package from Interflora. It was white heather from the British Museum girl, and the card said, "I'M YOUR FRIEND." I then began to unpack my briefcase. I lifted out the X-ray photograph and the thesis, and carried them to a convenient shelf. Then I noticed a curious thing. Already on the shelf, there lay three X-ray photographs and three fat Master's theses. I looked at my cabin mates inquiringly. They nodded. We were all on the same errand.

Bursting with bonhomie, we sat at the same table at dinner and talked about Dryden and George Eliot and the criticism of F. R. Leavis. Suddenly, in a pause in our conversation, we observed something strange. The people at the next table were also talking about Dryden and George Eliot and the criticism of F. R. Leavis. So were the people at the table beyond that. Soon everyone was turning round to look at everyone else, and it quickly became evident that the vessel was largely given over to American intellectuals returning from a year's stint in Rome or Paris or London and English intellectuals going for a year's stint to the Folger or to Stanford or to the palaces of cultivation in the Middle West. There were English-Speaking Union Fellows, Commonwealth Fund Fellows, Henry Fellows, and Jane Eliza Procter Visiting Fellows. There were Guggenheims and Rockefellers, Fords and Gulbenkians. "My goodness," remarked someone, "what a blow for the human intelligence if this ship should sink."

It was a sobering thought. Perhaps, someone else suggested, we should have been shared out among several vessels, so that some of us, at least, should survive. As one of my cabin mates remarked, the incidence of scholars was more than random; it was statistically significant. "You know," he said, "the historians of race migration have missed this. There's a thesis in it." I hastened

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to assure him that with a passenger list of this sort no potential subject for a thesis would be likely to go begging. "Oh, good!" said my companion. "I'm relieved. Because it isn't really my field."

Already I was beginning to suspect that the passenger list of the vessel was not my field either, and during the next day or two I could not help but feel that the atmosphere was growing claustrophobic. There were a few passengers without even their Master's degrees, going to visit relatives or get married in the States, or returning from a tour of Europe. You saw them occasionally, walking about defiantly carrying copies of novels by Nevil Shute, and I, for one, never let them go by without sparing them a few kindly words. By and large, though, the passengers gathered in groups on the boat deck each day in informal seminars, keeping alive the tradition of academic debate during this tough, fallow spell while they were cut off from a university and out under the open sky.

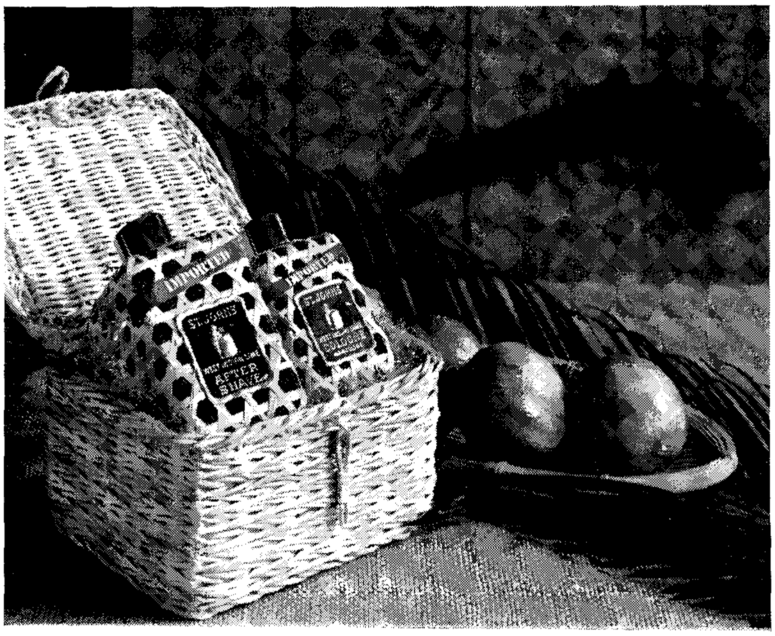
ONE evening, my roommates and I were sitting in our cabin deluging our nostrils with heather pollen when there came a tap at the door and a young American scholar we had already met (he was a Swinburne man) entered. "Hi," he said.

We said "Hi" back at him, and he explained that a meeting had been held and it had been decided to formalize the discussions on the boat deck by holding daily seminars devoted to comparisons of American and European life and thought, which would keep our minds from rusting and at the same time serve as an orientation program for those unfamiliar with various lands. People would contribute papers, and discussion would be encouraged. "You know, this is the greatest opportunity we'll ever have," he said. "We can't let an opportunity like this go by."

There was, he had to admit, one painful drawback. "We aren't authorized to award credits toward any degree, but we don't think this should stand in our way, and we hope it won't deter you from coming."

We congratulated him on being so infected with the joy of pure scholarship. He thanked us and adjured us to be present at ten-thirty the next morning.

For some strange reason, possibly a decline in my metabolism, I couldn't quite relish the prospect. I went to the meeting the next day, however, and an eminent professor from Emmanuel



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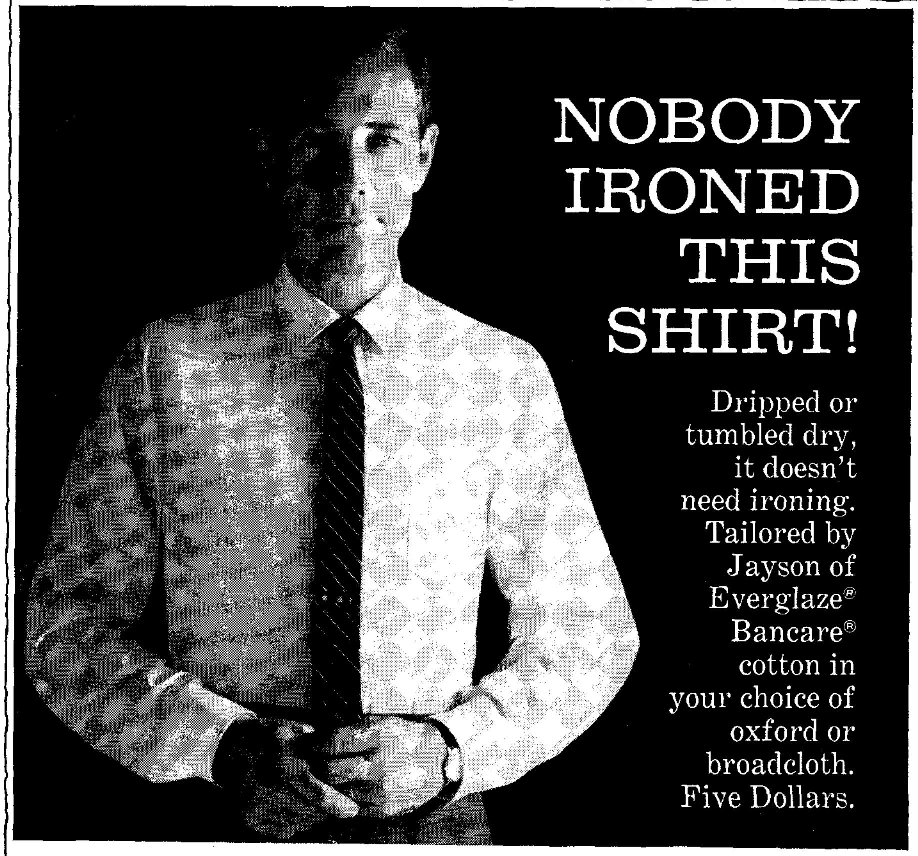
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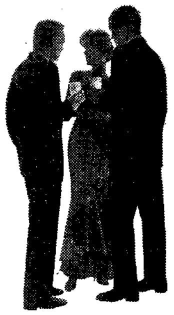

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College, Cambridge, gave a paper on the cheapest way to buy potatoes in England, and then there was a discussion about how to get off a turnpike in the States. It was good, searching stuff, well presented and well delivered, and showing the stamp of original minds, yet somehow I didn't seem up to it, and when the Swinburne man, who was in general charge, assigned us "Moby Dick," to be read before the next class, I felt I'd almost rather take an Incomplete in the course.

Fortunately for me, my fears of being bested in a debate on Melville were relieved by a chance encounter, at the dance that evening, with an elegantly proportioned American nurse, tanned as brown as a berry by a two-month tour of Italy. I had no business being at the dance at all, with so much reading to do, but I thought perhaps he wouldn't call on me in the quiz. Looking on this unqualified specimen of American womanhood, charming even without her M.A., I found myself spiritually closer to her than I did to many a scholar. I was, in short, tempted into silken dalliance. The desire for knowledge, the desire to learn all there was to know about the *Weltanschauung* of the female in America, egged me on.

I BEGAN my course of study the next day. I was, as I have said, a modest and provincial English youth, but my companion seemed inclined to thaw me. "You're so polite," she said. "It's cute, but you won't snow an American girl that way."

She was telling me, in the late afternoon, how to snow an American girl, when the Swinburne man appeared. "Say," he said, "we missed you today."

I apologized for my absence.

"We had a great class on how to use an Automat," he said. "Then one of the guys in your cabin talked about how to get shillings to put into English gas meters. It was very interesting."

"I'm sure," I said. "I'm sorry I missed it."

Next morning, the Swinburne man was at our cabin early, looking for me. I told him that I should most surely have joined the group that day were I not working on a project of my own. He left, a trifle dejected, and my project came along shortly afterward from her cabin, where she had been putting on a swimsuit, and we went to the pool. We had a very good day, and I learned a great deal about American life and what to do on dates. In the late afternoon, when the seminar was letting out, we explored the vessel and discovered

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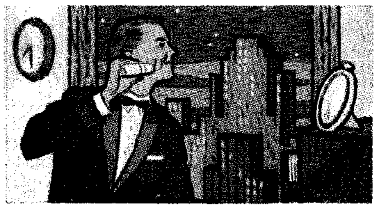

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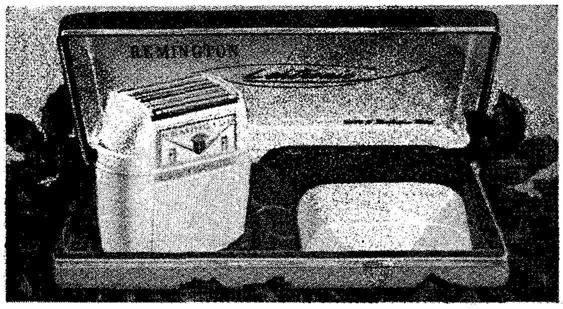

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that by climbing into the dog kennels and out again on the other side we could conceal ourselves on a stretch of deck that was inaccessible by any other means. Huge dogs bayed in our ears that evening as we watched the moon come up, and the nurse taught me things to say to girls when this takes place.

We spent most of the next afternoon in the same spot. It seemed unlikely that we would be disturbed, and to make our fastness more secure we roused the dogs from time to time. However, late along, the Swinburne man found us. "You cut class again today," he said reproachfully.

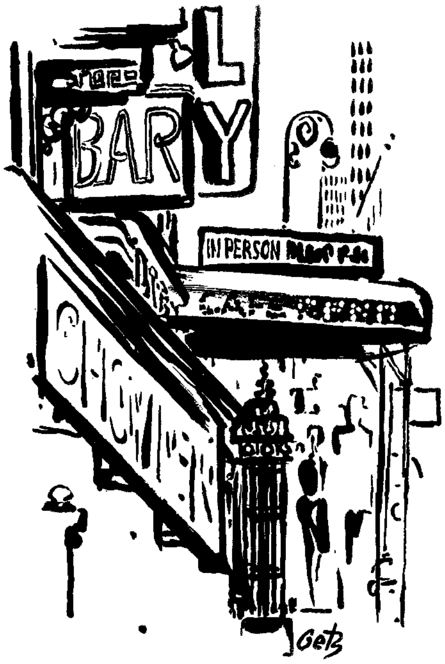
I apologized and said that I ought to flunk the course—a just reward for my lethargy. "We want you to write a paper on your special subject," he said.

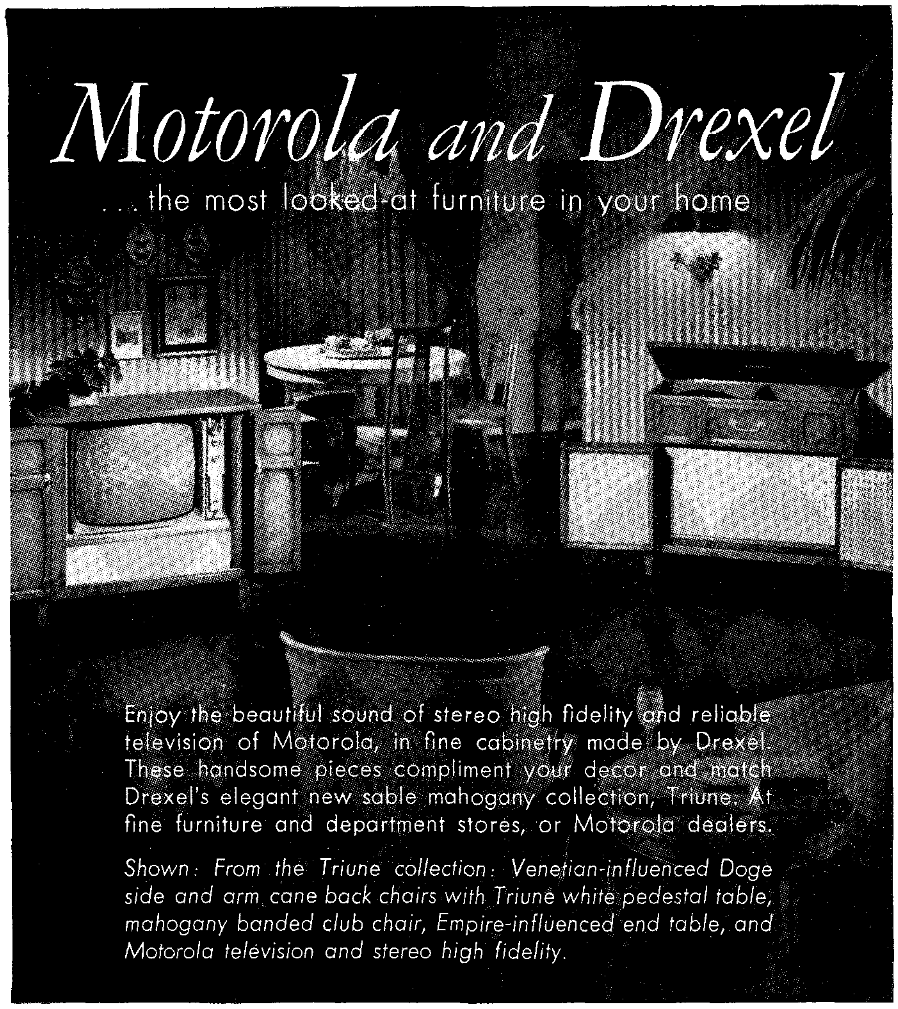
I promised, rather regretfully, that I would.

When I got back to my cabin, I found that the white heather had disappeared. "It was eating up all the air in here," said one of my cabin mates, "so we had to put it outside."

I went out and looked at the tooth mug full of heather standing sadly in the corridor, and I felt ashamed. I remembered the promise I had made to the girl from the British Museum. I was wrong to forget her and go off with the first girl I met. On the other hand, it was research. I sat down and wrote out my paper on the *Weltanschauung* of the Female in America for the morrow.

But when I woke the next morning I felt decidedly queasy. It was probably the swell, but I was far from my best. I tried to entertain myself by doing the morning quiz in the ship's news-

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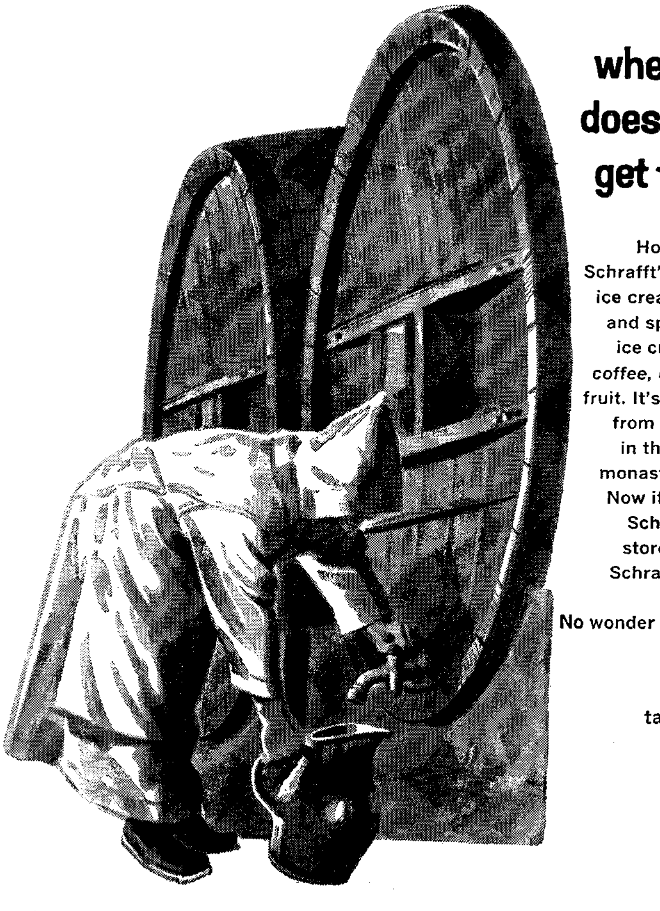
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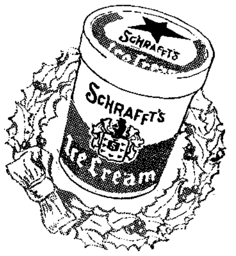


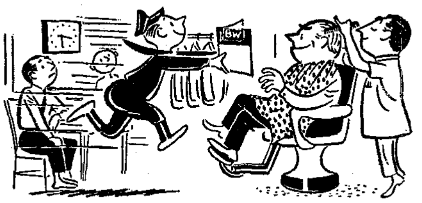
Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Reader Number One. The first "rough" copies of Business Week arrive in our headquarters at about 3:30 every Thursday afternoon. At about the same time, each week, the president of a big company you know (name withheld at his request) sits down in a barber's chair at a certain New York hotel. Simultaneously, his messenger arrives at our office to pick up an envelope. The envelope is whisked uptown to the executive in the barber's chair. He opens it and (during his weekly haircut) has the secret, anonymous pleasure of being the first subscriber in the world to read Business Week. Happens every Thursday.

●

Lafayette, here we come. Meanwhile, back at the office, the Circulation Manager has received a check from a financier with a familiar signature (used to appear on U. S. currency). The sender is off to his Paris residence for the winter; the check will cover air-mail delivery of Business Week while he's over there. He'll notify us well in advance of his return, so we won't skip a beat in the spring. Like the president in the barber's chair, he's been in the habit of doing this for years.



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paper, but cast it aside in fury when I recollected that it was always completed, with every answer right, by some pedantic passenger only five minutes after it was issued. Never had the ship had such adept answerers; some poor steward cudgelled his brains to invent harder and harder questions, but always they were answered. I lay down again and tried to sleep. When the Swinburne man came, I explained that I felt queasy; he was sympathetic, and went away, returning presently with the American nurse, who felt my brow and crooned into my ear. The Swinburne man did not reproach me for my failure to appear in class, and I soon felt better and enjoyed the day.

ON the following day, we arrived in New York. I bid the nurse a fond goodbye, stuck a bit of heather in my buttonhole, and carried my X-ray to the immigration officers. The scholars poured off the ship, saying "You have a point there" and "I'm sorry, that's not my field."

On the dock, the Swinburne man came up to me. "You know," he said, "I'll never forget this trip. I really learned a lot. It was a great opportunity. I suppose it's the only time anything like that ever happened in all history."

"I learned a lot, too," I said.

Then I went into the customs shed, where they knotted up my suits again and took my piece of heather away. They said I might be bringing subversive germs into the country; and maybe they were right.

—MALCOLM BRADBURY

●

First known use of rockets was in China in 1232, when defenders of the city of Kaifeng shot self-propelled missiles at besiegers, the National Geographic Society. —*Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Record.*

Just wanted a few pictures, probably.

●

If your mother's name is different from your own, be sure to mention her name when you introduce her to others. Say: "This is my mother."—*Utica Observer-Dispatch.*

And, for heaven's sake, get your mother a drink.

●

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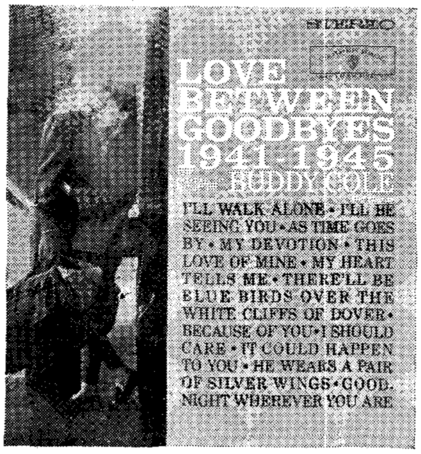
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BASIE IS AT BIRDLAND

THE RACE TRACK

Pimlico Revisited

AS the years go by (and they fly like Little Tumbler doing a quarter of a mile down the backstretch at Aqueduct), it becomes more and more evident that cup horses, as we used to call runners who excelled at distances of anywhere from a mile and a half to two miles and a quarter, are getting scarcer and scarcer. For instance, what racer today could stand up to the performance of Exterminator, who won the Saratoga Cup four times in a row and the Pimlico Cup three? It would hardly be Beau Diable, even if he did win this year's Pimlico easily enough at Baltimore last weekend. Still, the race was lively all the way, and Beau Diable, although he hadn't won anything since the Display Handicap a year ago, was much the best, setting a new track record of 3:35⅗ for the two miles and a sixteenth. Smartly handled by Brooks, he was never far behind Dirce and Promised Land, the leaders for the first dozen furlongs, and when he began his run he went on to win by more than three lengths from Revoque. Promised Land was third, a neck behind. Promised Land finished second in the Queens County Handicap the last day of racing at Aqueduct, so the horseplayers, a capricious lot, backed him down to odds-on for the Pimlico Cup, apparently disregarding not only the fact that the Queens County was at one mile but that the animal had been withdrawn from the Display Handicap, which was at two miles, because, according to paddock rumor, the distance was farther than he liked to go. That could be, for after the Pimlico, York, who rode him, said, "I just ran out of horse." By the way, four of the six jockeys in the Cup were a pound or two overweight. Perhaps the boys wore an extra set of woollies under their silks. It was that kind of day. Brooks was hot as anything, though, with three other winners the same afternoon, all at fair prices.

I HADN'T been to Pimlico since that weekend last May when poor Bally Ache won the Preakness, and how it has changed! In place of the little old wooden clubhouse, where the hot coffee used to smell so delightful on cold autumn days, and where the saddling shed

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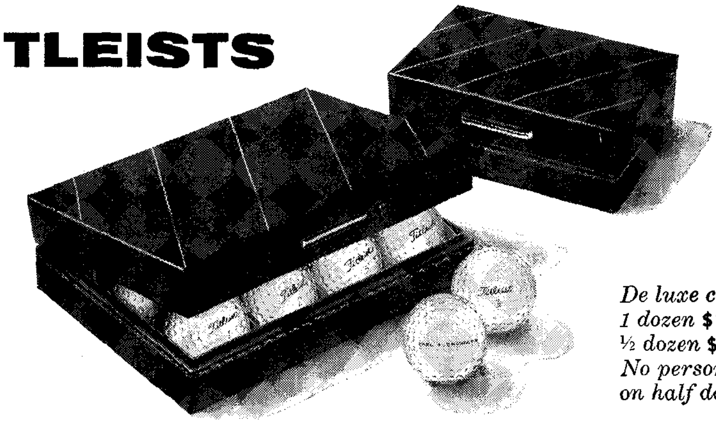

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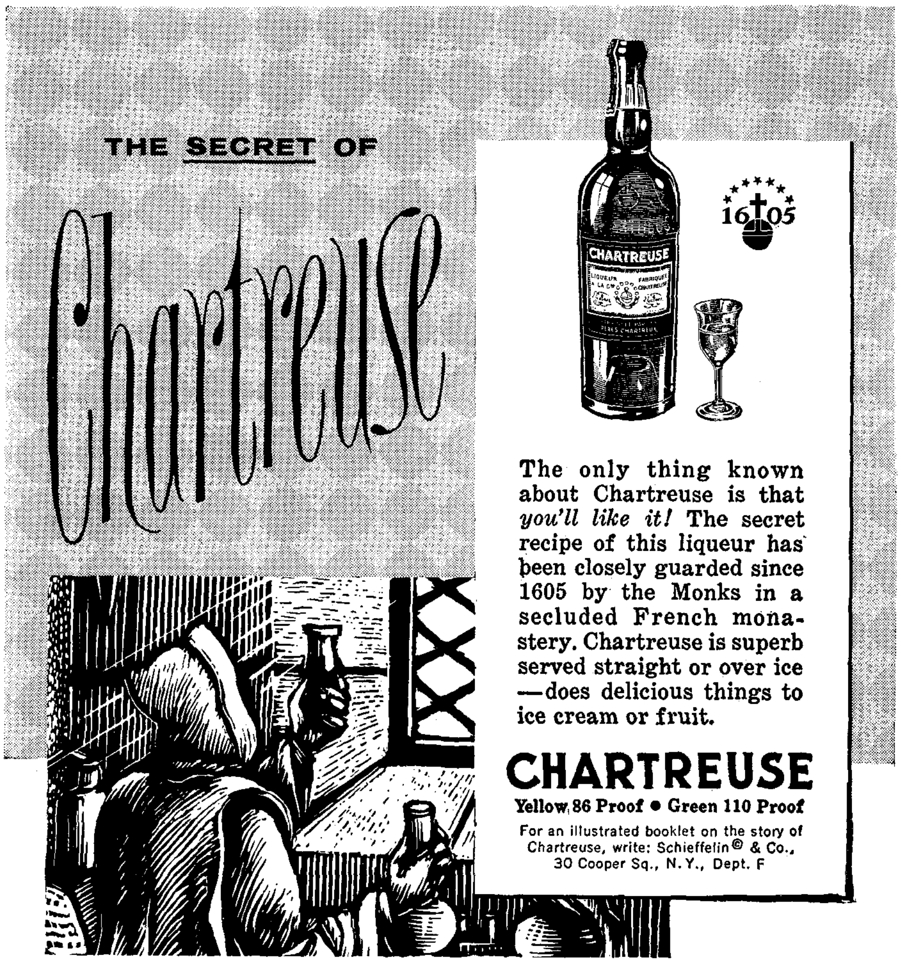

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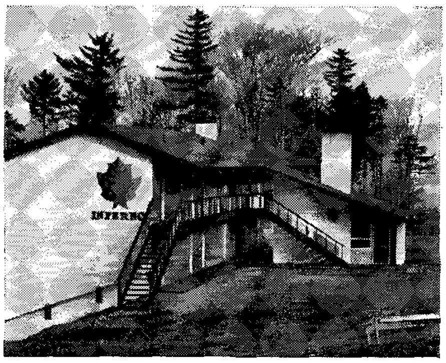

INFERNO
SUGARBUSH

was a cave of the winds, and the jockeys' room and the staff offices were real antiques, I found a posh four-story clubhouse with a glassed-in front and a saddling paddock on the ground floor. Lou Pondfield, Pimlico's executive director, himself a horseman of long standing, certainly has made things easy for racegoers. You can watch the runners being saddled for a race (it's always important to have a look at the ankles of the favorite), and then it's only a hop and a skip from the paddock rail to the mutuel windows. (Betting at Pimlico, I might add, has taken a big jump; when I was there, it topped two million for the second consecutive Saturday.) Besides being one of the few clubhouses without boxes (the boxes are all in the grandstand, which is behind glass, too), it has excellent seating accommodations, and, what's more, each seat has a wire rack in front that will hold your binoculars, your *Morning Telegraph*, and your Little Green Card, though not your old mutuel tickets. The clubhouse also has a heating system that is so good you can shed your overcoat even on the coldest days. Sooner or later, I suppose, they'll have sun lamps. I liked the paddock better than any other indoor paddock I've seen, but I don't expect it has made a hit with the Maryland huntin' set, who used to fill the old saddling shed before every race. In the new one, the horse stalls are so large that there's no room for casual visitors. Taking one thing with another, Pimlico is fixed for the winter. Indeed, I daresay the meeting, which closed this week, could have run right on until Bowie opens, about a month from now.

IF anyone cares, for the first time in close to fifty years no horses are wintering at the Long Island tracks, Belmont and Aqueduct having shut their gates until sometime in March. Back in the days before there was racing in Florida and California, most of the big stables that didn't go to Aiken, South Carolina, remained here. Last winter, so few were at Belmont that the management decided to close up shop.

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—AUDAX MINOR

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[*Headline in the Baltimore Sun*]

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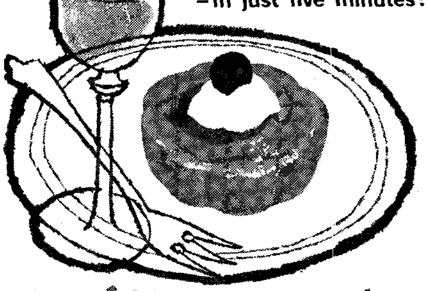

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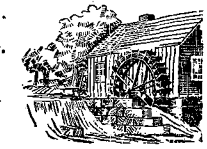

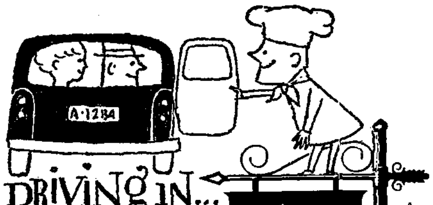

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Welcome

CHRISTMAS
SUSAN

EILEEN FARRELL's début at the Metropolitan Opera House, in the title role of Gluck's "Alcestis" on Tuesday evening of last week, was a long-awaited event, and brought forth several thunderous demonstrations of enthusiasm from an audience that obviously felt—as I did—that it was about time she made an appearance there. The demonstrations were deserved. Miss Farrell possesses what is, as far as I am aware, the most powerful dramatic-soprano voice to be heard at the Met since the days of Kirsten Flagstad, and it is also one of the warmest and most expressive voices to come to light during this period. The role of Alcestis is a terribly taxing one for any soprano's first appearance, since, like many another role in eighteenth-century opera, it frequently requires the voice to make its own way, unsupported by lush orchestration, and demands from it the most scrupulous and refined sort of singing. There were one or two top notes in the role that sounded a little strained the other night, but aside from these imperfections Miss Farrell sang with all the aplomb one had expected of her, ranging from beautiful pianissimos to rich and equally beautiful fortes, and showing again the command of classical style that I have noted in connection with her appearances elsewhere. The début was, then, what is usually called a very auspicious one, and I hope that Mr. Bing will permit us to hear her in other parts (Norma, and the heroines of the Wagnerian repertory would seem particularly appropriate), where her gifts of power and musical authority would be welcome, and her gift of agility—something rare in this type of voice, and something that Alcestis does not demand—would shine with special effectiveness.

As a whole, the production of which Miss Farrell was the central figure was, I am afraid, somewhat unsatisfactory. "Alcestis," like most operas of its period, is a stately and formal affair, in which many passages of immortal music are wedded to an essentially noble but remarkably uneventful libretto. This situation poses the problem of providing something reasonably striking to look at while the long stretches of im-

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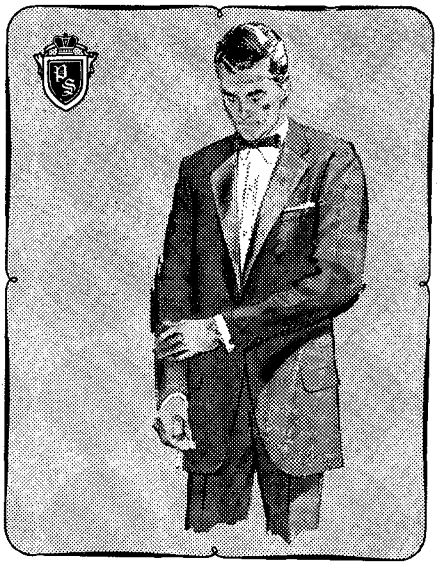

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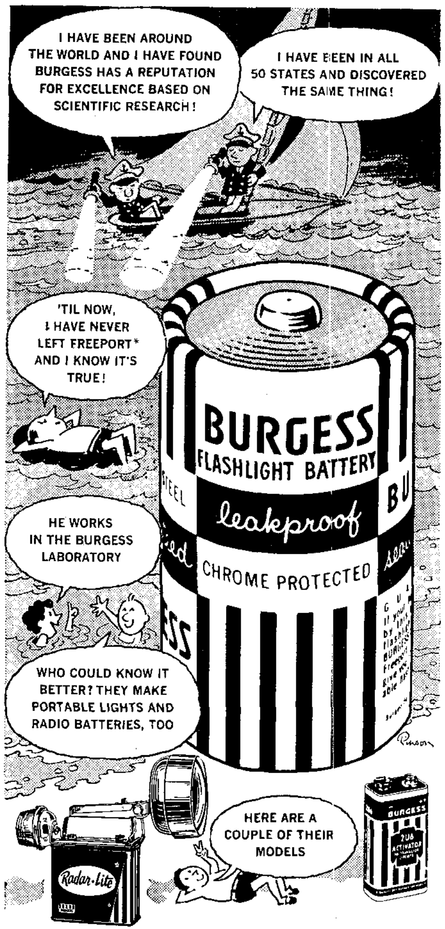
mortal music are being played and sung. To my mind, neither the designer of the production's scenery and costumes, Mr. Michael Manuel, nor the choreographer, Mr. Antony Tudor, succeeded in solving the problem suitably, perhaps because they both seemed overanxious to counter the work's stark simplicity with arresting stagecraft. Mr. Manuel's scenery, the most notable feature of which was a quartet of mammoth sculptured figures, had something of the look of the garden behind the Museum of Modern Art. The sculptures were neither Greek nor eighteenth-century in style but seemed to belong somewhere between Rodin and Jacob Epstein, and they glowered and agonized in a manner that drew attention to themselves and contributed nothing to the illusion. The costumes, except for those of the chorus, were generally eclectic in style, suggesting that they might have been designed for Puccini's "Turandot" instead of a Greek drama. Mr. Tudor's choreography, which was called upon to fill a large part of the stage action, also seemed irrelevant, fussy, and not very imaginative. I should have preferred something more chaste and simple. The problem of mounting operas on Greek themes is, as I have remarked before, a difficult one. But I have seen it solved quite effectively at the City Center, most notably in Paul Sylbert's wonderful archaic set for Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" and Donald Oenslager's stylish and nostalgic period settings for Monteverdi's "Orpheus."

From the purely musical point of view, the evening was more satisfying. Nicolai Gedda sang the role of Admetus with lovely tone and style, and with immaculate English enunciation. The choruses were handled admirably; Walter Cassel did well enough by the role of the High Priest, though some of its lower notes were beyond his effective range; William Olvis was an acceptable Apollo; and if Erich Leinsdorf's conducting occasionally missed the dramatic intensity that was called for, it was at least smooth and expert.

On Wednesday evening, the New York City Ballet presented the première of a lengthy item called "Jazz Concert," which actually turned out to be four separate ballets, related to each other only in that their musical backgrounds consisted of scores by highbrow European composers who had interested themselves in the mannerisms of jazz and ragtime. Of the four ballets, which I could see no earthly reason for stringing together as a unit, the most engaging by far was Todd Bolender's "The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Creation of the World," set to Darius Milhaud's score of that title, and I look forward to seeing it again. It presented a wryly humorous study of the relations between the sexes, beginning with Adam and Eve and culminating in a hilarious little comedy about the love of a street-sweeper for a wayward glamour girl during the stock-market crash of 1929. Its humor was skillfully expressed in choreographic terms; its satire was affectionate and therefore moving; and it provided spirited roles for a number of dancers, including Edward Villella, as the Sweeper, and Janet Reed, a familiar and delightful dancing personality, who made the most of the part of Peaches.

The three other ballets seemed to me rather dull. "Ragtime," to music by Stravinsky, turned out to be one of the great George Balanchine's slighter creations—a comparatively routine pas de deux, which Diana Adams and Bill Carter failed to make anything very interesting of. "Les Biches," choreographed by Francisco Moncion to Francis Poulenc's old ballet score of the same title, was an evocation of the hotel-ballroom atmosphere of the nineteen-twenties—cloche hats, short skirts, gilt chairs, and such recognizable period dances as the Castle Walk and the tango—but aside from its suggestions of a long-past era, it didn't seem to me to convey much. "Ebony Concerto," created by John Taras to the music written by Stravinsky for Woody Herman's band some years ago, started out with a fairly stimulating scenic idea—black costumes in silhouette against a silvery backdrop—but never seemed to get beyond the initial impression created when the curtain went up.

For me, apart from Mr. Bolender's new ballet, the pleasantest thing about the evening was the opening number, Mr. Balanchine's "La Sonnambula," which I had never seen before, though it has been in the repertory for some time. "La Sonnambula" is, to my mind, a perfect ballet, in that it combines elegant scenery and costumes, rousing melodies (by Bellini, in an arrangement by Vittorio Rieti), a not too insistent plot, and a great deal of spectacular dancing, the last being provided beautifully by Violette Verdy, Jillana, Nicholas Magallanes, and that inspired athlete Mr. Villella, as principals in a large cast. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Wang will not be able to appear at the hearing if he has already been executed by that time.—*China (Taiwan) Post.*

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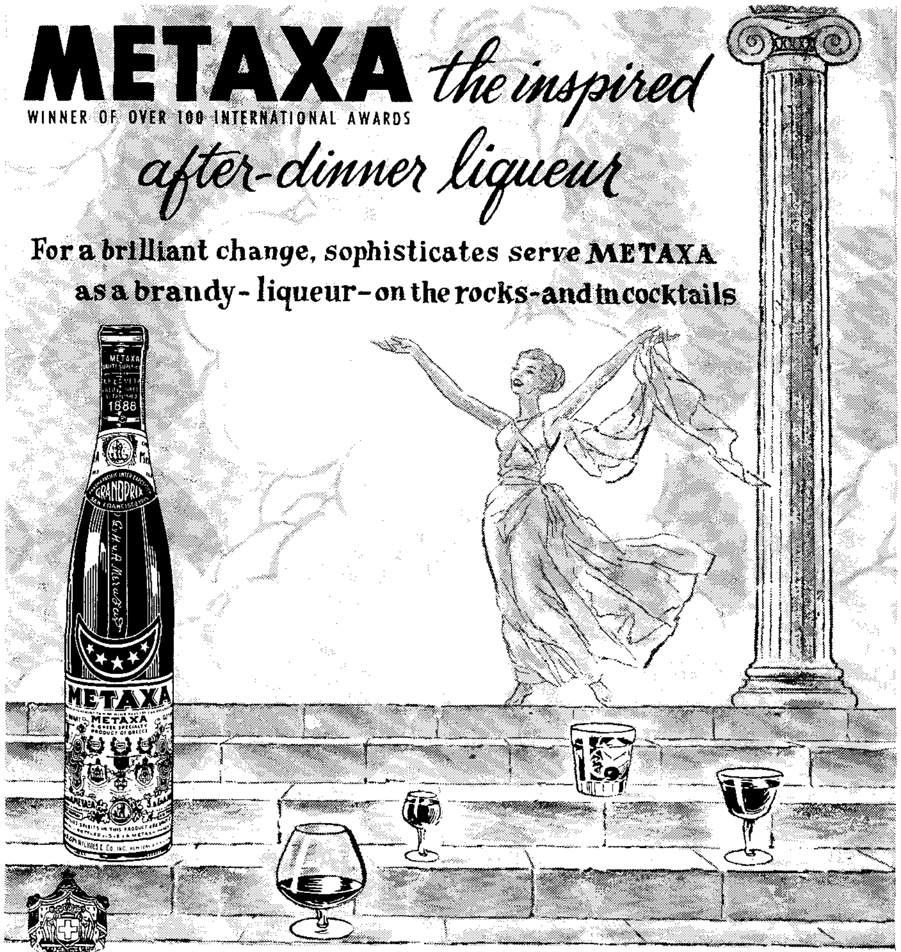

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BOOKS

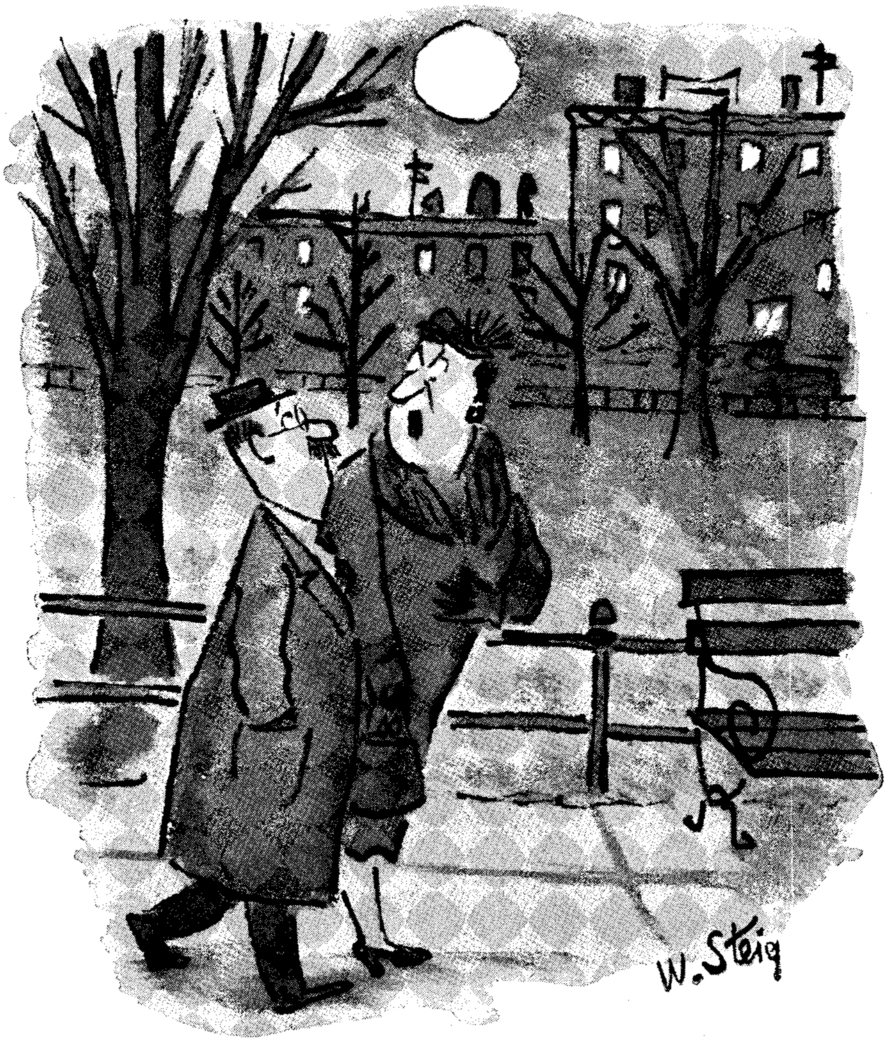
Golden Days

THE first issue of the magazine *Vanity Fair* was published in March, 1914, and the last issue was published in February, 1936. A life of less than twenty-two years; dead now for nearly twenty-five. You might expect a magazine that came into existence so long ago and that survived for less time than it has been buried to be utterly forgotten today, but it isn't, and you might expect its contents, when exhumed, to prove embarrassingly dated, but they don't. The second fact explains the first. For *Vanity Fair* really *was* a first-rate magazine—of its time, indeed, a nonpareil—and we who remember it as such aren't simply inflating past pleasures in order to enhance our personal equities in them. Evidence that there were giants in those days and that many of them would be considered pretty tall by our contemporary—and presumably much stricter—standards of measurement is at hand in the shape of a large and beguiling grab bag of a book published by Viking and entitled "Vanity Fair."

I like that self-confident title, so I'm sorry to say that the book bears as a rather craven subtitle the phrase "A Cavalcade of the 1920s and 1930s." Subtitles are a publisher's crutch and an increasing nuisance. It appears that even novels have to have them nowadays, and in a particularly idiotic form—"Sideways in Paradise, a Major New Novel of Love, by Sara Ann Gudger." The shabby hopefulness of that "Major"! But anyone old enough to remember *Vanity Fair* is surely too old to start losing his temper at publishers. I must content myself with saying that "Vanity Fair" is far from being a cavalcade of the 1920s and 1930s, if by cavalcade is meant a characteristic representation of a period. The years actually covered by the book (1914-36), which are well known to have been among the darkest and most horrendous in history, here manifest themselves as unremittingly sunny and attractive—the First World War is to be deduced from a photograph of the dancer Vernon Castle in uniform, while Mussolini is merely a good-looking man in a bathing suit, on a page of bathers that include George Bernard Shaw, the Prince of Wales, Samuel Untermeyer, and Otto Kahn. This is the first third of the twentieth century not at its most characteristic but at its most charming, not a cavalcade but a best foot forward.

"Vanity Fair" has been edited by Cleveland Amory, our youngish researcher of *temps perdu*, and Frederic Bradlee, a grandnephew of Frank Crowninshield, the man who started the magazine and was its benign household god. Mr. Amory contributes a short introduction (not so short, by the way, as to avoid error, for he wrongly claims Robert Benchley to be a founder of the Coffee House Club; that agreeable institution got under way in 1915, when Benchley was only two or three years out of Harvard and had all his greatness before him), and Mr. Bradlee contributes an amiable family memoir of Uncle Frank, universally known outside the family as Crownie, who was born in 1872 and died in 1947, and whom everyone that mattered in New York, London, and Paris between those two dates appears to have known and loved and to have had good reason to love. The editors then throw open the grab bag by reprinting Crownie's first editorial, some of which is worth quoting not so much for the light it throws on his point of view as for the light it throws on his frame of mind:

> *Vanity Fair* has but two major articles in its editorial creed: first, to believe in the progress and promise of American life, and, second, to chronicle that progress cheerfully, truthfully, and entertainingly.
>
> This is certainly a pleasant task, and not, we think, an impossible one. On every side there is helpful material at our hand; on every side there is encouragement. At no time in our history has the wonder and variety of American life been more inspiring, and, probably as the result of this, young men and young women, full of courage, originality, and genius, are everywhere to be met with. This is particularly true in the arts. In our painting and



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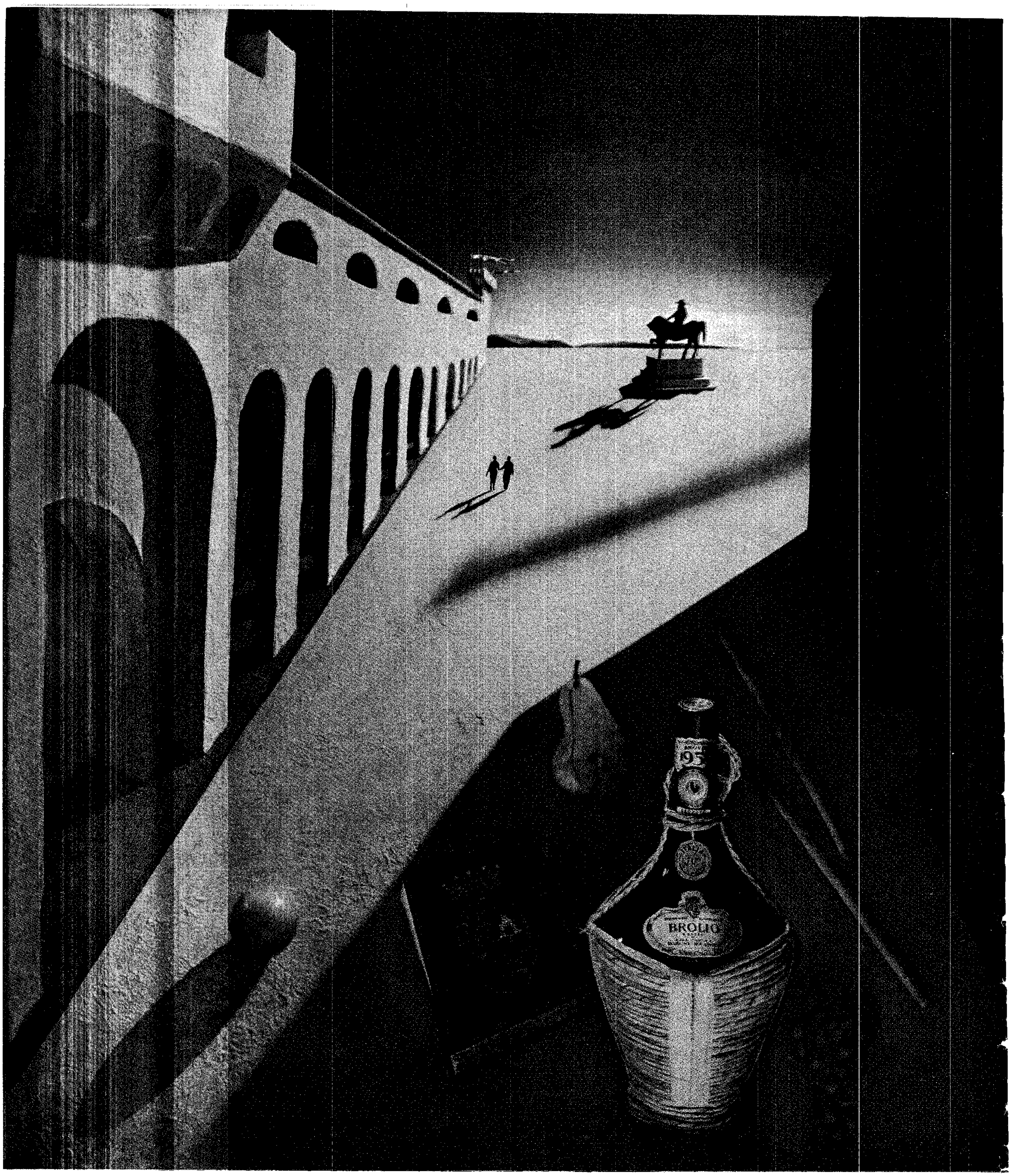

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sculpture a highly fertile and stimulating period is at hand. In the world of letters there are evidences of a profound activity, of originality of angle, of an inventive, forward, and reactionary [*sic*] spirit. New orders and readjustments confront us in the drama and in all the arts....

Now *Vanity Fair* means to be as cheerful as anybody. It will print humor, it will look at the stage, at the arts, at the world of letters, at sport, and at the highly vitalized, electric, and diversified life of our day from the frankly cheerful angle of the optimist, or, which is much the same thing, from the mock-cheerful angle of the satirist.... *Vanity Fair* will strive always to tell the truth about life, and to tell it tolerantly and entertainingly. With such a mission in mind we feel that we are fortunate in our title. Under no other titular banner could we battle so cheerfully... entertainingly... cheerfully...

By elision, I've reduced poor Crownie's creed to a babble, but really it *is* extraordinary how many times he managed to repeat "cheerfully" and "entertainingly" in a single editorial. It is why I called attention to his frame of mind rather than to his point of view; a man so ebullient, so radically over-optimistic as to suppose that young men and women of courage, originality, and genius are to be found everywhere, would find it hard to reduce his "frankly cheerful angle" of looking at things to the finicky narrowness of a point of view. And it may be that he was the better editor for it; if you keep expecting geniuses to knock at your door all around the clock, you're not likely to be rattled when, at rare intervals, one actually turns up. The files testify that *Vanity Fair* published the work of an astonishingly large number of writers, photographers, and artists who were more than merely cheerful and entertaining—a group that, judged by the hindsight of 1960, looks easy enough to choose but that caused plenty of shocks at the time. Of the writers alone, the following inventive and forward spirits are represented in the grab bag: Anita Loos, Gertrude Stein, Dorothy Parker, P. G. Wodehouse, Robert Benchley, Hugh Walpole, G. K. Chesterton, Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Peale Bishop, Noël Coward, Jean Cocteau, Ferenc Molnar, Stark Young, T. S. Eliot, W. Somerset Maugham, Aldous Huxley, Colette, E. E. Cummings, Carl Van Vechten, Edmund Pearson, Theodore Dreiser, Walter Lippmann, Heywood Broun, André Maurois, Alexander Woollcott, Max Beerbohm, Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence, André Gide, Djuna Barnes, Arnold Bennett, Lord Dunsany, Kay Boyle, Clare Boothe, Harold Nicolson, Frank Sullivan, William Saroyan, and Thomas

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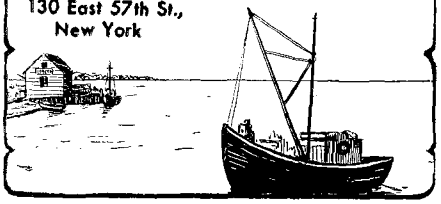

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Wolfe. "Electric and diversified" is putting it mildly.

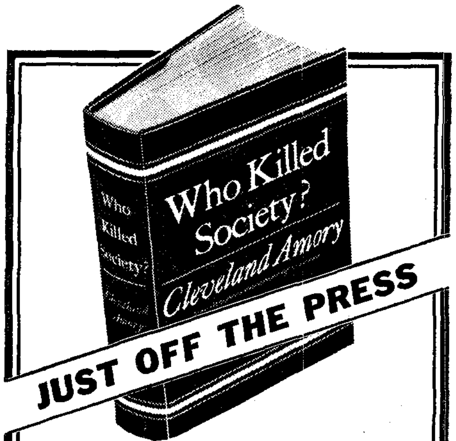
But for us old-timers the great pleasure of this grab bag will be finding in it so many glorious pictures of early heroes and loves. (Arbitrarily, I define an old-timer as anyone born, say, between 1862, the birth year of my Great-Aunt Emma Jane Bowen, to whom I intend to send a copy of "Vanity Fair" for Christmas, and about 1930; few readers of the magazine can have begun to cherish it before they were six, though the feel of its glossy pages between my fingers seems to go back with me to my cradle.) The magazine took photography seriously. In its pages, issue after issue, we were treated to photographs, brilliantly reproduced, by the great Steichen, by Muray, Hoyningen-Huené, Beaton, and a score of others. Now we have them again, especially the Steichens, to be mooned over, to take refreshment from: In all their first beauty, the actresses Jane Cowl, Billie Burke, Mary Pickford, Jeanne Eagels, Greta Garbo, Elisabeth Bergner; in all their fresh handsomeness, the actors John Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, Ramon Novarro, Rudolph Valentino, John Gilbert, Gary Cooper, Ronald Colman. The classic dancers Nijinsky, Pavlova, Isadora Duncan. The not-so-classic dancers Josephine Baker and Adele and Fred Astaire. The athletes Dempsey, Tunney, Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills. Here a boyish Hemingway, there a dudish Eugene O'Neill, a sexy Jean Harlow. How young they all were, how warm and full of promise! And how young we were, who stared at them in their glory in *Vanity Fair* and dreamed the necessary, impossible dream of someday being asked to join them!

—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LILACS OVERGROW, by Lin Tai-yi (World). Miss Lin's long novel of modern China is carefully wrought, but it is disappointing, because she chooses to devote her impressive talent more to an examination of political, social, and economic changes and developments than to a study of the human being—mind, heart, and personality. Miss Lin here presents a family who are attractive and interesting and who immediately seize our attention and our sympathy, and it is painful to see them begin to diminish in importance and strength as their author shifts her point of view from the purely



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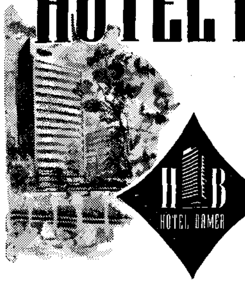

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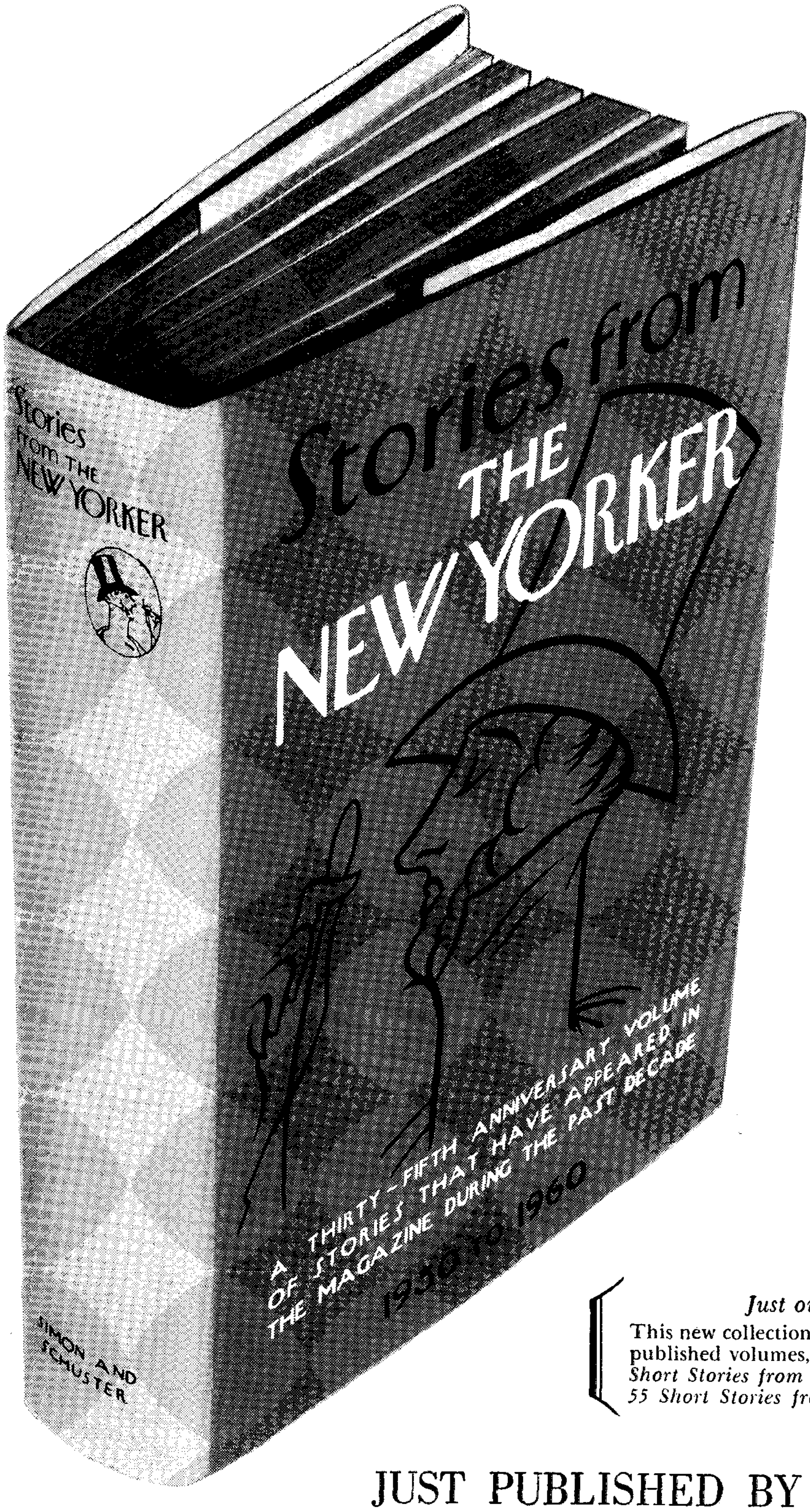
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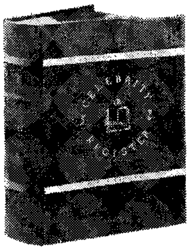

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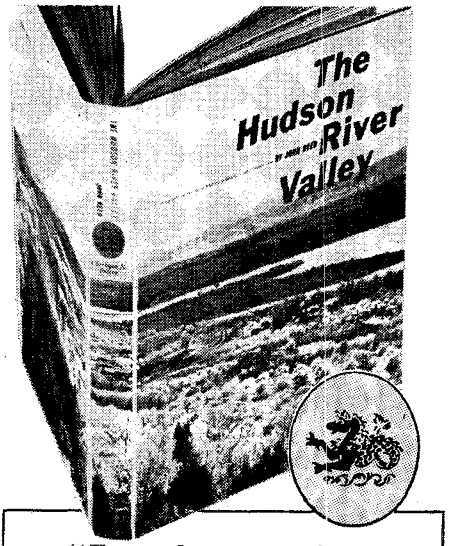
human to the national or international. The story begins and ends in the short space of time between the end of the Second World War and the seizure of power by the Chinese Communists. The scene is Shanghai, mainly, and the action is built upon the marriages of two pretty sisters, Ahua and Sima. Sima marries a poor, gentle-seeming young government official who turns out to be an unscrupulous adventurer bent on ruining her and all the members of her prosperous, old-fashioned family. Ahua, who is dreamier and at the same time more intellectually ambitious than Sima, marries a youth who is little more than a fantasy in her mind—a weak, idealistic, unhappy boy, the son of a rich and opportunistic tea merchant. Miss Lin's style is direct, charming, and thoughtful, and a trifle cold.

SPRING SONG AND OTHER STORIES, by Joyce Cary (Harper). Almost all the short stories that Mr. Cary wrote are included in this collection. Telling of what he sees, or of what he remembers seeing or hearing about, he bothers hardly at all with structure or plot but writes with the air of one who is commenting in a leisurely manner—ironic or amiable or amused or dispassionately angry—on the infinite fascination of human nature. He describes a street accident, a small boy and his smaller sister enduring their new awareness of the fact of death, a young woman dominated by her love for her mother, a successful man driven almost to madness by the indifference of his family, a suffering pony, another pony (this time a happy one), dogs, men and women grown old, people of all classes and types, including some who can only be described as oddities. The effect is never, at any one point, penetrating, but as the reader progresses through the stories, he becomes powerfully conscious of the personality that dominates them all—a personality that is kind, humorous, and radiant with life. Mr. Cary writes as a man dedicated to hope, never unaware of the threat of despair or its nearness, and not indifferent to it but contemptuous of it.

THE TORCH, by Wilder Penfield (Little, Brown). Hippocrates is the subject of this pleasant, slow-moving narrative, which is set mainly on the Greek island of Cos and begins in the year 432 B.C. Dr. Penfield writes of Hippocrates and of his companions and patients and friends and



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colleagues and critics with an air of familiarity that cannot, under the circumstances, be convincing, but there is a clean lightness about his prose that saves his work from any hint of tawdriness, and it remains very readable throughout.

THE CHESS PLAYERS, by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This weighty and tedious novel is built around the life of Paul Morphy, a chess player of genius, who was born in New Orleans in 1837 and died there in 1884. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

TRUMPETS FROM THE STEEP, by Lady Diana Cooper (Houghton Mifflin). The third, and last, volume of an autobiography. Lady Diana, a duke's daughter and an international-class beauty, picks up her narrative with the outbreak of the Second World War. Her husband, the late Alfred Duff Cooper, held a variety of positions in the Churchill government, which necessitated his wife's keeping house in uncomfortable situations—in London during the blitz, in Singapore during the Japanese advance, in Algiers when it was newly restored to Free France, and, at the war's end, in the dilapidated British Embassy in Paris. The only home that Lady Diana liked was a small Sussex farm that she ran, when her husband's work permitted, for short periods in 1941, 1942, and 1943. The establishment was by no means luxurious, but the hard work gave her a delightful sense of achievement unmarred by anxiety. Though her pages are crowded with great figures making history while the Coopers stand by or even mix in, the work leaves the impression of a sotto-voce homily on the joys of bucolic retirement.

A WALK IN THE MOUNTAINS, by Ralph and Molly Izzard (McKay). Mr. Izzard, a British foreign correspondent stationed in Beirut, broke with the sedentary tradition of his profession by taking his wife and four small children on a ten-week hike through the Lebanese mountains, accompanied by three donkeys to carry their packs and a Lebanese to help out. They were occasionally stoned or otherwise badly received, but for the most part they met with expansive Arab hospitality, saw a world that is little changed from Biblical days, and had a superb time. This utterly engaging book tells the story of their trip with modesty and liter-

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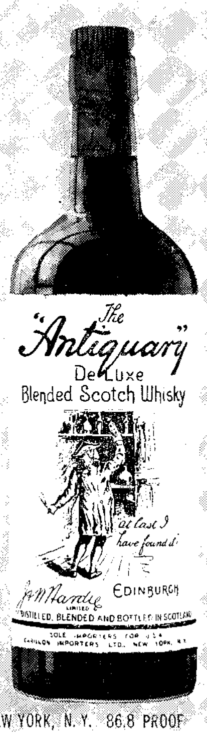
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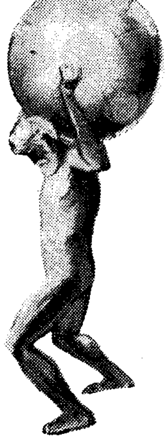

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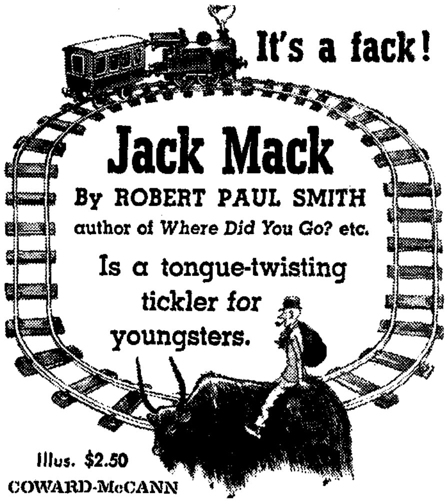

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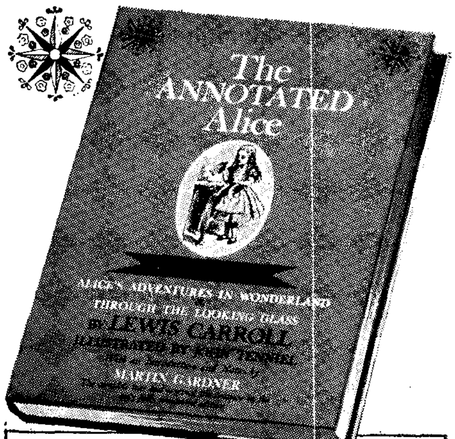
acy, and offers fascinating digressions into the details of local feuding, hashish farming, comparative religion, and a hundred other matters. It is unreservedly recommended, and should markedly increase the number of family parties plodding alongside their donkeys through the Green Mountains and the Catskills. Photographs and a map.

FIVE SEA CAPTAINS: THEIR OWN ACCOUNTS OF VOYAGES UNDER SAIL, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Walter Teller (Atheneum). Mr. Teller is the biographer of Joshua Slocum (1844-1909) and the rediscoverer of Slocum's classic ultimate in misanthropy, "Sailing Alone Around the World." This volume is a natural, if not inevitable, result of that engrossing experience. Having found in Slocum a nineteenth-century Yankee merchant mariner and man of vigorous action who could also write, Mr. Teller has cast about for others of that stripe, and with conspicuous success. Four of his finds, all undeservedly long forgotten, together with one of Slocum's less familiar narratives ("The Voyage of the Aquidneck"), are here on impressive display. They are "Voyage in the Ship Perseverance," by Amasa Delano (1763-1823); "First Voyage Round the World as Commander," by Edmund Fanning (1769-1841); "First Voyage," by Richard Cleveland (1773-1860); and "Voyage in the Pilot-Boat Schooner Sea-Serpent," by George Coggeshall (1784-1861). None of these men, it must be said, are quite in Slocum's class, but they saw a world worth seeing and remembering, and they set their recollections down with a power that is a good deal more durable than that of most professional writers of their time. Illustrated with contemporary portraits and paintings.

THE PAST WE SHARE, by Peter Quennell and Alan Hodge (Putnam). A kind of memory book of the combined British and American heritage, this is one of those deliberately hodgepodge compilations of prints, maps, portraits, cartoons, photographs, and other such historical memorabilia that are meant to be leafed through but rarely to be read from beginning to end. In this case, however, the text, though still a fairly thin binder for the six hundred-odd illustrations, is worth more than the usual amount of attention, for the two authors have approached their task with dili-



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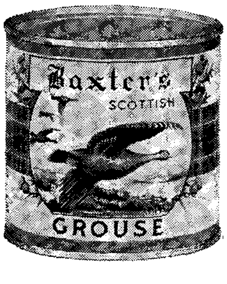

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gence and respect, and if they do now and then give way to temptation, there is far less emphasis than one might expect on the merely "quaint" aspects of the past. All in all, a more than ordinarily serious entry in a frequently trumped-up field.

THE WORLD OF LAW, edited by Ephraim London (Simon & Schuster). A two-volume anthology, boxed and handsomely printed to meet, or surpass, Christmas-gift specifications. Its theme is the law—mainly Anglo-American law, although there are several excursions into other legal traditions—and the selections include fiction as well as accounts of notable cases, the texts of readable decisions and arguments, and samples of cross-examination. Everything in both volumes is good, and most of it is as familiar as—to name one piece—the court-martial scene from "The Caine Mutiny."

THE TASTE OF COURAGE: THE WAR, 1939-45, edited by Desmond Flower and James Reeves (Harper). A splendid anthology, heroic in both physical size and emotional tone, of first-hand reports on how it felt to take part in the Second World War. In a few instances where, in the editors' judgment, the eyewitnesses' stories needed reinforcement, a novelist (Irwin Shaw, Nicholas Monsarrat) or a poet (Norman Cameron, C. Day Lewis) is called upon to testify, and even that device, risky as it sounds, works out well. The book is arranged as a battle history of the war might be, and most of the excerpts are short—sometimes no more than a single sentence. Their power, fifteen years after the Japanese surrender, is very nearly unbelievable.

MATISSE: A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AND THE MAN, by Raymond Escholier, translated from the French by Geraldine and H. M. Colvile (Praeger). This book is nowhere near as comprehensive as Alfred Barr's monumental "Matisse, His Art and His Public," for it is focussed primarily on the man, rather than on the artist. But since the author was a longtime friend and admirer of Matisse, the amount of intimate, personal information on his life and opinions is enormous. Indeed, there is almost too much of it, and the text, written in an oddly jumpy, bustling style, forms a kind of web of anecdotes, gossip, and side references to the artistic background of the day—all thrown together in so rushing a fash-

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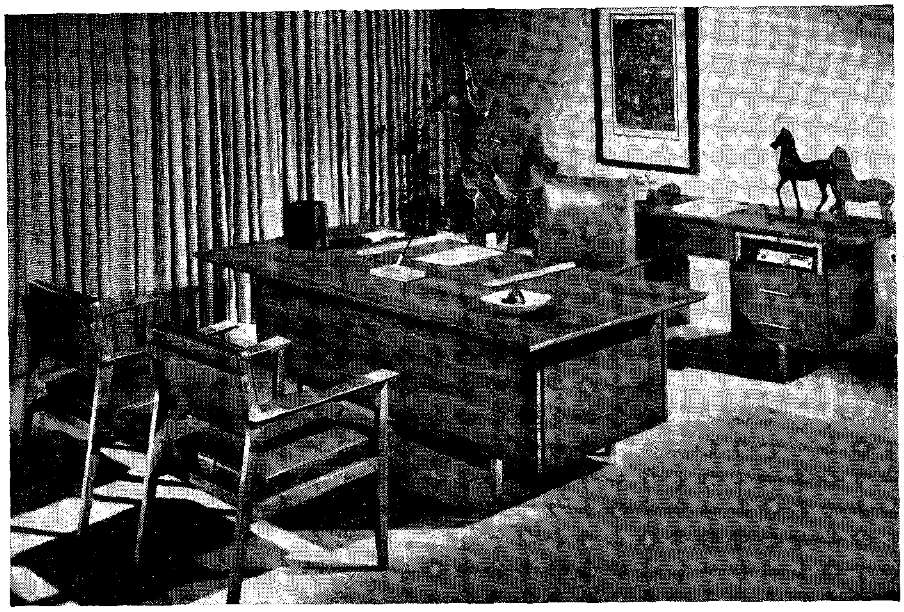

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ion as to be frequently confusing. The tone, too, as might be expected, is unfailingly adulatory. Yet it is a source book in its way, and the voluminous quotations from the artist's conversations, letters, and miscellaneous writings, many of them previously unpublished, give it particular value as a sort of daybook of Matisse's theories and opinions. Unfortunately, only eight of the sixty-six illustrations are in color—a detriment indeed in the case of a colorist like Matisse. But in recompense there is a profusion of his incomparable line drawings. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

GIOTTO, by Eugenio Battisti, translated by James Emmons; BOSCH, by Robert L. Delevoy, translated by Stuart Gilbert; VELÁZQUEZ, by Enrique Lafuente Ferrari, translated by James Emmons (Skira). Three additions to the increasingly far-ranging series of small publications called "The Taste of Our Time." The list now—or at last count, anyway—runs to something like thirty-five volumes, yet despite their common format, all the books manage to maintain a healthy individuality. These three new ones vary to a considerable degree in the treatment of their separate subjects. The Giotto concentrates (with good reason, perhaps) on the artist's two great fresco series, in the Basilica of San Francesco in Assisi and in the Scrovegni in Padua, with only the briefest effort to relate what little is known of his life to the background of his times; the Velázquez tends now and then to the emotional in its interpretation; and the Bosch, in its analysis of this truly Gothic painter, is the most imaginative and perceptive of the three. All of them, however, are competently written, reliably documented, and attractively presented. Between fifty and sixty illustrations, all in color, in each volume.

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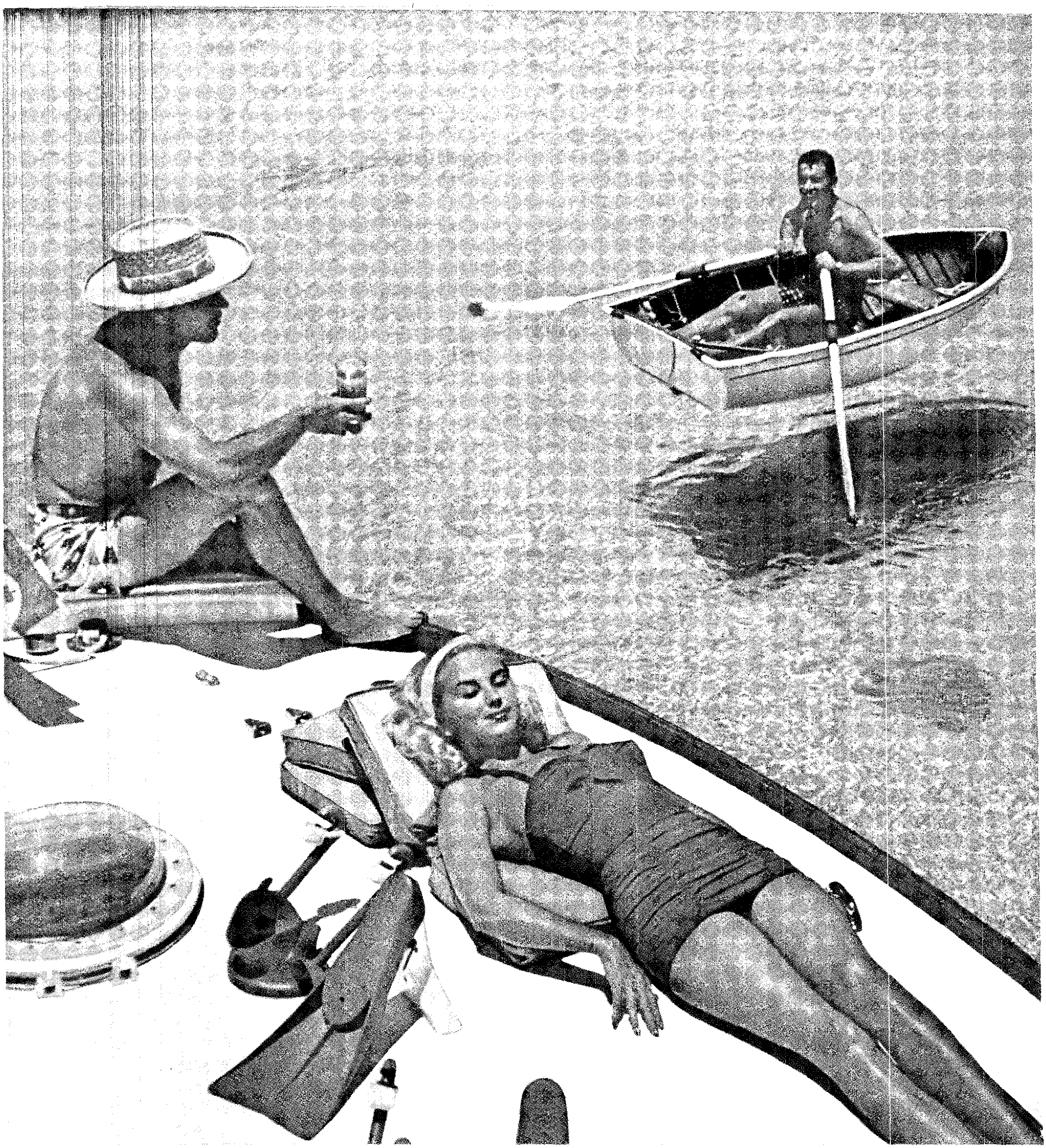

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